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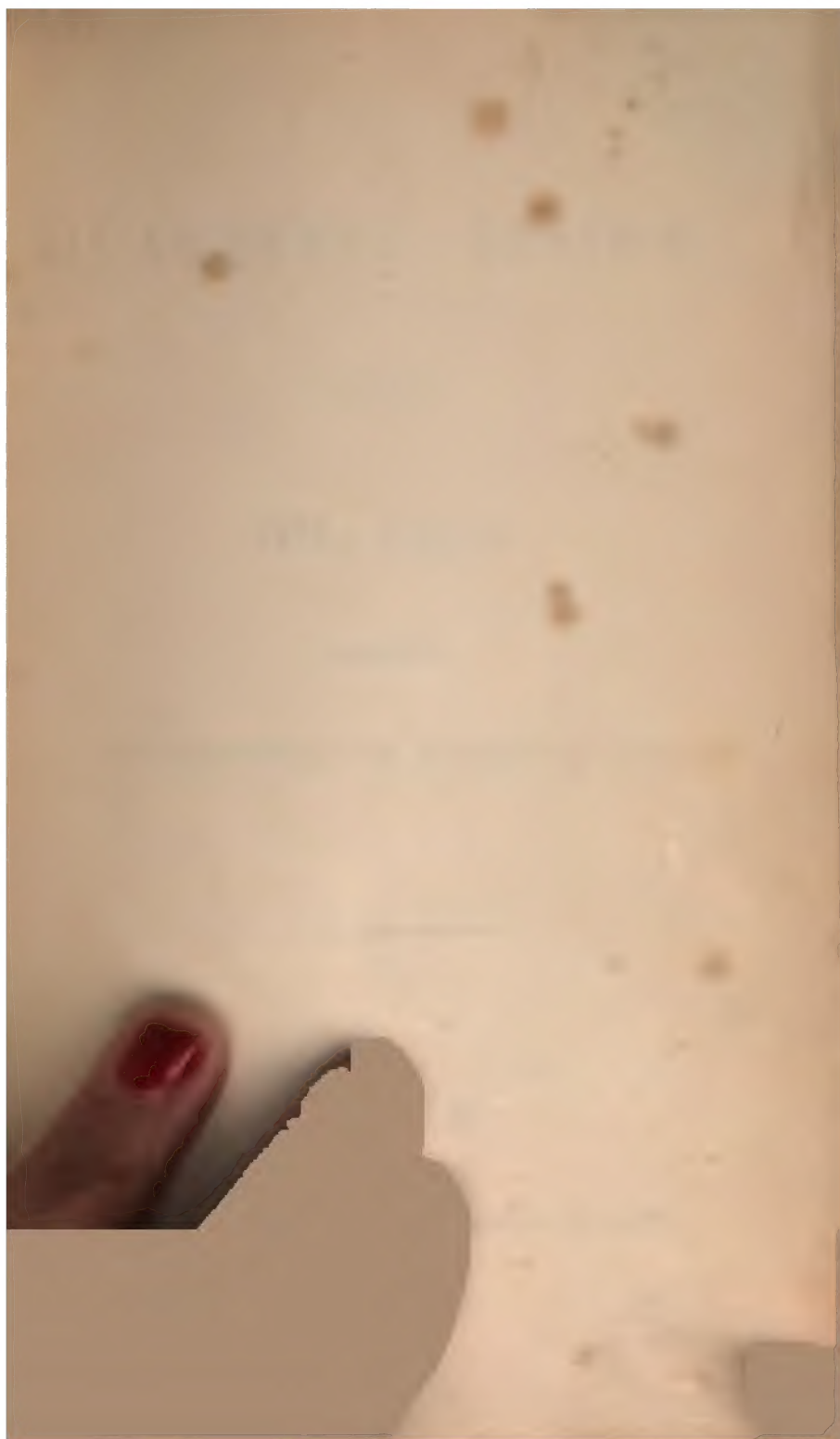
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THE
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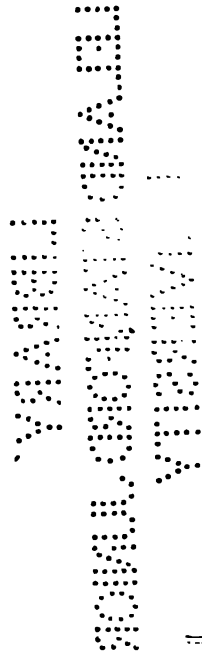
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CONTENTS

OF

No. CXLI.

ART.	Page
I.—1. My Bee-book. By William Charles Cotton, M.A.	
2. The Honey-bee ; its Natural History, Physiology, and Management. By Edward Bevan, M.D.	
3. Bees ; comprehending the Uses and Economical Management of the Honey-bee of Britain and other Countries. 'Jardine's Naturalist's Library'—Entomology, Vol. VI.	
4. The Management of Bees ; with a Description of the Ladies' Safety Hive. By Samuel Bagster.	
5. Huber's Natural History of the Honey-bee.	
6. The Bee-Keeper's Guide ; containing Directions for the Management of Bees upon the Depriving System. By J. H. Payne.	
7. Humanity to Honey-bees ; a Management of Bees on a New Plan. By Thomas Nutt.	
8. A Treatise on the Nature, Economy, and Practical Management of Bees. By Robert Huish.	
9. The Cottager's Bee-book. By Richard Smith - -	1
II.—1. The Child's Book on the Soul. By the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet.	
2. The Youth's Book on Natural Theology. By the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet.	
3. Peter Parley's Farewell.	
4. Peter Parley's Magazine.	
5. Abbott's Little Philosopher.	
6. Abbott's Child at Home.	
7. Abbott's Rollo at Work, Rollo at Play, &c. - -	54

CONTENTS.

ART.	Page
III.—1. Brandy and Salt; a Remedy for various External and Internal Complaints, discovered by William Lee, Esq. By J. Vallance.	
2. Organon; ou l'Art de Guérir. Traduit de l'original Allemand du Dr. Samuel Hahnemann.	
3. Principles of Homœopathy. By P. Curie, M.D.	
4. Practice of Homœopathy. By P. Curie, M.D.	
5. Hydropathy; or the Cold-Water Cure; as practised by Vincent Priessnitz, of Graefenberg. By R. J. Claridge, Esq.	
6. The Water Cure. A Practical Treatise on the Cure of Diseases by Water, Air, Exercise, and Diet. By James Wilson, Physician to His Serene Highness Prince Nassau.	
7. Quacks and Quackery Unmasked; or Strictures on the Medical Art as now practised by Physicians, &c.; with Hints upon a simple Method in connection with the Cold-Water Cure. By J. C. Feldmann, M.D.	83
IV.—Essai sur la Vie du Grand Condé. Par le Vicomte de Malou - - - - -	106
V.—The Bible in Spain. By George Borrow - - -	169
VI.—Discourses on the Prophecies relating to Antichrist. By James Henthorn Todd, B.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin - - - - -	197
VII.—1. The Anti-Corn-Law Circular.	
2. The Anti-Bread-Tax Circular.	
3. The Anti-Bread-Tax Almanack.	
4. Daily Bread; or Taxation without Representation resisted. By One of the Millions.	
5. Union, the Patriot's Watchword on the Present Crisis. By the Rev. Henry Edwards	
6. The Lawcraft of Landcraft; with Legislative Illustrations. By James Acland, one of the Lecturers of the National Anti-Corn-Law League.	
7. Address to the Middle and Working Classes engaged in Trade and Manufactures throughout the Empire, on the Necessity of Union at the Present Crisis. By Richard Gardner, Esq., B.A. - - - - -	244

CONTENTS

OF

No. CXLII.

ART.	Page
I.— <i>Le Rhin. Lettres à un Ami. Par Victor Hugo</i> - -	315
II.—1. <i>The Catechetic Lectures of St. Cyril, Archbishop of Jerusalem. Translated, with Notes and Indices. (Library of the Fathers, vol. ii.)</i>	
2. <i>A Help to Catechising. By James Beaven, M.A.</i>	
3. <i>A Catechism for the Use of St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh. By the Rev. E. B. Ramsay, M.A.</i>	
4. <i>Hints on Scriptural Education and on Catechising: a Charge, by E. Bather, M.A., Archdeacon of Salop.</i>	
5. <i>Documents and Authorities on Public Catechising. By the Rev. J. Ley, M.A.</i> - - - - -	332
III.— <i>Edwin the Fair; an Historical Drama. By Henry Taylor, author of 'Philip van Artevelde'</i> - - - -	347
IV.— <i>Medii Ævi Kalendarium: or Dates, Charters, and Customs of the Middle Ages, with Kalendars from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Century; and an Alphabetical Digest of Obsolete Names of Days; forming a Glossary of the Dates of the Middle Ages, with Tables and other Aids for ascertaining Dates. By R. T. Hampson</i> - -	379
V.— <i>Handley Cross; or, the Spa-Hunt</i> - - - -	392
VI.— <i>Memoirs of the Queens of France; with Notices of the Royal Favourites. By Mrs. Forbes Bush</i> - - -	411

CONTENTS.

ART.	Page
VII.—Report to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, from the Poor Law Commissioners, on an Inquiry into the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain; with Appendices. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty, July, 1842	- - - 417
VIII.—Lays of Ancient Rome. By Thomas Babington Macaulay	453
IX.—A Bill to Amend the Laws which Regulate the Registration and Qualification of Parliamentary Electors in England and Wales. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 10th August, 1842	- - - 478
X.—American Notes, for General Circulation. By Charles Dickens	- - - 502
XI.—Life of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., interspersed with Sketches from his Note-books of distinguished contemporary Characters. By Bransby Blake Cooper, Esq. F.R.S.	- - - 529
XII.—1. Observations upon the Treaty of Washington, signed 9th August, 1842, &c. By George William Featherstonhaugh, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S., late one of Her Majesty's Commissioners for the North American Boundary.	
2. Speech of Mr. Benton, Senator for Missouri in the Secret Session of Congress, in Opposition to the British Treaty, 18th August, 1842.	
3. Speech of W. C. Rives, of Virginia, on the Treaty with Great Britain, delivered in the Senate 17th and 19th August, 1842	- - - 560

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *My Bee-book*. By William Charles Cotton, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Oxon. London, 1842.
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9. *The Cottager's Bee-book*. By Richard Smith. Oxford, 1839.

HOW the little busy bee improves each shining hour—makes hay when the sun shines—makes honey, that is, when flowers blow, is not only a matter for the poet and the moralist, and the lover of nature, but has become an important subject of rural, and cottage, and even political economy itself. If West Indian crops fail, or Brazilian slave-drivers turn sulky, we are convinced that the poor at least may profit as much from their bee-hives as ever they will from the extracted juices of parsneps or beet-root. And in this manufacture they will at least begin the world on a fair footing. No monopoly of capitalists can drive them from a market so open as this. Their winged stock have free pasturage—commonage without stint—be the proprietor who he may,

VOL. LXXI. NO. CXLII. B wherever

wherever the freckled cowslip springs and the wild thyme blows. Feudal manors and parked royalties, high deer-fences and forbidding boundary belts, have no exclusiveness for them; no action of trespass can lie against them, nor are they ever called upon for their certificates. But if exchange be no robbery, they are no thieves: they only take that which would be useless to all else besides, and even their hard-earned store is but a short-lived possession. The plagiarist Man revenges himself on them for the white lilies they have dusted and disturbed, and makes all their choicely-culled sweets his own. But though he never tasted a drop of their honey, the bees would still accomplish the work that Providence has allotted them in fructifying our flowers and fruit-blossoms, which man can at the best but clumsily imitate, and in originating new varieties which probably far surpass in number and beauty all that has been done by the gardening experimentalist. Florists are apt to complain of the mischief the bee does in disturbing their experiments and crossing species which they wish to keep separate; but they forget how many of their choicest kinds, which are commonly spoken of as the work of chance, have in reality been bee-made, and that, where man fructifies one blossom, the bee has worked upon ten thousand.

It is certain, however, that the great interest taken in bees from the earliest times, and which, judging from the number of books lately published, is reviving among us with no common force, has arisen chiefly from the marked resemblance which their modes of life seem to bear to those of man. Remove every fanciful theory and enthusiastic reverie, and there still remains an analogy far too curious to be satisfied with a passing glance. On the principle of *'nihil humani à me alienum,'* this approximation to human nature has ever made them favourites with their masters. And theirs is no hideous mimicry of man's follies and weaknesses, such as we see in the monkey tribe, which to us has always appeared too much of a satire to afford unalloyed amusement: their life is rather a serious matter-of-fact business, a likeness to the best and most rational of our manners and government, set about with motives so apparently identical with our own, that man's pride has only been able to escape from the ignominy of allowing them a portion of his monopolized Reason, by assigning them a separate quality under the name of Instinct. The philosophers of old were not so jealous of man's distinctive quality; and considering how little at the best we know of what reason is, and how vain have been the attempts to distinguish it from instinct, there may be, after all, notwithstanding the complacent smile of modern sciolists, as much truth, as certainly there is
poetry

poetry and charity in Virgil, who could refer the complicated and wonderful economy of bees to nothing less than the direct inspiration of the Divine Mind.

Bees indeed seem to have claimed generally a greater interest from the ancients than they have acquired in modern times. De Montford, who drew 'the portrait of the honey-fly' in 1646, enumerates the authors on the same subject, up to his time, as between five and six hundred! There are, to be sure, some apocryphal names in the list—Aristæus, for instance—whose works were wholly unknown to Mr. Huish; a fact which will not surprise our readers when we introduce him as the son of Apollo, and the father of Actæon, the 'peeping Tom' of mythological scandal. Aristæus himself was patron of bees and arch-bee-master; but no ridicule thrown on such a jumble of names must make us forget the real services achieved in this, as in every other branch of knowledge, by the Encyclopædiast Aristotle—the pupil of him who is distinguished as the 'Attic Bee'; or the life of Aristomachus, devoted to this pursuit; or the enthusiasm of Hyginus, who, more than 1800 years before Mr. Cotton, collected all the bee-passages which could be found scattered over the pages of an earlier antiquity. (Col. ix. 11.)

Varro, Columella, Celsus, and Pliny have each given in their contributions to the subject, and some notion may be formed of the minuteness with which they entered upon their researches from a passage in Columella, who, speaking of the origin of bees, says, that Euhemerus maintained that they were first produced in the island of Cos, Euthronius in Mount Hymettus, and Nicander in Crete. And considering the obscurity of the subject and the discordant theories of modern times, there is perhaps no branch of natural history in which the ancients arrived at so much truth. If since the invention of printing authors can gravely relate stories of an old woman who having placed a portion of the consecrated elements at the entrance of a bee-hive, presently saw the inmates busy in creating a shrine and altar of wax, with steeple and bells to boot, and heard, if we remember rightly, something like the commencement of an anthem*—we really think that they should be charitably inclined to the older bee-authors, who
believed

* We saw lately published in a weekly newspaper the notes of a trio, in which the old Queen and two Princesses (of the hive) are the performers, the young ladies earnestly begging to be allowed to take an airing, while the old duenna as determinedly refuses. This apiarian 'Pray, goody, please to moderate' grows louder and thicker, 'faster and faster,' till at last the young folks, as might be expected, carry the day; 'and what I can nearest liken it to,' says the writer, 'is a man in a rather high note endeavouring to repeat, in quaver or crotchet time, the letter M, with his lips constantly closed.' This is a tolerably easy music-lesson: let our readers try. The fact, however, is that all this music is originally derived from a curious old book—'The Feminine Monarchy,

believed that they gathered their young from flowers, and ballasted themselves with pebbles against the high winds.*

We shall have occasion to show as we proceed how correct in the main the classical writers are on the subject of bees, compared with other parts of natural history; but the book of all others to which the scholar will turn again and again with increased delight, is the fourth *Georgic*. This, the most beautiful portion of the most finished poem of Roman antiquity, is wholly devoted to our present subject; and such is the delightful manner in which it is treated, and so exquisite the little episodes introduced, that it would amply repay (and this is saying a good deal) the most forgetful country gentleman to rub up his schoolboy Latin, for the sole pleasure he would derive from the perusal. We need hardly say that no bee-fancier will content himself with anything less than the original: he will there find the beauties of the poet far outbalancing the errors of the naturalist; and as even these may be useful to the learner—for there is no readier way of imparting truth than by the correction of error—we shall follow the subject in some degree under the heads which Virgil has adopted, first introducing our little friends in the more correct character which modern science has marked out for them.

The 'masses' of every hive consist of two kinds of bees, the workers and the drones. The first are undeveloped females, the second are the males. Over these presides the mother of the hive, the queen-bee. The number of workers in a strong hive is above 15,000, and of drones about one to ten of these. This proportion, though seldom exact, is never very much exceeded or fallen short of. A single family, where swarming is prevented, will sometimes amount, according to Dr. Bevan, to 50,000 or 60,000. In their wild state, if we may credit the quantity of honey said to be found, they must sometimes greatly exceed this number.

'Sweet is the hum of bees,' says Lord Byron; and those who have listened to this music in its full luxury, stretched upon some sunny bed of heather, where the perfume of the crushed thyme

narchy, or the History of Bees,' by Charles Butler, of Magdalen (Oxford, 1634): at p. 78 of which work this 'Bees' Madrigal' may be found, with notes and words. Old Butler has been sadly rifled, without much thanks, by all succeeding bee-writers. He has written upon that exhaustive system adopted by learned writers of that time, so that nothing that was then known on the subject is omitted. Butler introduced eight new letters—aspirates—into the English language, besides other eccentricities of orthography; so that, altogether, his volume has a most outlandish look.

* The latter mistake arose probably from the mason-bee, which carries sand wherewith to construct its nest. For an account of the 145 varieties of English bees consult Kirby's '*Monographia Apum Angliæ*.'

struggled

struggled with the faint smell of the bracken, can scarcely have failed to watch the little busy musician

‘with honey’d thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,’

too well to require a lengthened description of her; how she flits from flower to flower with capricious fancy, not exhausting the sweets of any one spot, but, on the principle of ‘live and let live,’ taking something for herself, and yet leaving as much or more for the next comer, passing by the just-opening and faded flowers, and deigning to notice not even one out of five that are full-blown, combining the philosophy of the Epicurean and Eclectic;—or still more like some fastidious noble, on the grand tour, with all the world before him, hurrying on in restless haste from place to place, skimming over the surface or tasting the sweets of society, carrying off some memento from every spot he has lit upon, and yet leaving plenty to be gleaned by the next traveller, dawdling in one place he knows not why, whisking by another which would have amply repaid his stay, and still pressing onwards as if in search of something, he knows not what—though he too often fails to carry home the same proportion of happiness as his compeer does of honey.

‘A bee among the flowers in spring,’ says Paley, ‘is one of the cheerfulest objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment: *so busy and so pleased*.’

The Drone may be known by the noise he makes. Hence his name. He has been the butt of all who have ever written about bees, and is indeed a bye-word all the world over. No one can fail to hit off his character. He is the ‘lazy yawning drone’ of Shakspeare. The

‘*Immunisque sedens aliena ad pabula fucus*’* of Virgil. ‘The drone,’ says Butler, ‘is a gross, stingless bee, that spendeth his time in gluttony and idleness. For howsoever he brave it with his round velvet cap, his side gown, his full paunch, and his loud voice, yet is he but an idle companion, living by the sweat of others’ brows. He worketh not at all either at home or abroad, and yet spendeth as much as two labourers: you shall never find his maw without a good drop of the purest nectar. In the heat of the day he flieth abroad, aloft, and about, and that with no small noise, as though he would do some great act; but it is only for his pleasure, and to get him a stomach, and then returns he presently to his cheer.’ This is no bad portrait

* Virgil, who has confounded their battles with their swarming, seems also to have made a Drone-king. What else can this mean—

‘*Ille horridus alter
Desidiâ, latumque trahens inglorius alvum*’?

of the burly husband of the hive. He is a proper Sir John Falstaff, a gross fat animal, cowardly, and given to deep potations. He cannot fail to be recognised by his broad body and blunt tail and head, and the 'bagpipe i' the nose.' He is never seen settling on flowers, except at the beginning of August, when he may sometimes be met upon a late-blown rose, or some double flower that the workers rarely frequent, in a melancholy, musing state, as if prescient of the miserable fate that so soon awaits him. The occasion for so large a proportion of

'These lazy fathers of the industrious hive'

is yet an unsolved riddle. One author fancied them the water-carriers of the commonwealth. Some have supposed that the drones sit, like hens, upon the eggs;* in which case the hair on their tails would seem to serve the same purpose as the feather-breeches which Catherine of Russia had made for her ministers when she caused them as a punishment to hatch eggs in a large nest in the antechamber. But this is mere fancy, the earwig being the only insect, according to Kirby and Spence, that broods over its eggs. Dr. Bevan denies that they are useful, or at least necessary, in keeping up the heat of the hive in breeding-time, which is the commonly received reason for their great numbers. Huber thought so large a quantity were required, that when the queen takes her hymeneal flight she may be sure to meet with some in the upper regions of the air. Her embrace is said to be fatal.

Last in our description, but

'First of the throng, and foremost of the whole,
One stands confest the sovereign and the soul.'

This is the queen-bee. Her power was acknowledged before her sex was known, for Greeks, Latins, and Arabs always style her 'the king;†' and it may be thought an argument in favour of monarchical government, that the 'tyrant-quelling' Athenians, and republican Romans who almost banished the name with the blood of their kings, were forced to admit it to describe 'the first magistrate' of this natural commonwealth. 'The queen,' says our old author, 'is a fair and stately bee, differing from the vulgar both in shape and colour.' And it is amusing that the most sober writers cannot speak of her without assigning her some of those stately attributes which we always connect with human sovereignty. Bevan remarks that 'she is distinguishable from the rest of the society by a more measured movement;' her body is more taper

* 'By this time your bees sit.'—*Evelyn's Calendar for March*. 'When it has deposited the eggs, it sits upon them, and cherishes them in the same manner as a bird.'—*Arabic Dictionary, quoted by Cotton*. 'Progeniem nidosque fovant.'—*Georg.* iv. 56.

† So also Shakespeare: 'They have a king,' &c.—*Henry V.*, Act I., s. 2.

than

than that of the working-bee; her wings shorter, for she has little occasion for flight; her legs—what would Queen Elizabeth, who would not hear even of royal *stockings*, think of our profaneness?—her legs unfurnished with grooves, for she gathers no pollen; her proboscis short, for the honey comes to her, not she to the honey; her sting short and curved—for sting she has, though she seldom uses it.

In addition to these, Huber and others have thought that they discerned certain black bees in many hives, but it is now generally allowed that these, if they exist at all, are not a different species, but superannuated workers.

Having 'caught our hare,' got our stock of bees, the next question is, where shall we place them? and there is little to be added to Virgil's suggestions on this head. The bee-house should face the south, with a turn perhaps to the east, be protected from the north and prevailing winds; not too far from the dwelling, lest they become shy of man, nor too near, lest they be interrupted by him. No paths should cross its entrance, no high trees or bushes intercept their homeward flight. Yet, if placed in the centre of a treeless lawn, they would be apt in swarming to fly away altogether, so that Virgil rightly recommends the palm or some evergreen tree to overhang the hive. Another of his injunctions, which no modern writer seems to notice, is to sprinkle some neighbouring branch, where you wish them to hang, with honey and sweet herbs bruised. Those who have been so often troubled by the inconvenient places on which swarms have settled might do well to try the recommendation of the old Mantuan bee-master. A quiet nook in low ground is better than an elevated situation: they have then their uphill flight when their bodies are unburdened, and an inclined plane to skim down when they come home loaded with their hard-earned treasure. Rogers, at whose

'cut beside the hill

A bee-hive's hum should soothe the ear,'

has supposed the bee to be guided back to its hive by the recollection of the sweets it passed in its outward flight—a beautiful instance of 'the pleasures of Memory.'

'Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?

Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?

With conscious truth retraces the merry chase

Of varied scents that charm'd her as she flew?

Hail, Memory, hail! thy universal reign

Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain."

Whether this be the true solution or not, her return to her hive, so straight as it is, is very curious. We are convinced of the use of
bee-houses

bee-houses as a protection for the hives, though they are disapproved of by many modern writers. They serve to moderate the temperature in winter and summer, and screen the neighbourhood of the hive in rough weather. Dr. Bevan says:—

‘Excepting in peculiarly sheltered nooks, an apiary would not be well situated near a great river, nor in the neighbourhood of the sea, as in windy weather the bees would be in danger of drowning from being blown into the water. . . . Yet it should not be far from a rivulet or spring; such streams as glide gently over pebbles are the most desirable, as these afford a variety of resting-places for the bees to alight upon.’ (This is almost a translation of Virgil’s ‘In medium, seu stabit iners,’ &c.) ‘Water is most important to them, particularly in the early part of the season. Let shallow troughs, therefore, never be neglected to be set near the hives, if no natural stream is at hand.’

It seems that bees, like men, require a certain quantity of saline matter for their health. ‘In the Isle of Wight the people have a notion that every bee goes down to sea to drink twice a-day;’ and they are certainly seen to drink at the farm-yard pool—

‘the gilded puddle

That beasts would cough at’—

when clearer water is near. Following the example of our modern graziers, a small lump of rock-salt might be a useful medicine-chest for our winged stock. Foul smells and loud noises have always been thought annoying to bees, and hence it is deemed advisable never to place the hives in the neighbourhood of forges, pigsties, and the like. Virgil even fancied that they disliked the neighbourhood of an echo: but upon this Gilbert White, of Selborne, remarks:—

‘This wild and fanciful assertion will hardly be admitted by the philosophers of these days, especially as they all now seem agreed that insects are not furnished with any organs of hearing at all. But if it should be urged that, though they cannot hear, yet perhaps they may feel the repercussion of sounds, I grant it is possible they may. Yet that these impressions are distasteful or hurtful I deny, because bees, in good summers, thrive well in my outlet, where the echoes are very strong; for this village is another Anathoth, a place of responses or echoes. Besides, it does not appear from experiment that bees are in any way capable of being affected by sounds; for I have often tried my own with a large speaking-trumpet held close to their hives, and with such an exertion of voice as would have hailed a ship at the distance of a mile, and still these insects pursued their various employments undisturbed, and without showing the least sensibility or resentment.’*

* Of Gilbert White—who by the way was not ‘parson of the parish,’ but continued a Fellow of Oriel till his death—all that could be heard at the scene of his researches by a late diligent inquirer was, that ‘he was a still, quiet body, and that there was not a bit of harm in him.’ And such is the fame of a man the power of whose writings has immortalized an obscure village and a tortoise—for who has not heard of ‘Timothy’?—as long as the English language lives!

Next to the situation of the hive is the consideration of the bees' pasturage. When there is plenty of the white Dutch clover, sometimes called honeysuckle, it is sure to be a good honey-year. The red clover is too deep for the proboscis of the common bee, and is therefore not so useful to them as is generally thought. Many lists have been made of bee-flowers, and of such as should be planted round the apiary. Mignonette, and borage, and rosemary, and bugloss, and lavender, the crocus for the early spring, and the ivy flowers for the late autumn, might help to furnish a very pretty bee-garden; and the lime and liquid amber, the horse-chestnut, and the willow would be the best trees to plant around. Dr. Bevan makes a very good suggestion, that lemon-thyme should be used as an edging for garden-walks and flower-beds, instead of box, thrift, or daisies. That any material good, however, can be done to a large colony by the few plants that, under the most favourable circumstances, can be sown around a bee-house is of course out of the question. The bee is too much of a roamer to take pleasure in trim gardens. It is the wild tracts of heath and furze, the broad acres of bean-fields and buck-wheat, the lime avenues, the hedgerow flowers, and the clover meadows, that furnish his haunts and fill his cell. Still it may be useful for the young and weak bees to have food as near as possible to their home, and to those who wish to watch their habits a plot of bee-flowers is indispensable; and we know not the bee that could refuse the following beautiful invitation by Professor Smythe:—

‘Thou cheerful Bee! come, freely come,
And travel round my woodbine bower!
Delight me with thy wandering hum,
And rouse me from my musing hour:
Oh! try no more those tedious fields,
Come, taste the sweets my garden yields;
The treasures of each blooming mine,
The bud, the blossom,—all are thine.’

Pliny bids us plant thyme and apiaster, violets, roses, and lilies. Columella, who, contrary to all other authority, says that limes are hurtful, advises cythus, rosemary, and the evergreen pine. That the prevalent flower of a district will flavour the honey is certain. The delicious honey of the Isle of Bourbon will taste for years of the orange-blossoms, from which, we believe, it is gathered, and on opening a bottle of it the room will be filled with the perfume. The same is the case with the honey of Malta. Corsican honey is said to be flavoured by the box-tree, and we have heard of honey being rendered useless which was gathered in the neighbourhood of onion-fields. No one who has kept bees in the neighbourhood

neighbourhood of a wild common can fail to have remarked its superior flavour and *bouquet*. The wild rosemary that abounds in the neighbourhood of Narbonne gives the high flavour for which the honey of that district is so renowned. But the plant the most celebrated for this quality is the classic and far-famed thyme of Mount Hymettus, the *Satureia capitata* of botanists. This, we are assured by Pliny, was transplanted from the neighbourhood of Athens into the gardens of the Roman bee-keepers, but they failed to import with it the flavour of the Hymettic honey; for the exiled plant, which, according to this author, never flourished but in the neighbourhood of the ocean, languished for the barren rocks of Attica and the native breezes of its 'own blue sea.' And the honey of the Hymettus has not departed with the other glories of old Greece, though its flavour and aroma are said to be surpassed by that of neighbouring localities once famous from other causes. While the silver-mines of Laurium are closed, and no workman's steel rings in the marble-quarries of the Pentelicus, the hum of five thousand bee-hives is still heard among the thyme, the cistus, and the lavender which yet clothe these hills. 'The Cecropian bees,' says C. Wordsworth, 'have survived all the revolutions which have changed the features and uprooted the population of Attica:' though the defile of Thermopylæ has become a swampy plain, and the bed of the Cephissus is laid dry, this one feature of the country has remained unaltered:—

'And still his honey'd store Hymettus yields,
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain-air.'

The honey here collected used to be reserved for the especial eating of the archbishop of the district, and few travellers could even get a taste of it. Such was the case a few years ago: we presume the purchase of the Hymettus by a countryman of ours, Mr. Bracebridge, who has also built him a villa there, must have tended to abolish the episcopal monopoly.

It has been often discussed whether a country can be overstocked with bees; we believe this is quite as certain as that it may be over-peopled and over-manufactured. But that this is not yet the case with regard to Britain, as far at least as bees are concerned, we feel equally sure. Of course it is impossible to ascertain what number of acres is sufficient for the support of a single hive, so much depending on the season and the nature of the herbage; but, nevertheless, in Bavaria only a certain number of hives is allowed to be kept, and these must be brought to an establishment under the charge of a skilful apiarian, each station being four miles apart, and containing 150 hives.

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This is centralization and red-tapery with a vengeance ! A story is told that in a village in Germany where the number of hives kept was regulated by law, a bad season had nevertheless proved that the place was overstocked from the great weakness of all the stalls in the neighbourhood. There was but one exception. This was the hive of an old man, who was generally set down as being no wiser than his neighbours, and this perhaps all the more because he was very observant of the habits of his little friends, as well as careful in harvesting as much honey as he could. But how came his hive to prosper when all the rest were falling off ? His cottage was no nearer the pasture. He certainly must have bewitched his neighbours' hives, or made 'no canny' bargain for his own. Many were the whisperings and great the suspicions that no good would come of the gaffer's honey thus mysteriously obtained. The old man bore all these surmises patiently ; the honey-harvest came round, and when he had stored away just double what any of the rest had saved, he called his friends and neighbours together, took them into his garden and said—' If you had been more charitable in your opinions, I would have told you my secret before—

This is the only witchcraft I have used :—

and he pointed to the inclination of his hives—one degree more to the east than was generally adopted. The conjuration was soon cleared up ; the sun came upon his hives an hour or two sooner by this movement, and his bees were up and stirring, and had secured a large share of the morning's honey, before his neighbours' bees had roused themselves for the day. Mr. Cotton, who gives the outline of the story which we have ventured to fill up, quotes the proverb that 'early birds pick up most worms,' and draws the practical moral, in which we heartily concur, that your bedroom-window should always, if possible, face the east.

In an arable country, with little waste land and good farming, very few stocks can be supported ; and this has led some enthusiastic bee-masters to regret the advancement of agriculture, and the consequent decrease of wild flowers—or weeds, according to the eye that views them—and the enclosure of wastes and commons.* Even a very short distance will make a great difference

* We can hardly ask, much less expect, that hedge-side swards should be made broader, and corn-fields be left unweeded, and the ploughshare be stayed, for the sake of the bee ; but we do boldly enter our protest against the enclosure and planting of her best pasturage—our wild heath-grounds. And not for her sake only, but lest the taste, health, or pleasure of the proprietor himself should suffer any detriment. More strenuous advocates for planting than ourselves exist not. The dictum of the great Master of the North, 'Be aye sticking in a tree, Jock, it will be growing while ye are sleeping'—put forth in the 'Heart of Mid Lothian,' and repeated by him in our Journal,—has been the parent of many a fair plantation, and may it produce many more ! But there

ence in the amount of honey collected. We know of an instance where a bee-keeper at Carshalton in Surrey, suspecting, from the fighting of his bees and other signs, that there was not pasturage enough in the immediate neighbourhood, conveyed away one of his lightest and most worthless hives, and hid it in the Woodmansterne furzes, a distance of about a mile and a half. Fortunately it lay there undiscovered, and on removing it home he found that it had become one of his heaviest hives. We mention this as a case coming under our own knowledge, because a late writer, who has shown rather a waspish disposition in his attacks on Mr. Cotton's system, seems to question not only the advantage, but the practicability of the transportation of hives altogether. But the fact is, that in the north of England and in Scotland, where there are large tracts of heather-land apart from any habitation, nothing is more common than for the bee-masters of the towns and villages to submit their hives during the honey season to the care of the shepherd of the district. 'About six miles from Edinburgh,' says Dr. Bevan, 'at the foot of one of the Pentland Hills, stands Logan House, supposed to be the residence of the Sir William Worthy celebrated by Allan Ramsay in his "Gentle Shepherd." The house is at present occupied by a shepherd, who about the beginning of August receives about a hundred bee-hives from his neighbours resident beyond the hills, that the bees may gather honey from the luxuriant blossoms of the mountain-heather.' Mr. Cotton saw a man in Germany who had 200 stocks, which he managed to keep all rich by changing their places as soon as the honey-season varied. 'Sometimes he sends them to the moors, sometimes to the meadows, sometimes to the forest, and sometimes to the hills.' He also speaks of it being no uncommon sight in Switzerland to see a man journeying with a bee-hive at his back.

There is something very interesting and Arcadian in this lead-

there are rush-bearing commons, and ragged banks of gravel, and untractable clay-lands, and hassocky nooks, enough and to spare, the fit subjects for new plantations, without encroaching upon our 'thymy downs' and heather hills. The land of the mountain and the flood may indeed afford from her very riches in this respect to spare some of her characteristic acres of 'bony blooming heather;' and there are parts of the northern and midland counties of England that can equally endure the sacrifice;—but spare—oh, spare—to spread the damp sickly atmosphere of a crowded plantation over the few free, bracing, breezy heath-grounds which the south can boast of.—Such a little range of hills we know in Surrey, lying between Addington and Coombe, now sadly encroached upon by belts and palings since our boyhood days. Only let a man once know what a summer's evening stroll over such a hill, as it 'sleeps in moonlight luxury,' is—let him but once have tasted the dry, fresh, and balmy air of such a pebbly bank of heath, without a tree, save perhaps a few pines, within a mile around, when all the valley and the woodland below are wet with dew and dank with foliage,—and then say whether such an expanse can be well exchanged for any conceivable advantage of thicket or grove.

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ing of the bees out to pasture, and it deserves more attention than it has yet met with in this country. The transportation we have hitherto spoken of is only to a short distance and on a small scale; but in Germany travelling caravans of these little wild-beasts may be met with, which sometimes make a journey of thirty miles, taking four days to perform it. There is nothing new in this transmigration, for Columella tells us that the inhabitants of Achaia sent their hives into Attica to benefit by the later-blowing flowers. The most pleasing picture, however, of all is that of the floating bee-houses of the Nile, mentioned by old and modern writers, and thus described by Dr. Bevan :—

‘ In Lower Egypt, where the flower-harvest is not so early by several weeks as in the upper districts of that country, this practice of transportation is carried on to a considerable extent. About the end of October the hives, after being collected together from the different villages, and conveyed up the Nile, marked and numbered by the individuals to whom they belong, are heaped pyramidally upon the boats prepared to receive them, which, floating gradually down the river, and stopping at certain stages of their passage, remain there a longer or a shorter time, according to the produce which is afforded by the surrounding country. After travelling three months in this manner, the bees, having culled the perfumes of the orange-flowers of the Said, the essence of roses of the Faicum, the treasures of the Arabian jessamine, and a variety of flowers, are brought back about the beginning of February to the places from which they have been carried. The productiveness of the flowers at each respective stage is ascertained by the gradual descent of the boats in the water, and which is probably noted by a scale of measurement. This industry procures for the Egyptians delicious honey and abundance of bees’-wax. The proprietors, in return, pay the boatmen a recompense proportioned to the number of hives which have thus been carried about from one extremity of Egypt to the other.’
—p. 233.

Such a convoy of 4000 hives was seen by Niebuhr on the Nile, between Cairo and Damietta. An equally pleasing account is given by Mr. Cotton of the practice in France :—

‘ In France they put their hives in a boat, some hundreds together, which floats down the stream by night, and stops by day. The bees go out in the morning, return in the evening; and when they are all back and quiet, on the boat floats. I have heard they come home to the ringing of a bell, but I believe they would come home just the same, whether the bell rings or no.’—*Cotton*, p. 89.

‘ I should like,’ he continues, ‘ to see this tried on the Thames, for no river has more bee-food in spring; meadows, clover, beans, and lime-trees, in different places and times, for summer.’

Happy bees, whose masters are good enough to give them so delightful a treat! We can fancy no more pleasing sight, except
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it be the omnibuses full of school-children that one sometimes sees on a fine summer's day making for the hills of Hampstead or Norwood.

Connected with their transmigration is the question of the extent of their flight. We believe that two miles may be considered as the radius of the circle of their ordinary range, though circumstances will occasionally drive them at least a mile more. We have read somewhere of a man who kept bees at the top of his house in Holborn, and wishing to find out where they pastured, he sprinkled them all with a red powder as they came out of the hive in the morning. Away he hied to Hampstead, thinking it the best bee-pasture at hand, and what was his delight at beholding among the multitudes of busy bees that he found there some of his own little fellows which he had 'incarnadined' in the morning! The apiary of Bonner, a great bee-observer, was situated in a garret in the centre of Glasgow; and that of Mr. Payne, the author of the '*Bee-Keeper's Guide*'—a very useful and practical book, because short and simple—is in the middle of a large town.

Judging from the sweep that bees take by the side of a railroad train in motion, we should set down their pace about thirty miles an hour. This would give them four minutes to reach the extremity of their common range. A bee makes several journeys from and to the hive in a day; and Huish remarked that a honey-gathering bee was absent about thirty-five minutes, and a pollen-collector about half that time. The pollen or farina of flowers is doubtless much more plentiful and accessible than the honey. The same writer observed bees on the Isle of May, at the entrance of the Frith of Forth, though there was no hive kept on the island, which is distant four miles from the mainland. This is an amazing stretch of flight, considering the element over which they have to fly, the risk of finding food when they land, and the load they have to return with, if successful. Were they not wild bees of the island?

In speaking of the food of bees, we must not omit the Honey-dew. This shining, gummy substance must have been often noticed in hot weather on the leaves of the lime and oak by the most incurious observer. The ancients considered it either as a deposition of the atmosphere or an exudation from the leaves of trees; for to these opinions the '*aërii mellis cœlestia dona*,' and '*quercus sudabunt roscida mella*,' of Virgil seem to refer. Gilbert White held the singular notion that it was the effluvia of flowers evaporated and drawn into the atmosphere by the heat of the weather, and then falling down again in the night with the dews that entangle them. Its origin is certainly one of those vexed

questions,

questions, which, like that of 'fairy rings,' yet require further light for a satisfactory explanation. At present it is impossible to reconcile the discrepancy in the observations of naturalists, some actually asserting that they have seen showers of it falling. To adjust the most common opinions, it is now generally admitted that there are two sources, if not two kinds; one being a secretion from the leaves of certain plants, the other a secretion from the body of an insect. Those little green insects, the aphides, which we commonly call blight, are almost always observed to accompany any large deposition of Honey-dew, and are said to have the power of jerking it to a great distance. The subject at the present moment is attracting great attention among our naturalists, and it is probable that the clash of opinions will bring out something very near the truth. That the aphides do secrete a saccharine fluid has been long known, and the bees are not their only fellow-insects who are fond of it. Their presence produces a land of milk and honey to the ants, who follow them wherever they appear, and actually herd them like cows and milk them!*

Much has been written upon the poisonous effects of certain plants, sometimes upon the honey, sometimes upon the bees themselves. Every schoolboy must remember the account given by Xenophon of the effect produced upon the Ten Thousand by the honey in the neighbourhood of Trebizond. The soldiers suffered in proportion to the quantity they had eaten; some seemed drunken, some mad, and some even died the same

* What follows is from the delightful 'Introduction to Entomology' by Kirby and Spence. 'The loves of the ants and the aphides have been long celebrated; and that there is a connection between them you may at any time, in the proper season, convince yourself: for you will always find the former very busy on those trees and plants on which the latter abound; and, if you examine more closely, you will discover that their object in thus attending upon them is to obtain the saccharine fluid—which may well be denominated their milk—that they secrete. . . . This, however, is the least of their talents, for they absolutely possess the art of making them yield it at their pleasure; or, in other words, of milking them. On this occasion their antennæ are their fingers; with these they pat the abdomen of the aphid, on each side alternately, moving them very briskly; a little drop of fluid immediately appears, which the ant takes in its mouth. When it has milked one it proceeds to another, and so on till, being satiated, it returns to the nest. But you are not arrived at the most singular part of this history,—that the ants make a *property* of these cows, for the possession of which they contend with great earnestness, and use every means to keep them to themselves. Sometimes they seem to claim a right to the aphides that inhabit the branches of a tree or the stalks of a plant; and if stranger-ants attempt to share their treasure with them, they endeavour to drive them away, and may be seen running about in a great bustle, and exhibiting every symptom of inquietude and anger. Sometimes, to rescue them from their rivals, they take their aphides in their mouth: they generally keep guard round them, and when the branch is conveniently situated they have recourse to an expedient still more effectual to keep off interlopers—they enclose it in a tube of earth or other materials, and thus confine them in a kind of paddock near their nest, and often communicating with it.' How much of this is fanciful we must leave our readers to determine by their own observations; but let no man think he knows how to enjoy the country who has not studied the volumes of Kirby and Spence.

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day. (*Anab.* iv. 8.) This quality in the honey has been referred by Pliny and others to the poisonous nature of the rhododendron, which abounds in those parts; but from inquiries which we have made at Dropmore, and other spots abounding with this shrub, we cannot learn that any difference is perceived in the honey of those districts, or indeed that the common bee is ever seen to settle on its flowers. If the *Kalmia latifolia* be a native of Pontus, the danger is more likely to have arisen from that source, the honey derived from which has been known to prove fatal in several instances in America.

One remarkable circumstance about bees is the number of commodities of which they are either the collectors or confectioners. Besides honey and wax, there are two other distinct substances which they gather, bee-bread and propolis.

Before we knew better, we thought, probably with most of our readers, when we saw a bee 'tolling from every flower the virtuous sweets,' with his legs full of the dust of the stamens, that he was hurrying home with the wax to build his cell, or at least with the material wherewith to make that wax. We thought of Titania and her fairies, who 'for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,' and many other pretty things that poets have said and sung about them; or if in a more prosaic mood, we at least conceived that, if not furnishing fairy candles, they were laying the foundation for what Sir F. Trench calls 'the gentleman's light.' No such thing. Their hollow legs were filled with the pollen or farina of flowers, which has nothing whatever to do with the composition of wax, but constitutes the ambrosia of the hive—as honey does its nectar—their bee-bread, or rather, we should say, bee-pap, for it is entirely reserved for the use of their little ones. Old Butler had so long ago remarked that 'when they gather abundance of this stuff (pollen) they have never the more wax: when they make most wax, they gather none of this.' In fact they store it up as food for the embryo bees, collecting from thirty to sixty pounds of it in a season; and in this matter alone they seem to be 'unthrift of their sweets,' and to want that shrewdness which never else fails them, for they often, like certain over-careful housewives with their preserves, store away more than they can use, which, in its decomposition, becomes to them a sore trouble and annoyance. They are said always to keep to one kind of flower in collecting it, and the light red colour of it will often detect them as the riflers of the mignonette-bed; but we have seen them late in the season with layers of different colours, and sometimes their whole body sprinkled with it, for they will at times roll and revel in a flower like a donkey on a dusty road.

Whence, then, comes the wax? It is elaborated by the bee itself
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from the honey by a chemistry beyond the ken of either Faraday or Liebig, being exuded in small scales from between the armour-like folds of their body. This was noticed almost contemporaneously by John Hunter and Huber, and confirmed by the most conclusive experiments of the latter. A legal friend, to whom we are indebted for much of our bee-law, thus records his own observation:—‘I have often watched these fellows, hanging apparently torpid, after, as I think, a plentiful meal. Suddenly they make their whole persons vibrate like the prong of a tuning-fork: you cannot see their outline. This is a signal for one of the wax-collectors to run up quickly and fumble the lately-agitated gentleman with the instruments with which they hold the wax; and after collecting the scales, they hasten to mould them into the comb.’ What would our *bon-vivans* give if they could thus, at their pleasure, shake off the effects of a Goldsmiths’-Hall dinner in the shape of a temporary fit of gout and chalk-stones?

Many in their schoolboy days, though we aver ourselves to be guiltless, having too often followed Titania’s advice, and

‘Honey-bags stolen from the humble-bee,’

need not to have much told them of how they carry about them their liquid nectar. ‘Kill me,’ says Bottom to Cobweb, ‘a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle, and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag.’ They never swarm without a good stock of honey in their inside, to enable them to make a fair start in their new housekeeping. The honey which they sip from the nectaries of the flowers probably undergoes some change, though it is but a slight one, before it is deposited in the cells. It was formerly considered a balm for all ills, though now deemed anything but wholesome when eaten in large quantities. The following are some of its virtues, besides others which we omit, given by Butler. It is only wonderful that our grandfathers, living in the midst of such an universal medicine, should have ever died.

‘Honey cutteth and casteth up flegmatic matter, and therefore sharpeneth the stomachs of them which by reason thereof have little appetite: it purgeth those things which hurt the clearness of the eyes; it nourisheth very much; it breedeth good blood; it stirreth up and preserveth natural heat, and prolongeth old age: it keepeth all things uncorrupt which are put into it; and therefore physicians do temper therewith such medicines as they mean to keep long; yea the bodys of the dead, being embalmed with honey, have been thereby preserved from putrefaction,’ &c. &c.

The fourth product of the bee is propolis, or which we shall rather call bee-gum. It is at once the glue and varnish of their

carpentry. With this resinous substance* (quite distinct from wax) they fix their combs to the sides and roof, fasten the hives to the stand, stop up crevices, varnish the cell-work of their combs, and embalm any dead or noxious animal that they catch within their hive:

‘Caulk every chink where rushing winds may roar,
And seal their circling ramparts to the floor.’—*Evans.*

Bees may often be seen settling on the bark of the fir, the gummy leaf of the hollyhock, or on the—we dare not use Horace Walpole’s expression—varnished bud of the horse-chestnut. They are then collecting neither bread nor honey, but gum for the purposes above mentioned. Huish mentions a case of their coating over a dead mouse within the hive with this gum, thus rendering their home proof against any impure effluvium; but they were much more cunning with a snail, which they sealed down, *only round the edge of the shell*, thus fixing him as a standing joke, a laughing-stock, a living mummy (for a snail, though excluded from air, would not die), so that he who had heretofore carried his own house was now made his own monument.

As one of the indirect products of the bee we must not forget Mead, the Metheglin † of Shakspeare and Dryden. It was the drink of the antient Britons and Norsemen, and filled the skull-cups in the Feast of Shells in the Hall of Odin. In such esteem was it held, that one of the old Welsh laws ran thus: ‘There are three things in court which must be communicated to the king before they are made known to any other person:—1st. Every sentence of the Judge. 2nd. Every new song. 3rd. Every cask of Mead.’ Queen Bess was so fond of it, that she had some made for her own especial drinking every year; and Butler, who draws a distinction between Mead and Metheglin, making Hydromel the generic term, gives a luculent receipt for the latter and better drink, the same used by ‘our renowned Queen Elizabeth of happy memory.’ The Romans softened their wine sometimes with honey (*Georg.* iv., 102.), sometimes with mead—mulso. (*Hor.*, l. 2, 4, 24.)

‘The good bee,’ says More, ‘as other good people, hath many bad enemies;’ and though opinions and systems of management have changed, the bees’ enemies have remained much the same from the time of Aristotle. Beetles, moths, hornets, wasps,

* As a further proof of the minute attention with which the ancients studied bees, the Greeks had three names at least for the different qualities of this substance:—*πρόσολις*; *κόμμις*; and *σισέκκος*.

† The derivation of this word, which one would rather expect to be Celtic or Scandinavian, is very plausible, if not true, from the Greek: *μίδυ ἀγγλόν*.

spiders,

spiders, snails, ants, mice, birds, lizards, and toads, will all seek the hives, either for the warmth they find there, or oftener for the bees, and, more frequently still, for the honey. The wax-moth is a sad plague, and when once a hive is infested with it, nothing effectual is to be done but by removing the bees altogether into a new domicile. Huish tells of an old lady, who, thinking to catch the moths, illuminated her garden and bee-house at night with flambeaux—the only result of which was that, instead of trapping the marauders, she burnt her own bees, who came out in great confusion to see what was the matter. The great death's-head moth (*Sphinx atropos*), occasionally found in considerable numbers in our potato-fields—the cause of so much alarm wherever its awful note and badge are heard and seen—was noticed first by Huber as a terrible enemy to bees. It was against the ravages of this meanly monster that the bees were supposed to erect those fortifications, the description and actual drawing of which by Huber threw at one time so much doubt on his other statements. He speaks of bastions, intersecting arcades, and gateways masked by walls in front, so that their constructors 'pass from the part of simple soldiers to that of engineers.' Few subsequent observers* have, we believe, detected the counterscarps of these miniature Vaubans, but as it is certain that they will contract their entrance against the cold of winter, it seems little incredible that they should put in practice the same expedient when other necessities call for it; and to style such conglomerations of wax and propolis bastions, and battlements, and glacis, is no more unpardonable stretch of the imagination than to speak of their queens and sentinels.

An old toad may be sometimes seen sitting under a hive, and waiting to seize on such as, coming home loaded with their spoil, accidentally fall to the ground. We can hardly fancy this odious reptile in a more provoking position. Tomtits, which are called bee-biters in Hampshire, are said to tap at the hive, and then snap up the testy inmates who come out to see what it is all about: if birds chuckle as well as chirp, we can fancy the delight of this mischievous little ne'er-do-good at the success of his *lark*. The swallow is an enemy of old standing, as we may learn from the verses of Euenus, prettily translated by Merivale:

' Attic maiden, honey-fed,
Chirping warbler, bear'st away

* The ever-amusing Mr. Jesse says, 'I have now in my possession a regular fortification made of propolis, which my bees placed at the entrance of their hive, to enable them the better to protect themselves from the wasps.'—*Gleanings*, vol. i., p. 24. It may have been with some such idea that the Greeks gave the name 'propolis,' 'out-work,' to the principal material with which they construct these barricades; and Virgil has 'munire favos.' Did Byron allude to this in his 'fragrant fortress?'

Thou the busy buzzing bee
 To thy callow brood a prey?
 Warbler thou, a warbler seize!
 Winged, one with lovely wings!
 Guest thyself, by summer brought,
 Yellow guest, whom summer brings!'

Many are the fables and stories of the bear and the bees, and the love he has for honey. One, not so well known, we extract from Butler. The conteur is one Demetrius, a Muscovite ambassador sent to Rome.

'A neighbour of mine,' saith he, 'searching in the woods for honey, slipt down into a great hollow tree; and there sunk into a lake of honey up to the breast: where—when he had stuck fast two days, calling and crying out in vain for help (because nobody in the meanwhile came nigh that solitary place)—at length, when he was out of all hope of life, he was strangely delivered by the means of a great bear, which coming thither about the same business that he did, and smelling the honey (stirred with his striving), clambered up to the top of the tree, and thence began to let himself down backward into it. The man be-thinking himself, and knowing that the worst was but death (which in that place he was sure off), beclipt the bear fast with both his hands about the loins, and withall made an outcry as loud as he could. The bear, being thus suddenly affrighted (what with the handling and what with the noise), made up again with all speed possible: the man held, and the bear pulled until with main force he had drawn *Dun out of the mire*; and then being let go, away he trots, more afeard than hurt, leaving the smeared swain in a joyful fear.'—*Butler*, p. 115.

The bear, from his love of honey, acts as a pointer to the bee-hunters of the North, who note the hollow trees which he frequents and rubs against, knowing thereby that they contain honey. 'The bears,' said a bee-hunter to Washington Irving, 'is the know-ingest varmint for finding out a bee-tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out the honey, bees and all.'

Wasps are sad depredators upon bees, and require to be guarded against. The large mother-wasp, which is often observed quite early in the spring, and which common people call a hornet, should always be destroyed, as it is the parent of a whole swarm. In many places the gardeners will give sixpence a-piece for their destruction, and bee-masters should not refuse at least an equal amount of head-money. These brazen-mailed invaders take good care never to attack any but a weak hive: here they very soon make themselves at home, and walk in and out in the most cool, amusing manner possible. As an instance of the extent to which their intrusion may be carried, there was sent to the

Entomological

Entomological Society, in July last, a very complete wasps'-nest, found in the interior of a bee-hive, the lawful inhabitants of which had been put to flight by the burglars.

'But not any one of these' (we quote from the old fellow of Magdalen, from whom so many have borrowed without acknowledgment) 'nor all the rest together, do half so much harm to the Bees as the Bees.' And here again they too truly represent human nature. As riches increase, they set their hearts the more upon them. The stronger the stock is, the more likely are they to turn invaders, and of course they fix upon the weakest and most resistless of their brethren as the subjects of their attack. Then comes the tug of war; and a terrible struggle it is. Here is an extract from Mr. Cotton's note-book:—

'I was sitting quietly in the even of a fine day, when my sister came puffing into the room, "Oh! Willy, make haste and come into the garden, the bees are swarming!" "Nonsense," I said; "they cannot be swarming; it is August, and four o'clock in the even." Nevertheless I was bound, as a loving brother, to see what grounds my wise sister had for her assertion. I got up, went to the window, and although I was at least 400 yards from my bees, the air seemed full of them. I rushed out to the garden; the first sight of my hive made me think my sister was right. On looking more narrowly, I perceived that the bees were hurrying in, instead of swarming out; and on peeping about, I saw lying on the ground the

"defuncta corpora vitæ
Magnanimū heroum."

They all had died fighting, as the play-book says, *pro hares et foxes*. My thoughts then turned to my other stock, which was about a quarter of a mile off. I ran to it as fast as I could; hardly had I arrived there, when an advanced body of the robber regiment followed me; they soon thickened; I tried every means I could think of to disperse them, but in vain: I threw dust into the air among the thickest; and read them the passage in Virgil, which makes the throwing of the dust in the air equivalent to the Bees' Riot Act:

"Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent."—p. 319.

But all in vain. We know how often this same experiment has failed, though nothing can be more true than the rest of Virgil's description of the Battle of the Bees; but dust is certainly efficacious in causing them speedily to settle when they are swarming, whether it is that the dust annoys them, or that they mistake it for hail or rain.

There is yet one greater enemy than all, and that is Man. And this leads us to consider the different systems of management and harvesting which he has adopted; and some consolation it is that, various as may be the plans proposed, there is only one exception,

exception, among the many bee-books we have lately read, to the heartily expressed wish that the murderous system of stifling the bees may be wholly condemned and abolished. Indeed, if Mr. Cotton's statement be correct, England shares with the valley of Chamouni the exclusive infamy of destroying the servants whose toil has been so serviceable. Cobbett says it is whimsical to save the bees, if you take the honey; but on the other hand, to sacrifice them for the sake of it, is killing the goose for her golden eggs. A middle line is the safest; take a part. First, be sure that you leave enough to carry a stock fairly through the winter—say 30lbs., hive and all—and the surplus is rightly your own, for the hives and the flowers you have found them, and the trouble and time you have bestowed. To devise such a method has engaged the attention of English bee-masters for many generations back; and to eke out the hive by a temporary chamber which may be removed at pleasure, has been the plan most commonly proposed. Dr. Bevan (pp. 115-120) gives a detailed account of the different schemes, to which we refer our readers curious in such matters. There can be but three ways of adding to a hive—first, at the top, by extra boxes, small hives, caps, or bell-glasses, which may be called generally the storifying system—(we use the bee-man's vocabulary as we find it); secondly, at the side, by box, &c., called the collateral system; and thirdly, by inserting additional room at the bottom, called nadiring. To enter into all the advantages and disadvantages of these plans would be to write a volume; we must therefore content ourselves with Dr. Bevan's general rule, which we think experience fully bears out, that old stocks should be *supered* and swarms be *nadired*. Side-boxes are the leading feature of Mr. Nutt's plan, about which so much has been written and lectured—but that there is nothing new in this, the title of a pamphlet published in 1756 by the Rev. Stephen White, '*Collateral Bee-boxes*,' will sufficiently show. The object of Mr. Nutt's system is to prevent swarming, which he seems to consider an *unnatural* process, and forced upon the bees by the narrowness and heat of the hive, caused by an overgrown population. To this we altogether demur: the unnatural part of the matter is that which, by inducing an artificial temperature, prevents the old Queen from indulging her nomadic propensities, and, like the Gothic sovereigns of old, heading the emigrating body of her people. Moreover, with all his contrivances Mr. Nutt, or at least his followers, cannot wholly prevent swarming—the old people still contrive to make their home 'too hot' for the young ones. But great praise is due to him for the attention which he has called to the ventilation of the hive. Whatever be the system pursued, this is a point that should never be neglected, and henceforth a thermometer,

meter, much as the idea was at first ridiculed, must be considered an indispensable accompaniment to a bee-house. To preserve a proper temperature within, the bees themselves do all they can; and it is quite refreshing to see them on a hot day fanning away with their 'many-twinkling' wings at the entrance of the hive, while others are similarly employed inside, creating such a current of air, that a taper applied to the inlet of the hive would be very sensibly affected by it.* Mr. Nutt's book is worth reading for this part of the subject alone:—but our own experience, backed by innumerable other instances within our knowledge, is unfavourable to the use of his boxes; and even those bee-keepers who continue them, as partially successful, have not yet got over the disappointment caused by his exaggerated statements of the produce.

Before entering further on the varieties of hives, we must premise for the uninitiated that bees almost invariably begin building their comb from the top, continuing it down as far as room allows them, and finishing it off at the bottom in a rather irregular curved line. Each comb contains a double set of honey-cells, *dos-à-dos*, in a horizontal position. To support these in common straw-hives cross-sticks are used, around which the bees work, so that the comb is necessarily much broken in detaching it from these supports. Now it having been observed that bees, unless obstructed, always work their combs exactly parallel, and at a certain distance apart, a hive has been constructed somewhat in the shape of a common straw one, only tapering more towards the bottom, and having a lid lifting off just where the circumference is the largest. On removing the lid are seen bars about an inch and a half apart, running parallel from the front to the back of the hive, and these being fixed into a ring of wood that goes round the hive, are removeable at pleasure. Now it is obvious that, could we always get the bees to hang their combs along these bars, the removal of one or two of them at a time would be a very simple way of procuring a fair share of honey without otherwise disturbing the hive; but how to get the bees always to build in this direction was the question. This Huber solved: he fixed a small piece of comb underneath each of the bars exactly parallel; the bees followed their leader, so that any one of the pendant combs might be lifted up on the bar, the bar be replaced, and the bees set to work again. This starting-point for them to commence from is

* Perhaps Dr. Reid might take a hint from them in place of his monstrous apparatus and towers that out-Babel Babel. It never can be that such furnaces and chambers and vents are necessary to procure an equable and pure atmosphere. When we have spent the 80,000*l.* (we think that was the sum voted for this purpose for the new Houses of Parliament) we shall find out some simpler way.

called

called the guide-comb, and the hive itself, though somewhat modified, we have the pleasure of introducing to our readers as that of the Greek islands (*Naturalist's Library*, p. 188); the very form perhaps from which the Corycian old man, bringing it from Asia Minor, produced his early swarms;—from which Aristotle himself may have studied,—and which, no doubt, made of the reeds or oziers of the Ilyssus, had its place in the garden of Socrates—

‘That wise old man by sweet Hymettus’ hill.’

We must refer our readers to p. 96 of Dr. Bevan’s book for the later improvements upon this hive, as respects brood and honey-cells (for these are of different depths), and the fixing of the guide-comb, suggested by Mr. Golding of Hunton, who, together with the Rev. Mr. Dunbar, has rendered very valuable assistance to Dr. Bevan’s researches.

It is no slight recommendation of Mr. Golding to our good graces to learn that so practised a bee-master has discarded boxes from his apiary, and almost entirely restricted himself to the use of straw-hives, and this not from any fancy about their appearance, but from a lengthened experience of their advantage. For ourselves, we dare hardly avow, in this profit-loving age, how many pounds of honey we would yearly sacrifice for the sake of preserving the associations that throng around a cottage-hive. To set up in our humble garden the green-painted wooden box, which Mr. Nutt calls ‘The Temple of Nature,’ in place of our time-honoured straw hive, whose sight is as pleasant to our eyes as ‘the hum of murmuring bee’ is to our ears!—we had as lief erect a Pantheon or a red-brick meeting-house on the site of our village church. If our livelihood depended on the last ounce of honey we could drain from our starving bees, necessity, which is a stern mistress, might drive us to hard measures, and, *secundum artem*, they being used to it, we might suffocate them ‘as though we loved them;’ but to give up—and after all for a doubtful or a dis-advantage—the pleasant sight of a row of cleanly hives of platted straw, the very form and fashion of one of which is so identified with its blithe inhabitant, that without it a bee seems without its home—to cast away as nought every childhood association,—the little woodcut in Watts’s ‘Hymns,’—the hive-shaped sugar-basin of the nursery,—the penny print that we have covered with coatings of gamboge—to lose for ever the sight of the new straw hackle that jauntily caps it like the head-dress of an Esquimaux beau—to be no longer cheered in the hot dusty city by the refreshing symbol that ‘babbles of green fields’ in the midst of a hardwareman’s shop—this would be too much for us, even though we might thus have
assisted,

assisted, as Mr. Huish would say, 'to unlock the stores of apiarian science, and disperse the mists of prejudice by the penetrating rays of philosophy.' We would rather bear the character of heathenish barbarism to the day of our death, and have *Hivite* written on our tomb. Seriously, it is no slight pleasure we should thus forego; and pleasure, simple and unalloyed, is not so cheap or so tangible a commodity in this life that we can afford to throw away anything that produces it, even though it hang but on the gossamer thread of a fancy.

Apart, however, from all such considerations, which, think and write as we may, would, we fear, have but little influence with the practical bee-keeper, we are convinced that the moderate temperature which a straw hive produces, both in summer and winter, will not easily be counterbalanced by any other advantages which boxes offer; and as for management, there is scarcely any system or form to which straw may not be accommodated. One of the greatest complaints against it, harbouring moths and other insects, might be obviated by two or three good coats of paint inside; and this too would save the bees from the painful operation of nibbling off and smoothing down the rough edges of the straw.

Those who have seen the beautiful bell-glasses full of virgin honey from Mr. Nutt's hives, which were exhibited lately either at the Polytechnic or Adelaide Gallery, and still more those who have tasted them on the breakfast-table, may perhaps fancy that boxes only can produce honey in so pure and elegant a form; but by a very simple alteration in the common straw hive this may be effected, as a reference to Mr. Payne's 'Improved Cottage-hive' will show. His book is a very useful one, from its practical and concise directions, and perfectly free from anything like being 'got up.' The only fault of his hive seems to be its flat top.

Mr. Bagster's book chiefly recommends itself to us by the promise of a new 'Ladies' Safety Hive.' We are always a little shy of these schemes for 'Shaving made Easy,' and 'Every Man his own Tooth-drawer,' which go to do away with the division of labour, and bring everything 'within the level of the meanest capacity;' and though nothing certainly can be more in character than that the lady-gardener should have her bee-house, where she may observe the workings and habits of this 'Feminine Monarchy,' yet, for aught we see, it is just as reasonable for her to clean her own shoes as to take her own honey. And yet this is the only object or new feature about Mr. Bagster's plan. Practically, we should consider his centre box to be as much too large as the side ones are too small.

The fact is, that safety from bees is not to be gained by any modification of hive or bee-dress whatever. If a man means

to

to keep bees, he must make them his friends; and the same qualities which will ensure him golden opinions in any other walk of life are those which make a good bee-master. Firmness of mind with kindness of manner will enable you to do with them what you will. Like horses, they know if you are afraid of them, and will kick and plunge accordingly. Like children and dogs, they find out in a moment if you are fond of them, and so meet you half way. But, like the best-tempered people in the world, there are times and seasons when the least interruption will put them out—

‘ut fortè legentem

Aut tacitum impellat quovis sermone molestus.’

A sharp answer or a sharp sting on such occasions will only be a caution that we must watch our opportunity better for the future. He who rushes between contending armies must not complain of the flying darts; therefore in a bee-battle, unless you are sure you can assist the weaker party, it is best to keep out of the way. In very hot weather and very high winds, especially if one has much to do or to say—who does not feel a little testy? Bees are the same. There is one other case where interference is proverbially ill-taken—in domestic quarrels; and herein Mr. Cotton assures us that the female spirit is as much alive in the bee as in the human kind. When the time comes in autumn for turning the drones out of the hive (of which we shall speak more fully presently), many think they can assist their bees in getting rid of these unprofitable spouses, and so destroy them as fast as they are turned out: this uncalled-for meddling is often very fiercely resented, and the bee-keeper finds to his cost, like the good-natured neighbour who proffered his mediation on the ‘toast and bread-and-butter’ question of Mr. and Mrs. Bond, that volunteer peacemakers in matrimonial strife

‘Are sure to get a *sting* for their pains.’

At all other times they are most tractable creatures, especially when, as at swarming time, they are in some measure dependent on man's aid. They are, as a villager once told us, ‘quite humble bees then.’ They undoubtedly recognise their own master; and even a stranger, if a bee-keeper, soon finds himself at home with them. What they cannot bear is to be breathed upon; and as people ignorant of their ways are very apt to begin buffeting and blowing when bees seem disposed to attack them, it will be serviceable for them to keep this hint in mind. The Rev. John Thorley, who wrote in 1744, gives a frightful account of a swarm of bees settling upon his maid's head—the fear being not that they would sting her to death, as stories have
been

been told,* but that they would stifle the poor girl, for they covered her whole face. Presence of mind failed neither—he bade her remain quite still, and searched for the queen, whom her loyal people followed with delight as he conducted her safe to her hive. Sometimes, however, where presence of mind is wanting, or where they have been accidentally disturbed, very serious consequences ensue. The inhabitants of the Isles of Greece transport their hives by sea, in order to procure change of pasture for their bees. Huish relates (p. 287) that

‘Not long ago a hive on one of these vessels was overturned, and the bees spread themselves over the whole vessel. They attacked the sailors with great fury, who, to save themselves, swam ashore. They could not return to their boat until the bees were in a state of tranquillity, having previously provided themselves with proper ingredients for creating a smoke, to suffocate the bees in case of a renewal of their hostility.’

The Bee-volume of the ‘Naturalist’s Library’ supplies us with an anecdote, in which the anger of the bees was turned to a more profitable purpose—

‘A small privateer with forty or fifty men, having on board some hives made of earthenware full of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley manned by 500 seamen and soldiers. As soon as the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives, and hurled them down on the deck of the galley. The Turks, astonished at this novel mode of warfare, and unable to defend themselves from the stings of the enraged bees, became so terrified that they thought of nothing but how to escape their fury; while the crew of the small vessel, defended by masks and gloves, flew upon their enemies sword in hand, and captured the vessel almost without resistance.’—p. 194.

It must strike the reader how well-furnished this vessel must have been to afford on the moment ‘masks and gloves’ for forty or fifty men. In these disturbed times the following receipt to disperse a mob may perhaps be found useful. We have heard of a water-engine being effectively employed in the same service.

‘During the confusion occasioned by a time of war in 1525, a mob of peasants, assembling in Hohnstein, in Thuringia, attempted to pillage the house of the minister of Eleude, who, having in vain employed all his eloquence to dissuade them from their design, ordered his domestics to fetch his bee-hives and throw them in the middle of this furious mob. The effect was what might be expected; they were immediately put to flight, and happy to escape unscathed.’—*Nat. Lib.*, p. 195.

As we should be sorry to arouse the fears of our readers, our

* For fatal cases, one of which is related by Mr. Lawrence in his *Surgical Lectures*, see Dr. Bevan, p. 333. Animals have been frequently fatally attacked by them. Butler tells of ‘a horse in the heat of the day looking over a hedge, on the other side of which was a stall of bees; while he stood nodding with his head, as his manner is, because of the flies, the bees fell upon him and killed him.’ This exemplifies the proverb of the danger to some folk in ‘looking over a hedge.’

object being rather to enamour them of bees, we will console them—too much perhaps in the fashion of Job's friends—with an anecdote which appeared lately in a Scotch newspaper, of an elderly gentleman upon whose face a swarm of bees alighted. With great presence of mind he lifted up his hat, hive-like, over his head, when the bees, by their natural instinct, at once recognising so convenient a home, betook themselves to his head-gear—it surely must have been a *wide-awake*—which he then quietly conveyed into his garden. Had he fidgeted and flustered, as most old gentlemen—and young ones too—would have done in his situation, he would doubtless have presented the same pitiable object that our readers must remember in Hood's ludicrous sketch of 'an unfortunate *Bee-ing*.'

One of the most dangerous services, as may well be imagined, is that of taking their honey, when this is attempted without suffocating, or stupefying, or any of those other methods which leave the hive free. This should be done in the middle of a fine day when most of the bees are abroad; and then in those hives where the removal can be made from the top the danger is more imaginative than real. The common barbarous plan is to suffocate the whole stock with sulphur, and then, as dead men tell no tales, and dead bees do not use theirs, it is very easy to cut out the comb at your leisure. But in any case Mr. Cotton's plan is far preferable. Instead of suffocating, he stupefies them. Instead of the brimstone-match, he gathers, when half ripe, a fungus (*F. pulverulentus*) which grows in damp meadows, which country-folk call 'puff-balls,' or 'frog's cheese,' or 'bunt,' or 'puckfist,' dries it till it will hold fire like tinder, and then applies it to the hive in what he calls a 'smoker.' The bees being thus rendered quite harmless, any operation of the hive, such as taking the honey, cutting out old comb, removing the queen, or joining stocks, may be most easily performed. The bees may be then handled like a sample of grain. This plan of fumigation—which he does not profess himself the author of, but to have borrowed from the work of the before-mentioned Mr. Thorley, reprinted in the 'Bee-book'—we consider as the most valuable of the practical part of Mr. Cotton's book,—practical, we mean, to apiarian purposes; for there is excellent advice leavened up with the bee-matter, which will apply equally to all readers. The rest of his system, with which we own ourselves to have been a little puzzled, is too near an approximation to Nutt's to require further explanation or trial. We should guess from the present form of his book—which, originally published in the form of two 'Letters to Cottagers from a Conservative Bee-keeper,' is now sent forth in one of the most elegant volumes that ever graced a library-

library-table—that he is convinced that his plan is not advantageous for the poor; and therefore, though upwards of 24,000 copies of his first ‘Letters’ were sold, he has forborne to press further upon them a doubtful good. This is, however, our own conjecture entirely, from what we know of the failure of his system among our friends, and from what we gather of his own character in the pages of his book. In this we think he has acted well and wisely. Delighted as we ourselves have been with many parts of his volume, we think he has failed in that most difficult of all styles to the scholar—‘writing down’ to the poor. In saying this we mean no disparagement to Mr. Cotton, for we are not prepared at this moment with the name of a single highly-educated man who has completely succeeded in this task. Bunyan and Cobbett, the two poor man’s authors in very different schools, came from the tinker’s forge and the plough-tail. It is not enough to write plain Saxon and short sentences—though how many professed writers for the unlearned neglect even points like these!—the mode of thinking must run in the same current as that of the people whom we wish to instruct and please, so that nothing short of being one of them, or living constantly among them,

‘In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,’

being conversant not only with their afflictions and enjoyments, and ordinary life, but even with their whims and crotchets, their follies and crimes, will fit a man to be their book-friend. Where a million can write for the few, there are but few who can write for the million. Witness the unread pamphlets, written and distributed with the kindest feeling, that crowd the cottager’s shelf. We grieve that this is a fact, but we are convinced of the truth of it. We grieve deeply, for there are hundreds of scholarly men at this moment writing books, full of the best possible truths for the lower—and indeed for all—classes of this country, and thousands of good men distributing them as fast as they come out, in the fond idea that these books are working a change as extensive as their circulation.* That they are doing good in many quarters we gladly admit, but we will venture to say that there is not one among the many thousands published that will hold its rank as a cottage classic fifty years hence; and that not from want of interest in the subjects, but of style and tone to reach the poor man’s heart. The mode of thought and expression in some of these well-meaning books is perfectly ludicrous to any one who has personal knowledge of a labourer’s habit of mind. However,

* The sale of such books is no test of their real popularity, as a hundred are given to, where one is bought by, the poor.

Mr. Cotton's book, though not quite as successful as we could wish, is very far indeed from partaking of the worst defects of books of this class. Indeed he has so nearly reached the point at which he has aimed, that we feel continually annoyed that he just falls short of it. We do not think him happy in his jokes, nor at home in his familiarity. From the familiar to the twaddling is but a step, and a very short step too. His Aristotle has taught him the use of proverbs to the vulgar, which he has everywhere taken advantage of, though, with singular infelicity, he has printed them in a character—old English—that not one out of a hundred of the reading poor can understand. He translates a bit of Latin (p. 309) for the benefit of his 'Cottager,' but leaves a quotation from Pindar to be Greek to him still! (p. 283.) It is, however, want of clearness and method—great faults certainly in a didactic work—of which we have chiefly to complain in his 'Short and Simple Letters;' but, taking the work as it comes to us in its present form, with its exquisite woodcuts, perfection of dress, prelude of mottoes (of which we have not scrupled to avail ourselves), list of bee-books (which, though imperfect, particularly as to foreign works, is the first of the kind)—appendices—reprints—extracts, &c.—we hardly know a book of the kind that has of late pleased us more. The ingenuity with which every ornament, within and without, introduces either the bee itself, or its workmanship, reflects great credit on the designer, and on the engraver, Mr. J. W. Whimper, to whose labours the author pays a well-earned compliment. Professing no sort of arrangement, it is the perfection of a scrap-book for the gentleman or lady bee-keeper.

The great interest, however, in Mr. Cotton's work lies in the conclusion. He is one of that noble crew, mainly drafted from the ranks of aristocratic Eton, that have gone out in the first missionary enterprise that has left the shores of England, worthy of the Church and the country that sent them. The good ship *Tomatin* sailed from Plymouth for New Zealand on the 26th of December, 1841, St. Stephen's day, with a 'goodly fellowship' of emigrants, schoolmasters, deacons, and priests, *with a Bishop at their head*. And we, an Apostolic Church, have been these many years in learning the first lessons of Apostolic discipline and order! wasting the lives and energies of an isolated clergy—a few forlorn hopes sent out without a commander to conquer the strongholds of heathenism. However, it is never too late to do well. The solemn ceremonial of the consecration of five bishops to the colonies, within the walls of Westminster Abbey in August last, which produced an effect on those who witnessed it which will not soon pass away, shows that the Church is not neglectful of her duties; though they,

they, like the Bishop of New Zealand, should have led the van on the foundation of the colonies instead of following after a lapse of years, when the usurpations of schism and disorder have more than trebled the difficulty of their task. There are among the crew of that gallant vessel—and not least of that number, the chief Shepherd himself, and our author Bee-master—men of the highest mental attainments, of the gentlest blood, on whom our Public Schools and Universities had showered their most honourable rewards, and to whom, had they remained in this country, the most splendid prospects opened—who have yet borne to give up all these prospects and sever all the ties of blood and old affection, to cross, at the call of the Church, in the service of their Master, half a world of ocean to an island unfrequented and barbarous, and where, for at least many years to come, they must give up all idea, not of luxury and comfort, but of what they have hitherto deemed the very necessities of existence; and, what is more to such men, the refinements of intellectual intercourse and the charities of polished life. God forbid that we should not have a heart to sympathise in the struggles of those uneducated and enthusiastic, but often misguided men, who are sent out with the bible in their hand by voluntary associations on a pitiable payment barely greater than what they might have earned with their hands in their own parish: it is the system and the comfortable committee at home with which we quarrel, not with the painful missionaries themselves; but while we grieve over the martyred Williams, we have nothing in common with that sympathy which is monopolised by the exertions of missionary artisans, enured from their cradle to a life of hardship, and which can feel nothing for the tenfold deprivations, mental and bodily, both in what they encounter and what they leave behind, which the rich and the educated endure, who are authoritatively commissioned to plant the standard of the Cross within the ark of Christ's Church in our distant colonies. It becomes us who sit luxuriously in our drawing-rooms at home, reading the last new volume in our easy chairs, to cast a thought from time to time on the labours of these men, of like tastes and habits with ourselves, and encourage them in their noble work, be it in New Zealand or elsewhere, not only in good wishes and easily-uttered 'Godspeeds,' but in denying ourselves somewhat of our many daily comforts in forwarding that cause which they have 'left all' to follow.*

But

* Great credit is due to the New Zealand Company, who have consulted their interest as well as their duty in the liberality of their Episcopal endowment. There can be no doubt that the establishment there of a regular clergy will be a great inducement to

But the connection which all this has with our present subject is, that in the same ship with this 'glorious company,' Mr. Cotton has taken out with him four stocks of bees: the different methods of storing away may be seen in page 357. Seizing, and, we are sure, gladly seizing, a hint thrown out in Mr. Petre's book on New Zealand, of the great honey-harvest in the native flowers, with no labourers to gather it, he is carrying out the first bees which have ever visited those islands. 'I hope,' he says—and who does not join in this hope of Bishop Selwyn's chaplain?—'that many a busy bee of mine will

Gather honey all the day
From every opening flower

of *Phormium tenax* in New Zealand.' 'I hope,' he adds, 'a bee will never be killed in New Zealand, for I shall start the native bee-keeper in the no-killing way; and when they have learned to be kind to them, they will learn to be more kind one to another.'

It is probable that the produce of the bees may be made useful to the inhabitants themselves; but we much question whether any exportation could be made of wax or honey. It is too far to send the latter; and, in wax-gathering, the domesticated hives can never compete with the wild bees' nests of Africa, which furnish much the largest amount for our markets. Sierra Leone, Morocco, and other parts of Africa, produce four times as much wax for our home consumption as all the rest of the world together. The only other country from which our supply has been gradually increasing is the United States, and that is but small. The import of wax altogether has been steadily declining: in 1839 it came to 6314 cwts.; in the last year it was but 4483. The importation, however, of honey has, in the last few years, increased in an extraordinary degree; 675 cwts. being entered in the year ending January, 1838, and 3761 cwts. in last year: the foreign West Indies, Germany, and Portugal, having furnished the greater part of this increased supply. The honies of Minorca, Narbonne, and Normandy are the most esteemed in the markets from their whiteness. We wish we could believe the decreased importation of wax arose from the more extensive cultivation of the bee in this country; but we fear that the daily—rather, nightly—diminishing show of wax-candles on our neighbours' tables, and

to the best class of settlers to fix on such a spot for the port of their destination. A large, though inadequate sum having been already collected for the general purposes of founding Colonial Bishoprics, we would now suggest to our ecclesiastical rulers that separate committees should be forthwith formed of persons interested in the several colonies, for increasing to something like a proper sum Episcopal endowment for furthering the cause of the Church in each particular see.

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the murderous system of our honey-farmers, combined with the increased consumption of foreign honey—(12,000*l.*'s worth of which was imported last year)—tell a different tale. It would be a better sign of bee-prosperity in England if the increase in the importation were removed from the honey to the wax; for the staple of the wax of commerce is the produce of the wild bee—of the honey of commerce that of the domesticated bee; and it is a singular fact, illustrating the history of these two species in relation to civilised and uncivilised man, that, while the bushmen of the Cape look with jealousy on the inroads of cultivation, as destroying the haunts of the only live-stock they possess, the Indians of America consider the same insect as the harbinger of the white man, and say that, in proportion as the bee advances, the red man and the buffalo retire.

We have spoken of the possibility of bee-pasturage being overstocked, and such may be the case in certain localities in England; but we are very confident that this is not the general state of the country. We are assured that hives might be multiplied in England tenfold, and yet there would be room: certainly, more than five times the quantity of honey might be taken. But then it will require an improved system of management, more constant attention paid to the hive, more liberal feeding in spring and autumn, and more active measures against their chief enemies. In all these matters we must look to the higher classes to take the lead. We know many, both rich and poor, who do not keep bees, on account of the murder they think themselves forced to commit: let such be assured that this slaughter is not only unnecessary, but unprofitable too. But, on the other hand, let no one fancy that all he has to do is to procure a swarm and a hive, and set it down in the garden, and that streams of honey and money will forthwith flow. Bees, like everything else that is worth possessing, require attention and care. 'They need,' said a poor friend of ours, 'a deal of shepherding;' and thus, to the cottager who can afford to give them his time, they may be made a source of great profit, as well as pleasure. Our own sentiments cannot be given better than in Mr. Cotton's words:—

'I would most earnestly beg the aid of the clergy and resident gentry—but, above all, their good wives; in a word, of all who wish to help the poor who dwell round about them in a far humbler way, yet perhaps not less happily; I would beg them, one and all, to aid me as a united body in teaching their poor neighbours the best way of keeping bees. . . A row of bees keeps a man at home; all his spare moments may be well filled by tending them, by watching their wondrous ways, and by loving them. In winter he may work in his own chimney-corner at making hives, both for himself and to sell. This he will find almost as profitable

as his bees, for well-made hives always meet with a ready sale. Again, his bee-hives are close to his cottage-door; he will learn to like their sweet music better than the dry squeaking of a pothouse fiddle, and he may listen to it in the free air, with his wife and children about him.'

The latter part of this has, we fear, a little too much of the green tint of Arcadia. It is seldom, indeed, that you can get a husbandman to see the peculiar excellences and beauties of his own little world; though it is only fair to add, where you find the exception, the bee-master is for the most part that man. The great matter is to get the man who does love 'the dry squeaking of the pothouse fiddle,' and the wet potations that succeed thereon, to keep bees; and this can only, and not easily then, be done by showing him the profit. Fair and good housewives—if ye be readers of the Quarterly—don't bore him with long lectures; don't heap upon him many little books; but *give* him a hive of the best construction—show him the management—and then *buy his honey*; buy all he brings, even though you should have to give the surplus to some poor gardenless widow. But only buy such as comes from an improved hive—and you can't easily be deceived in this—which preserves the bees and betters the honey.

Then when you pay him, you may read to him, if you will, the wise rules of old Butler—*exempli gratiâ* :—

'If thou wilt have the favour of thy bees that they sting thee not, thou must not be unchaste or uncleanly; thou must not come among them having a stinking breath, caused either through eating of Leeks, Onions, Garlic, or by any other means; the noisomeness whereof is corrected by a cup of beer: thou must not be given to surfeiting or drunkenness,' &c. &c.

He makes a very proper distinction, which our Temperance Societies would do well to observe, between 'a cup of beer,' and 'drunkenness;' and indeed there seems to be a kind of bee-charm in a moderate draught, for Mr. Smith, a dry writer enough in other respects, says, 'Your hive being dressed, rub over your hands with what beer and sugar is left, and that will prevent the bees from stinging them; *also drink the other half-pint of beer*, and that will very much help to preserve your face from being stung.' (p. 34.)

We hold to the opinion already expressed of presence of mind being the best bee-dress, notwithstanding the anecdote told of M. De Hofer, Conseiller d'Etat du Grand Duc de Baden, who, having been a great bee-keeper, and almost a rival of Wildman in the power he possessed over his bees, found, after an attack of violent fever, that he could no more approach them without exciting their anger—in fact, 'when he came back again, they
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tore him where he stood.' 'Here, then, it is pretty evident,' says the doctor who tells the story, 'that *some change had taken place in the Counsellor's secretions*, in consequence of the fever, which, though not noticeable by his friends, was offensive to the olfactory nerves of the bees.' Might not a change have taken place in the Counsellor's nerves?

As Critics as well as Counsellors may be stung, we have, for our own good and that of the public, examined all the proposed remedies, and the result is as follows:—Extract at once the sting, which is almost invariably left behind: if a watch-key is at hand, press it exactly over the wound, so that much of the venom may be squeezed out; and in any case apply, the sooner of course the better, laudanum, or the least drop of the spirit of ammonia. Oil and honey, which are also recommended, probably only act in keeping off the air from the wound. The cure varies very much with the constitutions of individuals; but the poison being acid, any alkali will probably be serviceable.

But, with reference to the cottager, we must consider the profit as well as the sting; and this it will be far better to under-rate than exaggerate. Tell a poor man that his bees, with the most ordinary care, will pay his rent, and he will find that your word is good, and that he has something to spare for his trouble; he may then be led to pay the same respect to his little lodgers as the Irish do to the less cleanly animal that acts the same kind part of rent-payer by them. But when the marvellous statistics of bee-books are laid before a labourer, their only effect can be to rouse an unwonted spirit of covetousness, which is more than punished by the still greater disappointment that ensues. Here follows one of those quiet statements, put forth with a modest complacency that out-Cobbetts Cobbett:—

'Suppose, for instance, a swarm of bees at the first to cost 10s. 6d. to be well hackled, and neither them nor their swarms to be taken, but to do well, and swarm once every year, what will be the product for fourteen years, and what the profits, of each hive sold at 10s. 6d.?'—

Years.	Hives.	Profits.		
		£.	s.	d.
1	1	0	0	0
2	2	1	1	0
3	4	2	2	0
4	8	4	4	0
5	16	8	8	0
6	32	16	16	0
7	64	33	12	0
8	128	67	4	0
9	256	134	8	0
10	512	268	16	0

Years.	Hives.	Profits.		
		£.	s.	d.
11	1024	537	12	0
12	2048	1075	4	0
13	4096	2150	8	0
14	8192	4300	16	0

‘N.B. Deduct 10s. 6d., what the first hive cost, and the remainder will be clear profit, supposing the second swarms to pay for hives, hackles, labour, &c.’

Mr. Thorley, from whose book the above statement is taken, had better have carried it on three years further, which would have given him within a few pounds of 35,000*l.*—a very pretty fortune for a cottager’s eldest daughter: the only difficulty would be to find a man who had heart to get rid of a capital that doubled itself every year. It is like Cobbett’s vine, that on a certain system of management was to produce so many upright stems, and from each of these so many lateral branches, and on each lateral so many shoots, and on each shoot so many buds, and every bud so many bunches and pounds of grapes—so that you might count the quantity of wine you were to make on the day that you planted the tree. There is nothing like an array of figures if you wish to mislead. All seems so fair, and clear, and demonstrative—no appeals to the passions, no room for a quibble—that to deny the conclusion is to deny that two and two make four. Yet, for all this, the figures of the arithmeticians have produced more fallacies than all the other figures of the Schools. We shall enter, therefore, into no exact calculation of profit and loss, which is, after all, almost entirely dependent on the seasons and the degree of care bestowed. Statistics, such as Mr. Thorley’s, might just be as well applied to the stock of graziers without any consideration of the number of acres they held; for he gives us no receipt how to find pasturage for 8000 bee-hives.

Dr. Warden, a physician of Croydon, who wrote in the year 1712 a book called ‘The True Amazons, or the Monarchy of Bees,’—and of whom we can discover nothing more than that the front of his bee-house was ‘painted with lions and other creatures not at all agreeable’—found the neighbouring surze of Coombe and Purley not ‘unprofitably gay,’ if we may believe his assertion that his bees brought him in 40*l.* a-year: he might have passed rich at that time in such a locality, if his physician’s fees brought him in an equal sum. That the ancients did not neglect the profit to be derived from their hives, we learn from Virgil’s old gardener—to whom we cannot too frequently recur—and from two veteran brothers mentioned by Varro—the type perhaps of the Corycian of the Georgics—who turned the little villa and croft left them by their father into a bee-house and bee-garden—

garden—realising, on an average, 10,000 sesterces a-year. They seem to have been thrifty old bachelors, and took care to hide a good market. Among the plunder of Verres were 400 amphoræ of honey.

We will now suppose that, having made up our mind on the matter of profit, and being sting-proof, we have got an old-fashioned straw hive, which we purchased in autumn for a guinea, safely placed under our heath-thatched bee-house; that we have also got one of the improved Grecian straw hives ready to house the first swarm in. Some fine warm morning in May or June, a cluster of bees having hung out from the hive some days before, the whole atmosphere in the neighbourhood of the bee-house seems alive with thousands of the little creatures, whirling and buzzing, passing and repassing, wheeling about in rapid circles like a group of maddened Bacchanals. This is the time for the bee-master to be on the alert. Out runs the good housewife with the frying-pan and key—the orthodox instruments for *ringing*—and never ceases her rough music till the bees have safely settled in some neighbouring bough. This custom, as old as the birth of Jupiter, is one of the most pleasing and exciting of the countryman's life; Hogarth, we think, introduces it in the background of his 'Country Noises,' and there is an old coloured print of bee-ringing still occasionally met with on the walls of a country inn that has charms for us, and makes us think of bright sunny weather in the dreariest November day. We quite feel with Mr. Jesse that we should regret to find this good old custom fall into disrepute. Whether, as Aristotle says, it affects them through pleasure, or fear, or whether indeed they hear at all, is still as uncertain as that philosopher left it, but we can wish no better luck to every bee-master that neglects it than that he may lose every swarm for which he omits to raise this time-honoured concert.*

The whole matter of swarming is so important, that we should be doing wrong to pass it over without giving the following graphic account from the 'Naturalist's Library':—

'The laying of drones' eggs having terminated, the queen, previously large and unwieldy, becomes slender in her figure and more able to fly, and begins to exhibit signs of agitation. She traverses the hive impatiently, abandoning the slow and stately step which was her wont, and

* The story goes that the Curetes, wishing to hide the birth of Jupiter from his father Saturn, set up a clashing of cymbals to drown the noise of his infant cries:—

'Cum pueri circum puerum pernice choreâ

Armati in numerum pulsant aribus æra.'—*Lucret.* ii. 635.

The noise attracted a swarm of bees to the cave where the child was hid, and their honey nourished him, hence the origin of *ringing*. Δουνοῖσι δὲ χαίρειν αἱ μέλισσαι καὶ τοῖς ἀπὸ τῶν κ. τ. λ.—*Aristot. H. An.* p. 299.

in the course of her impetuous progress over the combs she communicates her agitation to the workers, who crowd around her, mounting on her back, striking her briskly with their antennæ, and evidently sharing in her impatience. A loud confused noise is heard throughout the hive, and hardly any of the workers are observed going abroad to forage; numbers are whirling about in an unsettled manner in front of the hive; and the moment is come, to a considerable portion of the family, for bidding adieu to their ancient abode. All at once the noise of the interior ceases, and the whole of the bees about the doors re-enter; while those returning loaded from the fields, instead of hurrying in as usual, hover on the wing, as if in eager expectation. In a second or two, some workers present themselves again at the door, turn round, re-enter, and return instantaneously in additional numbers, smartly vibrating their wings, as if sounding the march; and at this signal the whole swarm rushes to the entrance in an overwhelming crowd, streaming forth with astonishing rapidity, and filling the air in an instant, like a dark cloud overhanging their late habitation. There they hover for a moment, reeling backwards and forwards, while some of the body search in the vicinity for a tree or bush which may serve as a rallying point for the emigrants. To this they repair by degrees, and, provided their queen has alighted there, all, or at least the greater part, crowd around, and form a dense group, sometimes rounded like a ball, sometimes clustered like a bunch of grapes, according to the nature of the resting-place they have fixed on.—p. 138.

This first settlement is, without doubt, merely a rendezvous before their final emigration. If not hived, they will soon be off, and in a direct line, for some convenient spot which has been marked by them before. We have known them make straight for an old hollow pollard, the only one to be found within a mile or two of the hive. The old queen always accompanies the first swarm; and for this a fine day is reckoned more necessary than for the after-swarms, as it is the old lady, says Mr. Golding, that shows the greatest dislike to leave home in bad weather. If this swarm again sends forth a colony the same year, it is the same queen again who puts herself at the head of her nomade subjects. Indeed, notwithstanding Mr. Golding's remark, there is very little of the old woman about her.

There seems to be no unerring method by which the exact time when the first swarm will leave the hive can be determined—their hanging from the entrance being very fallacious—except by watching the general state of things within. With the after-swarms, however, there is a most curious and certain sign in the 'piping' or 'trumpeting' of the queen and the princesses, to which we have before referred. About the ninth day from the issue of the first swarm, if another colony is about to leave the hive, this singular duet, in most regular intonation, between the emerged queen and the princess still a prisoner in her cell, is heard;
and,

and, extravagant as the account may seem, and confused and embellished as it has been from the times of Aristotle and Virgil till recent days, it is now the practical sign by which every attentive bee-keeper judges of the time of emigration of the after-swarms.

The second swarm is called a 'cast,* the third a 'smart,' the fourth a 'squib.' A swarm from a swarm is called a 'maiden or virgin swarm,' and the honey is reckoned more pure. It seldom, however, happens that there are more than two from the same hive, except in such a year as the present, which has been a glorious bee-year. Such also was 1832; and there are on an average two good years in every ten. 1838 and 1839 were particularly disastrous to the bees.

It is time to say something of Her Majesty of the Hive. She is the mother as well as queen of her people, laying from 10,000 to 30,000 eggs in a year, and it is not till she gives symptoms of continuing the race that the full tide of her subjects' affection is poured forth towards her. They prefer a Victoria to an Elizabeth. There are different cells formed for the queen, the worker, and the drone, and she deposits eggs in each accordingly. The bees, like a wise and loyal people as they are, do not stint their sovereign to the same narrow mansions as content themselves; they build their royal cells much thicker and stronger, and of more than twice the size: nay, unlike the surly blacksmith at Brighton, who hesitated to give up his house for the convenience of his sovereign, they think nothing of pulling to pieces and converting several of their common cells when royalty requires it, and vote with alacrity in their committee of supply every demand made for the extension and improvement of their sovereign's palace. When finished, their miniature Windsors resemble the inverted cup of an acorn somewhat elongated. We said that each has its peculiar cells, and that the queen lays only drone eggs in drone cells, and so on. But it has happened, either in her flurry or from some unaccountable accident, that a drone egg has fallen into a royal cell. Time goes on, and the egg swells, and becomes a larva, and then a pupa, and the bees feed it with royal food, watch its progress with anxious care, and hover in the antechamber in nervous expectation of the royal birth—judge then their surprise when, instead of a princess royal, out walks the awkward and

* The following dogged 'proverbial philosophy' will give the supposed relative values of early and late swarms:—

A swarm in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm in July
Is not worth a fly.'

mystified changeling of a drone. Their innate and extreme sense of loyalty does not at first allow them to discover their mistake; they crowd round about him, backing with reverence, as they always do in the presence of their real queen; meanwhile the foolish fellow, addled by their homage, and yet chuckling at his unexpected dignity, turns himself about with the incredulous stare of Hassan the sleeper when he awoke in the palace and robes of the khalif, and, with the strut of dear old Liston in the 'Illustrious Stranger,' so soon commits himself by his ungainly actions, that they quickly find out their error, and turn from him in unmitigated disgust. This scene has been actually observed.

It would be an endless work to recount the many stories told of the devoted attachment of these good people to their queen. Her presence among them is their life and glory. She is the main-spring upon which all their work, their order, their union, their happiness seems to turn. Deprive them of her, and all is confusion, disorder, and dismay. They seem to mourn for her when dead, and can with difficulty be withdrawn from her corpse. The following extract from a private letter describes such a scene as all bee-books are full of:—

'Last year I was sent for by a lady, who, when she wants my assistance, sends all over the parish for me with a little note with the picture of three bees in it, and this calls me at once to her aid. One of her bee-hives—a glass one—I found when I arrived in a state of the greatest confusion, the inmates running up and down, and making a fearful noise. We soon discovered the reason of this. On looking about the bee-house, we observed her majesty quietly taking an airing abroad unknown to her subjects,—she had got through a hole which had been left for air. We thought it was time for her majesty to return home, so we quietly put her back to her subjects. Where all had been confusion perfect peace instantly prevailed—the news was communicated in a moment—the pleasure of the little loyalists was manifested by a gentle placid motion of their wings, and they returned forthwith to their former labours.'

In this case the Queen had slipped out by a back door, wishing no doubt to enjoy that privacy and quiet which royalty so often sighs after; at other times, when she walks out in public, she meets with that respectful homage and freedom from interruption which may read a good lesson to the British public.

'There I saw the old Queen bee walking round the stone at the mouth of the hive as if she was taking an airing, and of all the sights I ever saw in my life nothing ever pleased me better. I would not have lost seeing it on any account—to witness them pay homage to her as she walked round in the open air pleased me exceedingly.'—*Smith*, p. 94.

'Whenever the Queen goes forth to take the air, as she often does, many of the small bees attend upon her, guarding her before and behind.

behind. By their sound I have known when her majesty has been coming forth, and have had time to call persons who have been desirous of seeing her.'—*Sydserff*, ch. iii.

With the alteration of a few words, who would not think this the description of the Terrace at Windsor, or the Chain-pier at Brighton, and of the English people when on their best behaviour? All the wonderful tricks with which Wildman the bee-conjurer astonished the last generation were effected by taking advantage of their instinctive loyalty. He made the bees follow him where he would, hang first on this hand, then on that, or settle wherever his spectators chose. His secret consisted in having possession of the Queen, whom they clustered round wherever he might move her. Nor are they merely summer friends; the workers will defend their Queen in the utmost strait, and lay down their lives for her. For they sting but once, and that sting is death to them; '*Animasque in vulnere ponunt.*' How many a human sovereign has been left in his last hours by those who had basked in the sunshine of his power! The bees teach us a better lesson. Dr. Evans, whose poem of '*The Bees*,' though sometimes rather Darwinian, is extremely interesting and true to nature, gives in his notes this affecting anecdote:—

'A queen in a thinly-peopled hive lay on a honeycomb apparently dying; six workers surrounded her, seemingly in intent regard; quivering their wings as if to fan her, and with extended stings, as if to keep off intruders or assailants. On presenting them honey, though it was eagerly devoured by the other bees, the guards were so completely absorbed in their mournful duty, as entirely to disregard the proffered banquet. The following day the queen, though lifeless, was still surrounded by her guard; and this faithful band of attendants, as well as the other members of the family, remained at their post till death came kindly to extinguish both their affection and their grief; for though constantly supplied with honey, not a bee remained alive at the end of four days.'

We must not, however, invariably expect the same conduct; perhaps, indeed, if it were so, it would lower the quality of the feeling, and reduce it to too mechanical an instinct. Bees, like men, have their different dispositions, so that even their loyalty will sometimes fail them. An instance not long ago came to our knowledge, which probably few bee-keepers will credit. It was that of a hive, which, having early exhausted its store, was found, on being examined one morning, to be utterly deserted:—the comb was empty, and the only symptom of life was the poor Queen herself, 'unfriended, melancholy, slow,' crawling over the honeyless cells, a sad spectacle of the fall of bee greatness. Marius among the ruins of Carthage—Napoleon at Fontainebleau—was nothing to this.

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That the mother of so large a family and queen of so rich a store passes her honeymoon somewhere may be reasonably supposed, but such is her innate modesty that the time and scene of her matrimonial trip are still involved in the utmost mystery. Whether she loves the pale moonlight, or whether, as we are inclined to suppose with Huber, she prefers a bright May morning, and, Hero-like, lights her torch of love on high, in either case she scrupulously shuns the curious eye of man, who has in vain endeavoured to pry into those mysteries which she as industriously conceals.

If it should be thought surprising that men who have devoted their lifetime to studying the habits of bees have failed to come to any satisfactory conclusion on this subject, it will be far more a matter of wonder to learn what they have been enabled to discover. We allude particularly to the power possessed by the workers, when they have lost their natural monarch, of converting the grub of one of the common bees into a royal, and consequently prolific personage. Such an extraordinary assertion, first published by Schirach, though probably known in earlier times, may be supposed to have met with no ordinary opposition, but it has been confirmed by repeated observation and experiment, and is as well attested—thanks to Huber especially—as any such facts can ever be. Being so established, we may assert it to be (without any reservation whatever) by far the most extraordinary fact ever brought to light in natural history. Fully to comprehend it, we must refer our readers to the great differences we stated in the former part of this paper to exist between the workers and the queen, or rather to the more minute anatomical distinctions given by entomological writers; and then they are called upon to believe that, by enlarging three common cells into one, and feeding the worm not more than three days old with a peculiar food, richer than the common bee-bread—called, from its queen-making qualities, ‘royal jelly,’—not only is its body lengthened, its wings shortened—its wax-pockets, and its bread-basket and down on its legs obliterated—its sting and proboscis altered in shape—its fertility developed—but all its instincts and habits so completely changed, that no difference whatever is observable, when it emerges from the cell, from the rightful queens, either in the character and duties it assumes, or in the reverence paid it by the masses. What would not Napoleon, when he assumed the purple, have given for some jars of this ‘royal jelly!’

We much wish that we had space to describe at length the jealousy and combats of rival queens, the senses of bees, and their architecture, and general economy of the hive; but half the interest of these things depends on that freshness and minuteness of
detail

detail which is best given in the words of the original eye-witnesses. It is only by a figure that we can include in this class him who has deservedly been placed at the head of all writers upon bees—the intelligent and enthusiastic Francis Huber. No one who ever hopes to be master of a bee-house should be ignorant of his services, nor of the difficulties under which he performed them. His name has been so long before the public that many will learn with surprise that he died, at the age of eighty-one, so late as December, 1831. An appropriate tribute* has been paid to his memory by his brother naturalist De Candolle, from which the following facts of his life are taken.

Among the witty and the vain who formed Voltaire's applauding clique at Ferney was one who, though remarkable in his own day even in so brilliant an assemblage for his conversation and accomplishments of society, would scarcely have been remembered but for his more illustrious son. This was John Huber, the father of him who is the Father of Bee-masters; and Francis himself probably enjoyed the honour, at whatever that may be rated, of being patted on the head by the *patriarch* of Ferney: for he was a precocious and enthusiastic child, and the pride of his father, who imparted to him that love of science which, while it produced the misfortune, proved also the comfort of his life. One of his relations had ruined himself in the search after the philosopher's stone; and he himself impaired God's greatest blessing of sight at the early age of fifteen, by the ardour with which he devoted himself to philosophical studies. His father sent him to Paris to be under the care of the most experienced physicians; but though his general health, which had also given way, was restored by the sensible prescription of rural life and diet, the cataract baffled the skill of the oculist Venzel, and he was sent home with no better promise than that of a confirmed and increasing blindness. 'His eyes, however,' says his biographer De Candolle, 'notwithstanding their weakness, had, before his departure and after his return, met those of Maria Aimée Lullin, a daughter of one of the syndics of the Swiss republic. They had been companions at the lessons of the dancing-master, and such a mutual love was cherished as the age of seventeen is apt to produce.' It was far too deep and too true an affection to run smooth. The father of the girl naturally regarded the growing blindness of the youth as destructive of all advancement in life, and positively forbade his suit. Meanwhile poor Huber dissembled his increasing infirmity as well as he could, and, with a

* Translated in the Edin. N. Philosoph. Journal for April, 1833. De Candolle has also named a genus of Brazilian trees, in his honour, *Huberia laurina*. It should have been a bee-plant.

pardonable fraud, spoke as though he could really see. There was at least language enough in his eyes for Maria Lullin, and she, as resolute as her father, would allow no subsequent misfortune to quench the light of other and happier days. At twenty-five, and not till then, did the law allow her to decide for herself, and seven long years was a dangerous trial for any girl's fortitude, beset with the remonstrances of her friends, and the daily vanishing hopes of restoration of sight to her lover. But she was nobly faithful. She was proof against all persecutions and persuasions; and when the seven weary years were at length over, she gave her hand where her heart had been given long before—to him, who, though her husband, could scarcely act the part of her protector. The youthful partners at the dancing-academy naturally ripened, as our Scotch friends can best understand, into partners for life. And she became not only Huber's wife, but his assistant in his researches; she was 'eyes to the blind,' his reader, his secretary, his observer.

No higher praise can be given to Huber than to say that he was worthy of her. He was the most affectionate and devoted of husbands.

'Her voice was all the blind man knew,

But that was all in all to him!'

'As long as she lived,' he used to say in his old age, 'I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind.' And, alluding to her small stature, he would apply to her the character of his favourite bees,

'Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant.'

It was, we believe, this true story that furnished the episode of the Belmont family in Madame de Staël's '*Delphine*.'

Huber was fortunate not only in his wife but in his servants and children. Burnens, who under his tuition and direction made the greater part of his observations upon bees for him, has this due tribute paid him by his master and his friend:—

'It is impossible to form a just idea of the patience and skill with which Burnens has carried out the experiments which I am about to describe. He has often watched some of the working-bees of our hives, which we had reason to think fertile, for the space of four-and-twenty hours without distraction, and without taking rest or food, in order to surprise them at the moment when they laid their eggs. I frequently reproached myself for putting his courage and his patience to such a trial; but he interested himself quite as much as I did in the success of our experiments, and he counted fatigue and pain as nothing in comparison with the great desire he felt to know the results. If then there be any merit in the discoveries, I must share the honour with him; and I have great satisfaction in rendering him this act of public justice.'

We

We gladly give a place to this generous testimony, because, in the translation which we have seen of Huber's work, the preface which contains it is altogether omitted; and it is only right that this faithful and intelligent man should share whatever of earthly immortality belongs to the name of his master. But the present reward of such an one, and we may add of his wife and children, who equally shared in those studies which served to alleviate his misfortune, must have been found in the answer of a good conscience and the cheerful gratitude of him whom they delighted to serve. The whole group is a delightful instance of what a united family may achieve in 'bearing one another's burdens,' and how the greatest of all bodily misfortunes may with such assistance become no obstacle in the pursuit even of subjects which demand the fullest exertion of all our faculties.*

As to Huber himself, we took up his book with the not unreasonable prejudice of not liking to be led by a 'blind guide,' and with the common notion that all his discoveries had been proved the mere work of an imagination naturally rendered more lively by being severed from the view of external objects. We confess ourselves to have been entirely misled. Like every enthusiast who ventures to brave the prejudices of satisfied mediocrity by the bold statement of his discoveries, he met with a torrent of ridicule and abuse, which he hardly lived to see stemmed: but, as in the case of Abyssinian Bruce, further research is daily proving his greatest wonders to be true. Though fancy must always throw some little of her colouring over a subject such as this—for all imputation of human motives to such creatures must be merely fanciful—yet Huber's facts are now admitted unchallenged. To him we are indebted for the knowledge that wax is produced from honey, of the impregnation of the queen-bee, of the existence of fertile workers, of artificial queens, of the use of the antennæ, of the senses and respiration of bees, and of endless discoveries in their general economy and management. Many, indeed most, of these things had been suggested before, but Huber, by his earnest zeal and captivating style, achieved for bees what Scott has done for his native lochs and mountains—he wrote them into notice and interest;—and he confirmed or refuted by actual experiment the floating notions of his predecessors, so that, though not positively the first originator of the doctrines that are generally referred to him, and though succeeding ages will doubtless question and improve upon his theories, Huber's name will ever remain in bee-knowledge—what that of

* As there is a rose without a thorn, so is there a bee without a sting. Capt. Basil Hall discovered these in the neighbourhood of Tampico; and it was one of the highest compliments, and at the same time gratifications, that Huber ever received, when Professor Prevost procured and sent to him a hive of this species in his old age.

Bacon is in inductive philosophy—and Newton in science—and Watt in steam.*

Dr. Bevan's may be considered the standard work on our domestic bee. He has exhausted every source of information on the subject, whether from old writers or living authorities. We sometimes perhaps wish that he had been less chary of his own observations, for he seems often to have allowed them to give place to quotations from other authors. A glance at his 'table of contents' will show the varied subjects into which his inquiries branch out, and no where will the bee-master find more pleasing or satisfactory information.

Bees have obtained little notice from the British legislature. In France and other continental kingdoms remission of taxes has sometimes been made in proportion to the number of hives kept by the peasant. The English common-law on the subject is also very indefinite. It is a vulgar error to suppose that, if you keep up *ringing*, and are in sight of your bees, you may legally follow them into your neighbour's grounds, or that it is unlawful to keep an empty hive in your garden. Good neighbourship, however, should prove stronger in both these cases than any defects or bonds of law. They almost come under the enactments of the Cruelty to Animals Prevention Act, but not quite; indeed, it would be a very nice question for our courts, whether they are domesticated animals or *feræ naturæ*.

The following story will perhaps settle the question of Tithe-bees without the aid of the Commissioners. It is that of an ancient gentleman whose parish priest insisted on having the tenth swarm. After much debate—

"It shall be done," quoth the gentleman. It fortune'd within two daies the gentleman had a great swarme, the which he put into a hive, and toward night carried them home to the parson's house; the parson, with his wife and familie, he found at supper in a faire hall; the gentleman saluted them, and told the parson he had brought him some bees. "I, mary," quoth the parson, "this is neighbourly done; I pray

* We can never read any account of Huber without reflecting, with regret, how much his lot would have been lightened, especially after his Maria's death, had he lived to witness the blessed invention of *Books for the Blind*. It was made in France shortly before the Revolution; and down to a very recent period our Blind Asyloms derived their supplies from Paris, where several books of the English Bible and the Prayer-book were executed in raised letters with very fair skill and effect. But in our country, within the last two or three years, one of a rarely gifted brotherhood, Mr. Henry Frere, of Poets' Corner, Westminster, has discovered a new method of raising the impress, which almost rivals in merit the original invention. We have before us part of the Scriptures done in this new style—the page is beautiful to look at—and we know, through the experience of an afflicted friend, how vastly more legible it is to a blind person's finger than the best done in the old way—also how much more durable it is. We trust this note may serve to fix the attention of benevolent persons on this happy novelty, and so further the adoption of it, until the whole Bible at least shall thus be made accessible to the private, the solitary study of the blind.

you carry them into my garden." "Nay, by troth," quoth the gentleman, "I will leave them even here." With that he gave the hive a knock against the ground, and all the bees fell out: some stung the parson, some stung his wife, and some his children and family; and out they ran as fast as they could shift into a chamber, and well was he who could make shift for himself, leaving their meate cold upon the table in the hall. The gentleman went home, carrying his emptie hive with him.—See *Cotton*, p. 102.

'The bee,' says an old writer, 'is but a year's bird with some advantage.' Those 'hatched,' as Evelyn would say, in May die before the end of the following year. Dr. Bevan indeed gives only an average of six months to the worker, and four to the drone. We think that he cuts the life of the worker too short, as no doubt some last till the July of the following year. If his account were correct, the sacrifice of their lives by stifling would not be so great a loss as it would at first appear. But their use the second year is not so much for gathering honey as for tending and nursing the young. The queen-bee, though she does not 'live for ever,' has certainly been known to last to a third or even fourth summer: one writer makes the remark on her—which has often been applied to donkeys and postboys—that he never saw a dead one; but others, Messrs. Cotton and Bagster among the number, have disproved the assertion that the Queen 'never dies,' by being fortunate—or unfortunate enough—to have handled a royal carcase; and, since we commenced writing on this subject, one has kindly been forwarded to us by the post. The duration of a bee-colony is of course a very different thing to the life of an individual bee, though they seem, by the ancients especially, often to have been confounded. Columella assigns ten years as the utmost limit to a hive; and though instances are brought forward of a longer period, naturalists seem to be agreed that this would be the ordinary termination of a hive left to itself.* The immediate cause of its falling away is that the bees, in everything else so neat and cleanly, neglect to clear out the exuvix of the grub—the silken cocoon that it spins and casts—from the brood-cells, till, the off-castings of successive generations choking them up and rendering them useless, the race at length degenerates and becomes extinct. Hence the importance of the practice of cutting away yearly, in those stocks which we wish to preserve, some portions of the old comb, which the bees will continually restore with fresh masonry till, like the ship *Argo*, it retains its original form without an inch of its original material. Cases, however, are

* Virgil considers the existence of a bee seven years—

'Neque enim plus septima ducitur ætas.'

That of a hive endless—

'Nam genus immortale manet,' &c.

stated of the same colony lasting many years. Della Rocca speaks of hives in Syria continuing through forty or fifty summers; and Butler relates a story, of the year 1520, that

'When Ludovicus Vives was sent by Cardinal Wolsey to Oxford, there to be Public Professor of Rhetoric, being placed in the College of Bees,* he was welcomed thither by a swarm of bees; which sweetest creatures, to signify the incomparable sweetness of his eloquence, settled themselves over his head, under the leads of his study, where they have continued above 100 years;'

and they ever went by the name of Vives' Bees.

'In the year 1630 the leads over Vives' study, being decayed, were taken up and new cast; by which occasion the stall was taken, and with it an incredible mass of honey. But the bees, as presaging their intended and imminent destruction (whereas they were never known to swarm before), did that spring (to preserve their famous kind) send down a fair swarm into the President's garden. The which in the year 1633 yielded two swarms; one whereof pitched in the garden for the President; the other they sent up as a new colony into their old habitation, there to continue the memory of this "Mellifluous Doctor," as the University styled him in a letter to the Cardinal. How sweetly did all things then concord, when in this neat *μυσαιον*, newly consecrated to the Muses, the Muses' sweetest favourite was thus honoured by the Muses' birds!'

Whatever may be the period which nature or man allots to the life of the queen and the worker, there is one sad inhabitant of the hive who is seldom allowed, even by his own species, to bring his dreary autumn to a natural close. About the middle of August, the awful 'massacre of the innocents,' the killing of the drones, begins. 'After which time,' as Butler has it, 'these Amazonian dames begin to wax weary of their mates, and to like their room better than their company. When there is no use of them, there will be no room for them. For albeit, generally among all creatures, the males as most worthy do master the females, yet in *these* the females have the pre-eminence, and by the grammarians' leave, the feminine gender is more worthy than the masculine.' There is something unavoidably ludicrous in the distresses of these poor Jerry Sneaks. Having lived in a land of milk and honey all the summer long, partaken of the best of everything, without even stirring a foot towards it, coddled and coaxed, and so completely 'spoilt,' that they are fit for nothing, who can see them 'taken by the hind legs and thrown down-stairs' with a heap of workers on the top of them—their vain struggles

* So called, says Butler, by the founder in its statutes: Corpus Christi College is meant. There is a letter of Erasmus to John Claymond, the first President, addressed J. C., *Collegii Apum Præsidi*. We dare not ask whether the colony is yet extant.

to return—their sly attempts to creep in stealthily—their disconsolate resignation at the last—without thinking it a just retribution for the past years of a pampered and unprofitable life? And yet there is mingled with this feeling a degree of pity for these ‘melancholy Jaqueses’ thrown aside (we mix our characters as in a masquerade) by the imperious and unrelenting Catherine of the hive. ‘At first, not quite forgetting their old familiarity, they gently give them Tom Drum’s entertainment: they that will not take that for a warning, but presume to force in again among them, are more shrewdly handled. You may sometimes see a handful or two before a hive which they had killed within; but the greatest part fly away and die abroad.’ We need not name the author we are quoting, who, fearful lest womankind should take this Danaïd character for their example, proceeds: ‘But let not nimble-tongued sophisters gather a false conclusion from these true premises, that they, by the example of these, may arrogate to themselves the like superiority: for *ex particulari non est syllogizare*; and He that made these to command their males, commanded them to be commanded. But if they would fain have it so, let them first imitate their singular virtues, their continual industry in gathering, their diligent watchfulness in keeping, their temperance, chastity, cleanliness, and discreet economy, &c.:’ and so he sums up all womanly virtues from this little type as if he believed in the transmigration of souls described by Simonides—not him of Cos—in his Iambics. We give the translation as we find it in No. 209 of the ‘Spectator’:—

‘The tenth and last species of women were made out of a bee; and happy is the man who gets such an one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable. Her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow on man.’

What can we do better than wish that all good bee-masters may meet with a bee-wife!

We very much question the utility of the common ‘moralities’ drawn from the industry and prudence of the bee. Storing and hoarding are rather the curse than the requirement of our ordinary nature; and few, except the very young and the very poor, require to have this sermon impressed upon them. We are rather inclined to believe that, had Almighty Wisdom intended *this* to be the lesson drawn from the consideration of the works of His creatures, we should have been referred in His revealed

word to the housewifery of this insect 'fowl of the air,' rather than to the ravens 'which have neither storehouse nor barn.'

Yet the thrifty bee is never once set before us as a pattern in the Bible. The Wise King indeed, who 'spake of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes,' has referred the sluggard and the distrustful to the early hours, and the 'working while it is yet day,' and the guideless security of the Ant, but we see nothing in his words which necessarily imply approbation of that anxious carefulness for the morrow, which we are elsewhere expressly told to shun, and which is but too often the mask of real covetousness of heart. And we believe this the more, because the Ant, though it wisely provides for its daily bread, *does not* lay up the winter store wherewith to fare sumptuously every day.

We know that, in saying this, we are flying into the uplifted eyes of careful mothers and bachelor uncles, who time out of mind have quoted, as it has been quoted to them, the busy bee as the sure exemplar of worldly prudence and prosperity; but we think that we can show them a more excellent way even for earthly honour, if they, as Christ's servants, will content themselves with those types in the natural world which He himself has given them, and learn that quiet security, and trustful contentedness, and ready obedience, and active labour for the present hour, which He has severally pointed out to us in the lilies, the ravens, the sheep, and the emmets, rather than seek elsewhere for an emblem of that over-curious forecasting for the future, which, whether in things spiritual or temporal, is plainly discouraged in the word of God—those laws and judgments of the Lord which *are sweeter than the honey and the honeycomb*, and in the keeping of which 'there is great reward.'

'Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!'

Not but that the Bee affords us a moral, though it be not that which worldly wisdom commonly assigns to it. We have in the first place a direct cause for thankfulness in the delicate food with which it supplies us. 'The Bee is little among such as fly; but her fruit is the chief of sweet things' (*Eccles. xi. 3*); and the Almighty has, in many senses, and in no common cases, supplied the houseless and the wanderer with 'wild honey' and 'a piece of honeycomb,' and 'honey out of the stony rock;' and 'a land flowing with milk and honey' has been from the first the type of another and a better country. And the little honey-maker is itself indeed one of the most wonderful proofs of the goodness and power of God. That within so small a body should be contained apparatus for converting the 'virtuous sweets' which it collects into

into one kind of nourishment for itself—another for the common brood, a third for the royal—glue for its carpentry—wax for its cells—poison for its enemies—honey for its master—with a proboscis almost as long as the body itself, microscopic in its several parts, telescopic in its mode of action—with a sting so infinitely sharp, that, were it magnified by the same glass which makes a needle's point seem a quarter of an inch, it would yet itself be invisible, and this too a hollow tube—that all these varied operations and contrivances should be enclosed within half an inch of length and two grains of matter, while in the same 'small room' the 'large heart' of at least thirty* distinct instincts is contained—is surely enough to crush all thoughts of atheism and materialism, without calling in the aid of twelve heavy volumes of Bridgewater Treatises.

But we must hasten to end this too long paper. Its readers generally will be above that class to whom profit, immediate or remote, from bee-keeping can be of any serious moment—though indeed the profit lies in saving the bees, not in killing them. But many prejudices have to be done away, and greater care bestowed, and a better knowledge of their habits acquired, before the murdering system can be eradicated from the poor. It is for the higher classes to set the example by presents of cheap and simple but better-constructed hives—by personal interest taken in their bee-management—by supplying them with the best-written books† on the subject—above all, by adopting the merciful system in their own gardens, and intrusting their hives to the especial care of one of the under-gardeners, whose office it should be, not only to diligently tend and watch his master's stock, but also to instruct the neighbouring cottagers in the most improved management. It would be an excellent plan to attach a stall of bees to the south wall of a gardener's cottage or lodge, with a glass side towards the interior, so that the operations of the bees might be watched from within. The custom of placing them within an arched recess in the wall of the house was one of old Rome, and is still observed in some countries. We look upon this as a very pretty suggestion for a fancy cottage in any style of architecture. Perhaps the directors of our normal schools would find no better way of teaching their pupil-schoolmasters how to benefit and gain an influence among the parents of the children they will have to instruct, than to put them in the proper way of making and managing the new kinds of cottage-hives, of taking honey, joining stocks, and hybernating the bees. We spoke in a late article of Gardening being a common

* Kirby and Spence, *Introd. to Ent.*, ii. 504.

† Let no one be misled by the title of Mr. Smith's book, which advocates all the atrocities of the old system.

ground for the rich and poor. We would mark this difference with regard to Bees, that we consider them especially the 'Poor man's stock.' No wealthy man should keep large colonies of them for profit, in a neighbourhood where there are cottagers ready to avail themselves of the advantage. A hive or two in the garden—good old-fashioned straw-hives—for the sake of their pleasing appearance and kindly associations, and for the good of the flowers—is only what every gentleman would delight to have; or, if he has time to devote to their history, an observatory-hive for study and experiment; but beyond this we think he should not go,—else he is certainly robbing his poorer neighbours. The gentleman-bee-master, like the gentleman-farmer, should only keep stock enough for encouragement and experiment, and leave the practical and the profitable to the cottager and the tenant. But the squire's hive and implements should be of the best construction, for example's sake; and, keep he bees or beasts, he should be 'a merciful man' to them. And surely the feeling mind will pause a little at the destruction of a whole nation—the demolition of a whole city, with all its buildings, streets and thoroughfares, its palaces, its Queen, and all! What an earthquake to them must be the moving of the hive! What a tempest of fire and brimstone must the deadly fumes appear! All their instincts, their senses, their habits plead for them to our *humanity*; and, even if we allege their sting against them, they may reply with scarcely an alteration in the Jew's words—'Hath not a Bee eyes? hath not a Bee organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? *If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that.**

* The subjects of hibernating bees and of joining swarms are so very important in good bee-keeping, that, being connected with one another, we must say a word, though a short one, upon them. Though the opposite opinion has been stoutly maintained, it is now generally admitted that a united stock does not consume so much honey in the winter as the two swarms separately would have done. But in order to save the consumption of honey at this time, the bees must be kept as torpid as possible, and this is best done by placing them in a cold, dark, but dry room. If you have not this convenience, move the doors from the north of your bee-house to the south, so that the winter sun, being prevented from shining on the entrance side, will not enliven and draw out the bees when the snow is on the ground. This most fatal circumstance it is most essential to guard against. However, the most general and the shortest rule is, send your bees off to sleep in good condition in the autumn (*i. e.* supply them with plenty of food then), for all hibernating animals are fat at the beginning of their torpidity, and it is fat people who fall fastest to sleep after dinner—keep them torpid, by even coolness and dryness, as long as you can. No bee-master will ever be successful who does not take pains of some sort to effect these objects.

We said, if any man would keep bees, he must make them his friends;—nay, that is a cold word—he must love them. De Gelien makes the remark,—which we have heard before of figs, and olives, and medlars, and truffles, or of an equivocal dish recommended by a host,—that you must either like them very much or not at all. ‘*Beaucoup de gens aiment les abeilles : je n’ai vu personne qui les aime médiocrement ; on se passionne pour elles !*’ It was this love we suppose that led Mahomet to make an exception in their favour when all other flies were condemned;—that made Napoleon, who laughed at the English as a nation of shopkeepers, select this emblem of industry, in place of the idle lily,

‘That tasks not one laborious hour.’

And Urban VIII. and Louis XII. adopted them as the device on their coat of arms; and Camdeo, the Cupid of Buddhism, strung his bow with bees! The Athenians ranked the introduction of the Bee among their great national blessings, tracing it up to Cecrops, ‘the friend of man,’—the Attic Alfred; and such regard is still paid to them in many parts of the south of England, that no death, or birth, or marriage takes place in the family without its being communicated to the bees, whose hive is covered in the first case with a piece of black cloth, in the two latter with red. The 10th of August is considered their day of Jubilee, and those who are seen working on that day are called Quakers. Omens were wont to be taken from their swarming; and their settling on the mouths of Plato and Pindar was taken as a sure presage of the sweetness of their future eloquence and poetry; though these legends are somewhat spoiled, by the same event being related of the infancy of Lucan and of St. Ambrose, called, as was Vives afterwards, the Mellifluous Doctor. We all know of Nestor’s ‘honeyed’ words, and Xenophon, ‘cujus sermo est melle dulcior.’ Bees have not only dispersed a mob, but defeated an Amurath with his Janissaries;* but it would be quite impossible in a sketch like this to attempt to give anything like a full account of their many honours and achievements, and of the extraordinary instinct displayed by them in every operation of their manifold works. Our object in these remarks has been rather to stimulate the novice in this subject than to give any complete history of their habits, or to put forth any new discovery or system of our own. We have introduced our little friends with our best

* The Abbé della Rocca relates that, ‘when Amurath, the Turkish emperor, during a certain siege, had battered down part of the wall, and was about to take the town by assault, he found the breach defended by bees, many hives of which the inhabitants had stationed on the ruins. The Janissaries, although the bravest soldiers in the Ottoman empire, durst not encounter this formidable line of defence, and refused to advance.’

grace, and must leave them now to make the best of their way with our readers.

* So work the Honey Bees :

Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts :
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor :
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.*

Henry V. a. 1, s. 2.

Who would not affirm, from this and other incidental allusions, that Shakspeare had a hive of his own? Dr. Bowring has only been able to discover in them 'galleries of art and schools of industry, and professors teaching eloquent lessons;' perhaps our friend means Mechanics' Institutes, and travelling lecturers.

- ART. II.—1. *The Child's Book on the Soul, with Questions adapted to the Use of Schools and Infant Schools.* By the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet. London. 1842.
2. *The Youth's Book on Natural Theology, illustrated in Familiar Dialogues.* By the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet. Published by the American Tract Society. 1840.
3. *Peter Parley's Farewell.* New York.
4. *Peter Parley's Magazine.* New York.
5. *Abbott's Little Philosopher, for Schools and Families.* London.
6. *Abbott's Child at Home.*
7. *Abbott's Rollo at Work, and Rollo at Play, &c.* London.

COULD the shade of a great-grandmother be recalled to earth, we can imagine no object in this age of wonders so likely to astonish her venerable mind as her little descendants' abundance of books. In her days children were not looked upon as reading beings: the key of the little glass-fronted bookcase was as carefully kept from them as that of the sweetmeat-cupboard.

cupboard. Free access to books was considered of very questionable benefit to a young mind, and decidedly injurious to the eyesight; for it is an amusing fact that in those days of curious needlework, the ancient samples of which make us equally admire our grandmothers' patience and pity their eyes, a consideration for that organ should have been made one of the principal excuses for denying a child the pleasure of reading. Certain it is, that as soon as the scanty portion of elementary books was laid aside for the day most children did not read at all, while those who had intellectual desires cultivated their minds almost by stealth; and the little girl of nearly a century ago, who thirsted for knowledge above her fellows, has been known to hide a new book in her capacious pocket, and read it through the pocket-hole! Nor were her stolen pleasures such as most modern parents would have cared, or perhaps even permitted, their children to share. Between the formalities of real life and the exaggerations of fiction there was little alternative,—from the fairy tales and marvellous histories, terminating in the old version of the 'Arabian Nights,'—the few wonderful voyages and adventures centering in 'Robinson Crusoe,'—and the little tales of a moral tendency, generally the histories of some little paragon of goodness, or monster of naughtiness, whose dispositions were at once comprehensively announced in their patronymics,—between such works as these, and that better class to which the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and papers of the 'Spectator' might be considered as introductory, there was a wide gap. No wonder, then, with the increase of population, and the changes in education, which marked the latter end of the last century, that the age soon began to demand something more and something better. The only real question is, whether the improvement in children's books has been equally in quality as in quantity, and whether a better understanding of a child's real capacities for instruction, edification, and amusement has kept pace with the varied and additional modes of addressing them.

The first changes in a juvenile library were no less in what are termed school-books than in those of a lighter description. Parents and teachers had discovered that not only the system of education might be simplified and its stores increased, but that the love of reading which showed itself in many a child's leisure hours might be made the handle for turning various little mills of indirect acquirement. What, in short, they themselves had groaned under or longed for in their own young days, they now sought to amend or supply for their children. To aid the former, much of the monotonous repetition of spelling-book, dictionary, and grammar, in which children's minds had been kept, as it were, only

only for stowage, was repealed; while to effect the latter many excellent and highly-gifted individuals of both sexes stepped forward and presented works, some of which ought ever to maintain their places in the hands of childhood. Besides original works of great merit, our young people were furnished with extracts and compilations from the best classic and old English writers, and with abridgements from the first standard authors, while much of the decorous and respectful tone of the old-fashioned school was preserved, and the comparative abundance with which they were surrounded was not such as to make children indifferent to its advantages.

Nevertheless we need hardly look beyond a child's book-shelf to be reminded that there is nothing in the world which requires so much caution as reform. In their glee at detecting the errors of a past age, these writers did not avail themselves of all its wisdom. Because their predecessors had appealed almost exclusively, and sometimes most perniciously, to the imagination, the real intention of this faculty was now disregarded; the marvellous and the romantic, even when free from all impurity, was condemned by some as useless, by others as false; and one of the most striking features of this change of system may be characterised as the predominance of a more direct moral teaching, and the studious assumption of truth and nature in which it was clothed. This sounds so desirable and right, that any argument as to the entire expediency of its application may seem worse than paradoxical; but, as Lord Bacon says, 'Works of imagination hurt not a child: taking them at the worst, it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, which doth the hurt;' and it may be justly questioned whether, in banishing the world of fiction, and advancing one of reality in its place, we have not sometimes dismissed a protector, and introduced an enemy. The more we aim at reality in the precepts and models we offer to children, the more delicate and difficult does our task become. A vessel never requires abler steerage than when close inshore—and any error in what you give forth as truth is immeasurably more pernicious than all the extravagances which a child knows to be fiction. According to Mrs. Hannah More,—

'Until to analyse you're able,
Fable is safe, while given as fable.'

The converse will be also found to hold good: for truth, or rather what we represent as truth, is never so unsafe for a child as when brought into immediate comparison with his own actual knowledge of life. It is more dangerous for a child than many suppose to read of parents, as parents are invariably described,
who

who always reward good deeds, applaud self-conquests, or assist good determinations: the first feeling is to believe—the first impulse to imitate; and if the little sanguine heart should not happen to find the real parent exactly in that humour which the story promised, the disappointment is more harmful than can be imagined. Another and more vital error, traceable to the same source, is the total absence, in some of these writers, of a sound religious basis. Everything is made to spring from the mere moral conviction—from the mere rational obligation—so that the excellencies of the parent, and the strivings of the children they bring forward, being independent of the only rule and help, are, strictly speaking, more chimerical and false than the most far-fetched wonders they were intended to replace. Altogether, then, if we consider our own liability to err in what we teach, and the touching readiness of the young faith which is intrusted to us to direct, it would seem that the abundance of the imaginative quality and entire enjoyment of fiction which distinguishes childhood had been granted purposely as a safe and necessary nether sphere.

But if matter for criticism be not failing among the solid writers of what may be termed the middle ages of children's literature, what shall be said for those of the present day? Here apparently there is no deficiency of any one thing, but rather a surfeit of all; while the order and combination in which this abundance is given are so intricate and unaccountable as equally to defy analysis or classification. Upon the whole, an hour spent in a modern juvenile library will be found to tell a more direct tale, and give a clearer picture of the spirit of change and thirst for novelty which mark the present day, than any other application of the same time in the multitudinous range of recent wonders. Transposition and experiment seem the motto of the present children's books. We do not know when they are at work, or when at play. The streams of instruction and amusement, of application and relaxation, instead of pursuing distinct channels, have incomprehensibly run and blended together.—Side by side, in strange propinquity with elaborate treatises on subjects which it might be thought no child of common observation would require to be taught, lie familiar notices on matters which, like the *Adelaide Gallery*, no mind, without immense previous knowledge, can derive any benefit from. The highest and the lowest have changed places. The one is compelled into a garb which, in our humble opinion, greatly endangers the respect due to it, while the other is put forward with a pomp and circumstance too apt to mislead the juvenile mind as to its real insignificance.

To combine instruction designedly with amusement is, we firmly

firmly believe, like uniting authority with familiarity, a sophistry which ends by equally destroying both. Indirectly speaking, there can be no sound acquirement without interest, nor healthy enjoyment without profit; but their compulsory union is equally pernicious as fallacious—pernicious, as undermining that which cannot be too early implanted in a young mind—namely, that nothing that is worth attaining at all is attainable without trouble; and fallacious, as failing to secure even that approbation from the child himself, which is its only excuse. Every child of average intelligence and tolerable habits knows in the main that its education is a subject of importance—a thing of seriousness and solemnity—requiring both the diligence of the pupil and the attention of the teacher; at the same time that it gives him a degree of consequence, and that all the trouble is duly balanced by the honour of being made fit for the future man or woman. Once also that he has proved, in his own way, the connexion between application and success, and the dependence of the one upon the undividedness of the other, he begins by a providential property of the mind to take a pleasure in the process itself; and this may be considered as the stage most worthy of gratulation, and, indeed, as the key to all education. Such being the case, he does not really thank you for dressing up his studies in a trifling or jocose manner—for administering meat-nourishment in sweet jelly—but is, on the contrary, intuitively annoyed at being treated below his dignity. There is none among the many varieties of childhood's development for which this cheating-trouble system really answers. For sluggish and inert minds it is no cure, while for quick and impetuous natures a bit of rough and heavy road is at once the best stimulus and restraint. Like Lord Byron, a child likes to 'have something *craggy* whereon to break his mind.' If, therefore, a relish for application be a latent property in a young mind, and its development one of the utmost importance, it follows that such works as tend either to divert or diminish it are neither founded on a true knowledge of his capacities nor of his interests.

It is, however, a known fact, that a large portion of the community, nay, persons of the highest intellect and kindest hearts, are now devoting both to the introduction of more knowledge, and to a lighter mode of obtaining it. The increase of knowledge who shall gainsay? Let us only be careful that in attempting so much new, we risk not the old, or reduce all to an inferior quality; but as to the lighter mode, we may answer in a passage from *Waverley*:—'It may, meanwhile, be subject of serious consideration, whether those who are accustomed only to acquire instruction through the medium of amusement may not
be

be brought to reject that which approaches under the aspect of study ; whether those who learn history by the cards may not be led to prefer the means to the end ; and whether, were we to teach religion in the way of sport—and this has been sufficiently attempted since *Waverley* was written—‘our pupils may not thereby be induced to make sport of their religion.’ Some minds are born with a commission for genius—and even those never fail to lament the absence of early habits of study—but most must be content to rise from the ranks, and go through the regular exercise. Even granting that occasional instances occur of knowledge, lightly acquired, becoming permanent, can such be compared to those habits of attention and concentration which apply no less to the conduct of the moral than to the enriching of the intellectual part of man, and which assist in strengthening him for duty, or nerving him for denial, in every circumstance of this chequered life ?

The same objection as respects the child’s real feelings holds good with regard to style. Under the idea of bringing their language down to a child’s level—and all children ought to resent this idea—many writers of the day fall into the mistake of addressing them in print as they suppose them to talk to one another in every-day life. But setting aside that in affecting an empty simplicity we very much underrate their real style, it is a fact that such imitations are by no means pleasing to the child. Leave him to choose for himself, and in nine cases out of ten you will find him engaged with a work—and of course one of imagination, for no ordinary child voluntarily takes up another—“beyond his years.” Were the reverse the case, we should augur but ill for his future development ; for the love of too-easy reading in a child, like the taste for low company in an adult, is the worst sign of intellectual mediocrity.

Contrasted with such books of instruction as are thus supposed to be smoothed in their passage to the mind by the unction of playfulness, may be mentioned those works, professedly of amusement, in which a tale is made the vehicle for smuggling in knowledge during leisure hours. ‘What charming books children are supplied with now-a-days!’ says a well-meaning person, taking up one of those deceitful compositions, which, after enticing you through pleasant paths, suddenly turns you adrift in a wilderness of machinery, chemistry, or religious disquisition. ‘What charming books ! Children can be always learning something.’ Very true ; but unfortunately this is the last thing children care to do. The more thoroughly they have applied during school-hours, the more eagerly do they dismiss the matter from their minds the moment they are released ; nor need we comment upon
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a habit which is in itself so excellent as to be found the greatest safeguard for health of mind and body in all stages of life. Such books, therefore, however patronized by parents and teachers, have but little chance of popularity among the children: their bindings will invariably be found in better preservation than any other in the tiny book-case. To place such books in a child's hands is, in point of fact, only supplying him with a bundle of pages, of which he skips two out of every three. Children are not to be deceived: they are gifted with an exquisite tact for detecting dull passages, and as sure to avoid the hook as to relish the bait. Whoever has seen a child of ten years of age engaged in the perusal of any of Miss Martineau's Treatises on Political Economy, and has observed how ingeniously her pretty little tales are tracked and picked out, and how cavalierly the rest is disposed of—and, strange to say, this method is not confined to her juvenile readers—may set this down as the standard for their treatment of all those ingenious little books intended to surprise them into learning against their will.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we in any way allude to such works of amusement as are blended with a high moral or intellectual tone—and, indeed, whether marvellous or true, there should be no other. As we have before said, there can be no healthy enjoyment without some profit; and childhood seems equally intended as the cheerful volunteer in that structure of poetry and feeling on which Reason can best take her seat, as the disciplined labourer for that capital of knowledge with which the future man may enter into competition with his fellows. It is so ordered that those subjects which are most calculated to quicken the best feelings—those which we most wish to *develop*, and least to *teach*—are precisely such as childhood most relishes. What can interest them more than anecdotes of fidelity and sagacity in animals, or traits of heroism, generosity, fortitude, or loyalty in their fellow-creatures, which, while they fill the heart with the healthiest sentiments of admiration and sympathy, serve to bind fast many a useful scrap of knowledge to the memory? And what can be more beautiful than our numerous juvenile works of this description?—beautiful as delineations of nature, and specimens of true art—books in which their fathers, and grandfathers too, may find both pleasure and benefit; for what really fascinates the heart of a child has a charm for all ages. But the child's books to which we allude, where an insipid tale goes feebly wriggling through an unmerciful load of moral, religious, and scientific preaching, have been the most abundant and characteristic product of the present day; not intended, we are assured, for school hours, but, we speak equally from experience and observation, with *no* charm for any other.

other. In all matters which depend upon voluntary acquisition, children 'should be taught as if we taught them not:' the moment the prescriptive tone peeps out, all is over with the young volunteer. Here, however, it is so predominant, and applied to such dry matters, as to require, to say the least, all the patience and attention of much older heads. This species of juvenile reading may be classed under two heads—evangelical hand-books, and scientific manuals: the one rendered as exciting, the other as superficial, as can possibly be managed; but we, for obvious reasons, decline any minute examination of the former class.

There can be no doubt that the wonders of science are a necessary and beautiful portion of education: but it seems to us that modern teachers have erred as to the time of their acquisition; and that by enforcing it thus early, they only awaken a little evanescent curiosity about the tricks of the trade, without in any way securing a future interest in its real principles. Life is so short, and there is so much to learn: at the same time childhood is endowed exactly with that facility of acquirement, founded chiefly on an insensibility to the humility of repetition, which vanishes with a riper age, that it becomes of the utmost importance to know not only whether what we teach be sound, but how the elements of instruction consecutively stand. It is in filling a child's mind as in packing a trunk: we must take care what we lay in below, not only to secure for that a safe place, but to prevent it from damaging what is to come after. Now there is so much for a child to acquire for which the freshness of memory is so evidently intended, and the concurrence of the reason so little wanted, that were not common sense so rare a thing in this world, it might be wondered how any mistake as to position could occur. Languages may be learned by rote—arithmetic is an exercise of the memory—the primary part of revealed and moral teaching must be taken 'as a little child,' that is, upon faith, and without actual understanding; but science is a thing defined and positive, where the mind wants, step by step, to know what it is about—where proof follows quick upon assertion, and a link loose in the chain of explanation destroys the sense of satisfaction—where the reason can hardly be too mature, nor the imagination too subdued. In short, science is above children, and a smattering beneath them.

But such is the infatuation of modern educationists, that, rather than leave them for a while in ignorance of that which in no way improves their conduct or softens their hearts, and of which in tender years they cannot know enough to be worth knowing, poor children are dragged to lectures, manufactories, and polytechnics, where they see wheels and hear explosions much more unintelligible,

gible, but incomparably less amusing, than a Christmas pantomime, and return with a number of hard names so ill-assorted in their heads, that the little fellow of six years old who declared that geology was 'all about horses' may be taken as a fair sample. Even granting a tolerably correct notion of these words to have been hammered into them, children are not really the more clever for being able to think of the law of gravitation every time their foot slips, or of virtual velocity whenever they drive a hoop: nor are they the more attractive for being able to talk of the 'intensity of electro-magnetism,' or the 'solidification of carbonic acid gas;' nor, upon the whole, is the spectacle of an old head upon young shoulders the desirable object of a parent's vanity. If a child actually shows a marked tendency for scientific pursuits, such works as swarm on juvenile-booksellers' shelves, where subjects of the highest difficulty are chattered over between two disgusting little prodigies, or delivered to them in mouthfuls, curiously adapted to their powers of swallowing, by a learned mother, are just the last which a judicious teacher would wish to put into his hands. This fashion of compelling children's minds into an unnatural excess of application, to the great detriment of health, moral and physical, is now, we believe, upon the decline. The truth is, it entailed far too much trouble on the superintendent: it has, however, been succeeded by another, more merciful to the individual, though highly injurious to the community. Finding that the attainment of real superiority at this age was attended by too much trouble and expense, parents have caught at a cheap substitute: the principle our manufacturers have adopted, of giving a showy pattern upon a flimsy material, is now in favour with our educationists.

And now we must advert to a set of books which we have observed, with no less surprise than indignation, put into the hands of the tenderest infancy. In ushering children into the paths of science by a short cut, great risk is incurred at once of degrading the study and sacrificing the power as well as taste for future acquirement. But such subjects being neither the highest in intellectual rank, nor their right understanding the most serious point in *education*, no great harm, at the worst, may be done. Here, however, the case is widely different; for when those who constitute themselves the teachers of childhood lay presumptuous and vulgar hands upon such high matters as the wisest approach with reverence and humility, they commit an offence equally against the subject and the trust, which cannot be too strongly censured.

The system of appealing solely to the *reason* of a mere infant, both in the training of the conduct and the intellect, is one which
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has crept in with the many insubordinate fallacies of the day, and to which the school of modern juvenile works bears witness. That mothers should be here and there found in private life who, either to conceal a morbid predominance of mere maternal instinct, or a slothful inability for exertion, profess to check selfishness, stem passion, and ensure obedience, by addressing themselves to a part of the child's mind for which he is not become responsible—this is not altogether incomprehensible. The inconvenience is upon their own heads, and an increase of family may possibly alter their views. But when thinking man busies himself with penning and printing a regular code of such matters—the whole resting on a false hypothesis—he only affords a melancholy proof that in admitting the reason of a child of five years of age, he has utterly abandoned his own. That a child has a right to the privileges of a rational being who shall dare deny?—that the heir to such a faculty is entitled to the profoundest respect who shall dare contest? But it is not in allowing too early a disposal of his inheritance that we most guard his interests, or in forcibly pulling open the petals that we most show our admiration for the germ. Grant that the reasoning powers are developed in a child of five years old—he will be more eager to exert them than a man: with his other faculties, physical and mental, he is more actively occupied and delighted—why not then the same with reason? Carry out the argument, and there will be no department of abstract science or philosophy the enjoyment of which he will not seek, and may not claim. In short, Socrates' Dialogues and the Bridgewater Treatises will be the greatest treats you can give him. And that those gentlemen who have troubled themselves to write such works as 'The Child's Book on the Soul' are literally of this opinion, we shall soon have the pleasure of proving in their own words. But how to adapt such subjects to a child's reception?—how to proportion them to his limited comprehension? The attempt is fraught with contradiction; and here lies the gross absurdity of the present system.

How doubly hard this falls upon a child may simply be stated. Required to understand that which, at best, he cannot enjoy—limited for that he may enjoy to that only which he is supposed to understand—that power of reasoning which, in mercy to our want of it, is last and least required, unnaturally compelled into action; and the sense of beauty, the love of the dimly-understood, the faith in 'the things unseen' (for the deep rooting of which the sweet period of childhood seems specially designed), neglected or confused—the rights of nature are doubly violated. Regretting, as we deeply do, that the enjoyment of the only truly enviable part of life should be thus tampered with, we hardly know whe-
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ther most to congratulate ourselves that this presumption is not of native growth, or to lament that it should be derived from a people to whom childhood especially is indebted for much that is beautiful and useful; for it is from American writers chiefly that this system of beginning at the apex instead of at the base—starting at once from that point to which the mind is intended only gradually to creep—has sprung. As we said before, the difficulty of clothing the highest subjects in the meanest language is fortunately what most effectually unmasks the futility of this ‘high life below stairs’ kind of proceeding.

But we must now let them speak for themselves, and introduce the reader to the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet’s ‘Child’s Book on the Soul;’ the first stave on the ladder of infantine metaphysics. The title is almost sufficient. We should have thought that the Bible was the best book on the soul for all ages; but the Americans know better. Nor do we apologise for dragging our readers through the babyisms of such a work. A child’s cause is common cause, and we are all interested in seeing that their little go-carts are not set running on treacherous paths.

Generally speaking, these metaphysical treatises are arranged, like this Manual, in the form of dialogues, where a profound mother and a docile child play alternately into each other’s hands, and where a question is set up, like a nine-pin, only to be knocked down by the next answer. Being informed in the first dialogue that the little victim on the present occasion is only five years of age, we are not so much surprised to hear his mother ask him such silly questions—only, to be sure, they were hardly worth printing—as, whether stones can talk—or roses answer him—or a watch learn anything: to all of which the child gives as sensible negatives as can be expected; taking occasion to put a few interrogatories in his turn, by no means inconsistent with his years,—viz., whether a pebble be good to eat; and especially whether there are any wild lions in the neighbourhood, &c. In the next dialogue, however, the mother assumes a higher strain, and after much badgering and brow-beating, in the course of which a common English child would inevitably have foundered and disgraced himself over and over again, she brings him to confess, and cautions him to remember, that he is different from the aforesaid pebble, rose, watch, and his little dog Tray; with which useful ideas he goes off to bed, repeating them by heart, we conclude, all the way upstairs. The next morning the conversation is renewed; and having, meanwhile, grown a little conceited at finding that what he very well knew before is made so much of, the child now assures mamma, in a pedantic tone, that he has been thinking of nothing else, and that he has also discovered that his little sister Eliza is no more like

like a pebble, a rose, a watch, and his dog Tray, than he is. But here, to our great surprise—and doubtless, were it known, to the equal dismay of the five-year old—the lady does not accept this ingenious inference; but, tacking completely round, drives all ideas, old and new, out of his head—by requiring to know why Eliza is *like* all these items? In vain now does the unfortunate child state the question to the best of his ability to himself, ‘If I am *not* like all these things, why is Eliza *like* them?’ and, not knowing that this would puzzle a saint, is fast on the high-road to vacuity, when the mother graciously takes him by the hand, and after leading him through a chain of most original argument, demonstrates that Eliza is like a rose, not because she has red cheeks—like Tray, not because she comes when she is called—oh no! these would be literal images which any vulgar mother could supply—but because she participates with both the dog and the flower in the abstract qualities of ‘*weight, hardness, form, colour, and parts!*’ This last word is evidently the first to fix his attention; for, leaving his mother in the clouds, we find him in the next few lines expressing an ardent desire to look *inside* his little sister, in order to ascertain by what machinery her hands are made to go!

It would be useless to attempt following this trash, through which we are as much at a loss to discover the lady’s drift as the wretched object of all her pains. After dragging him through the abstract ideas of a state of thinking, dreaming, and death; after binding his bodily eyes, and desiring him to tell her what he sees with those of his mind; after presenting a number of objects to his imagination, and successively assuring him, in emphatic italics, ‘*You can think you are doing things, then, which you are not doing—you can think that you are seeing things, then, which you are not seeing—you can think that you are tasting things, then, which you are not tasting*’ (which latter argument the child would have done better to doubt, and begged the favour of a ripe orange to assist it)—and so on through all the senses; after making him guess whether he thinks with his ‘hand or his foot,’ ‘his nose or his mouth,’ ‘his head or his heels;’ after addressing him alternately as more than a man, and less than a baby, and making him ask stultified questions, or leap to brilliant conclusions, just as suits her convenience; after, in short, having by these means, consistent with strict hydraulic principles, created the necessary vacuum in the brain, she proceeds to pump in a stock of knowledge, and to wind up the first section of metaphysics by announcing to him, in large letters, that ‘this something inside him, which thinks, and keeps thinking,’

is his SOUL! Upon which the good little boy claps his hands, and begins jumping about in a paroxysm of delight.

But lest this summary should seem exaggerated, it may be as well to give the further dissertation on the soul in their own words:—

‘*Mother.* Can you hear my soul, Robert?

‘*Robert.* I can hear *you* when you speak, mother.

‘*M.* Yes, I think what I am going to say to you, and then I think to have my tongue and my lips move, and I speak, and you hear the sound of my voice. Put your ear to this watch: do you hear anything?

‘*R.* Yes, mother; it goes tick-tick, tick-tick.

‘*M.* Now put your ear close to my head. I am going to think; try if you can hear my thinking.

‘*R.* No, mother, I cannot at all.

‘*M.* My soul, then, makes no noise when it is thinking, and you cannot hear my soul; you can only hear my voice when I tell you what I am thinking.

‘*R.* That is very strange, mother; the soul must be very different from anything that I can see or hear. [Five years old!]

‘*M.* Yes, my son; and can you taste, or smell, or touch my soul?

‘*R.* No, mother; and I cannot taste, or smell, or touch my own soul.

‘*M.* You cannot tell, then, whether your soul is round or square, or long or short, or red, or white, or black, or green, or yellow; you do not know that it has any form or colour at all. You cannot tell whether your soul sounds like a bell, or like a flute, or like any other thing: you do not know that it has any sound at all. You cannot tell whether your soul tastes like anything: you do not know that it has any taste at all. You cannot tell whether your soul smells like anything: you do not know whether it has any smell at all. You cannot tell whether your soul is hard or soft; or whether it feels like anything: you do not know that it can be felt at all.

‘*R.* What do you call all those things, mother, that I can see, and hear, and taste, and smell, and touch?

‘*M.* We call them *matter*, and we say they are *material*.

‘*R.* Then *my body is material*?

‘*M.* Yes, my son: but *your soul is not material*; or, *what is the same thing, your soul is immaterial*.

‘*R.* Mother, I suppose *your soul*, too, is immaterial; for I cannot see it, nor hear it, nor taste it, nor smell it, nor touch it.

‘*M.* Yes; everybody’s soul is immaterial. Remember, my son, that you have a *body* and a *soul*. Your body you can see, and hear, and taste, and smell, and touch. It is like the pebble, the rose, and the watch: *it is matter—it is material*. Your soul has not form, or colour, or sound, or taste, or smell, or hardness, or softness. *It is not matter—it is immaterial*; or, what is the same thing, we call it *spirit*. The pebble, the rose, and the watch have no spirit. But you look a little sleepy.’ [No wonder!]

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We need not comment upon the utter imbecility of supposing that a child of *five years of age*, or indeed of any age, can for one moment follow or take interest in such unholy rhodomontade as this; but none can do justice to Mr. Gallaudet until they have heard his familiar explanation of *eternity*. Locke was a dunce to him. Having advanced the child to the possession of a soul, the author proceeds to show him how long his soul will live; pursuing his usual plan of raising his curiosity, and exciting his wonder, till such time as the simple truth may be supposed to flash upon him with most effect.

'*Mother*. Look here, Robert, I will make as many marks upon this slate as there are days in one year. There, I have made the marks; now do you count them.

'*Robert*. I have, mother, and they are three hundred and sixty-five.

'*M*. That is right; there are three hundred and sixty-five days in one year. If I should make as many marks again, they would be all two years. Now suppose I should fill all the slate full of marks on both sides, how many years do you suppose they all would make?

'*R*. I do not know, mother; perhaps they would make as many as ten years.

'*M*. Well, about that. Now suppose I should fill ten slates full, how many years would that make?

'*R*. One hundred, mother; because ten tens make one hundred.

'*M*. Suppose this room was full of slates, as full as it could be, one piled on the top of another, and every slate was full of marks, and every mark made one year; how many years would they all make?

'*R*. Oh! I do not know, mother; I could not count them.

'*M*. Suppose every room in this house was full of slates, all covered with marks, and every house in this town full of them, and you should carry them all into a large field, and pile them all one on the top of another; how many years would they all make?

'*R*. Oh! mother, nobody could tell. It would take you all your life to count them.

'*M*. Well, my son, your soul will live as many years as all the marks on all the slates would make.

'*R*. And will my soul die then, mother?

'*M*. No, Robert, it will not die then. *It will keep on living*. It will live as many years again as all the marks on all the slates in the great pile, and then it will not die: it will keep on living. It will live as many years as all the marks would be on a hundred such piles of slates—on a thousand such piles of slates—on as many such piles as you can think of, from the ground up away to the sky, one on the top of the other; *and then your soul will not die—it will still keep on living. Your soul will live for ever: it will never, never die!*

What a pity she did not tell him this at the beginning: it would have saved all this outlay of good slates! We can see his weary and vacant look as he passively endures all this torrent,

and finds himself, at the end of the chapter, condemned to a here after of which he understands nothing, except that it is a great place, somehow 'piled full of slates.' If he be a child of lively ideas, Heaven now becomes associated in his mind with games of 'fox and goose,' and 'tit-tat-too,' and other favourite slate-pastimes which our common English generation greatly prefer to sums in addition. Children are always literal. Nor is it too much to say that this impression will not leave him for years—unless indeed, as we sincerely hope, the urchin has been occupied playing with his buttons, or watching a fly, and so escaped any impression whatsoever. But even this chance is cut off—for, on turning over the leaves, we come to a regular catalogue of questions, calculated to test his recollection and comprehension of the contents of each dialogue, and setting off the abominable absurdity of the system, if possible, in stronger colours.

Such writers as these seem to have no suspicion that there are certain things which 'pass all understanding;' that there is a 'wisdom' best spoken 'in a mystery;' and, still less, that, whilst they are taking all these pains to invoke the *reason*, they are, in point of fact, only overstraining the *imagination*. If not utterly stupefied by the jargon we have quoted, the infant mind, we may be sure, has taken refuge in some whimsical misapplication or ludicrous nonconnection of its own, as indistinctly allied with the matter in question as the dream of the night with the occurrence of the day. This is certain, that what requires such painful ingenuity to explain, is decidedly not necessary for a child to know. The savage comprehends a 'for ever;' and every child has a vague idea—whether innate or no, it matters not—of that eternity to which he is heir. And which of us, we ask, with the liveliest faith in revelation, has more? As Coleridge truly says, 'the child knows the *thing*, though he cannot follow the *argument*.' Did the right recognition also of such ideas depend all upon early teaching, independent, as in this case, of Scripture, language would have been provided with a suitable structure. Hymns of praise, songs of thanksgiving, and confessions of faith, suit themselves to the most infantine forms, and appear in none more beautiful. One of Watts's hymns will teach more than all the 250 pages of such arguments as these, and that in a right spirit; while here the strange discrepancy between low forms and lofty matter is such as naturally to arouse the question, *why* seek to combine them?

Lest we should be thought more eager to detect absurdities abroad than to perceive our own, we have taken the trouble of looking over a large proportion of English juvenile books with a view to comparison. The only writer who at all ventures on such ground

ground is the worthy Mrs. Trimmer, in her 'Introduction to the Holy Scriptures;' and such is the difference of language, that we cannot forbear a short quotation:—

'I told you, my dear, that the soul is immortal, and so it certainly is; it will live for ever. The body is condemned to die, but the soul will remain alive to everlasting ages. The soul leaves the body, and the body turns to corruption; but the soul cannot die, for *the Creator has said it shall live.*'

But we now come to a second part, in which the presumption of the handling keeps pace with the increased profaneness of the attempt. Here it is evident that American children, up to five years of age, are mere innocent negations—pure sheets of white paper—who have never been taught to say their prayers, or been taken to church, or heard their parents say grace, or, in short, had any idea of the name or existence of God till they were so fortunate as to fall into Mr. Gallaudet's hands. Accordingly, we find him pursuing the same routine, or rather roundabout, of vulgar and profane, because familiar, argument, until, having introduced the name of God with no other respect than an affected enlargement of type, which with frequent italics is his grand resource, he continues to rattle over that sacred name which none may take in vain, with an irreverence both as to manner and matter more calculated to give a child first notions of blasphemy than of religion. To give some idea, we subjoin a few of the questions at the conclusion of the dialogue:—'Was God ever a little infant?' 'Has He ever grown?' 'Did God ever have to learn anything?' 'What happened before God was?' 'Who made God?' 'Who takes care of God?' 'How long will God live?' How much of instinctive piety in human nature has survived the Fall, it is not in human nature to define; but, at all events, more is required than most minds possess to overcome impressions of familiarity and disrespect thus early imbibed from the Reverend Mr. Gallaudet.

But no fragment can give an idea of the whole, which is as incorrect in grammar as it is in argument.

'God never did one wrong or wicked thing. Men do a great many things which they know to be wrong, and which makes them feel that they are wicked, and which makes them feel ashamed, and afraid of being punished. God never did so. He never did so, *ever so little.* He never thought, *ever so little,* to do so. God is *displeased ever so little* of doing so. He never wished *with* everything that is wrong or wicked. He dislikes it; he hates it.'

Now, if Americans will know all about God's thoughts, with reverence be it said, it might be as well to put them in decent syntax, and do more credit to their countryman, Lindley Murray.

After

After these specimens of his mode of proceeding with a child, we are led to expect that his treatment of a full-grown mind will not be much more happy. Accordingly, with all due attention to his manifold capitals and italics, we find his preface quite as incomprehensible as his book, and utterly at variance with the principles there set forth. The following, for instance: 'They who would teach children well, must first learn a good deal from them.' Now, setting aside that the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet has only learnt or retained those deficiencies of judgment and nonsensicalities of speech which lose their excuse with the age to which they belong, what should he learn from those whom his whole ingenious theory presupposes to begin the world of education without one single idea of their own in hand? Then again, and we give his own naïve language, 'For one, he thinks, there is a great deal too much complexity in the early religious education of children. They cannot learn every thing at once—*teach a child the truth contained in this book.*' Let him digest all the slates first 'from the ground up away to the sky,' and then, if he carefully abstain from common sense and Scripture, if no awkward person happen to step in and hint that the kingdom of heaven is to be taken 'as a little child,' the pupil may be fitted for Mr. Gallaudet's '*Youth's Book of Natural Theology.*'

Perhaps we should apologise for proceeding. The mischief already accruing from such works is great. Their circulation—particularly among dissenters, and more especially the Socinians—is very extensive; they have plausible titles and pretty bindings, and it is necessary, as well for the protection of mothers as children, that they should be *marked*. It is also easier and wiser to expose the instruments of such visionaries in education, than to attack the system which is compelled to their use. The work we have quoted from, as well as those to come, are each representatives of a host of similar structure and tendency. They are all by Americans: but it is a humiliating fact, that, utterly regardless of their high responsibility, and looking only to the undivided gain arising from a legal piracy, many of our English juvenile-book-sellers reprint and republish the very worst of these Transatlantic abominations.*

The '*Youth's Book of Natural Theology*,' then, is designed, M. Gallaudet says, for children of from eight to ten years of age; and, purposing to lead that tender age through a knowledge of

* The copy of 'The Child's Book on the Soul,' from which we have quoted, is a reprint from Fleet Street. But, in fact, we doubt if there is one of our London juvenile publishers who has been scrupulous as to the nature of the American works he undertakes, except Mr. J. W. Parker of the West Strand.

anatomy to a knowledge of God, it is liable to the double charge of distorting and debasing an important branch of human science, and of vulgarising feelings which cannot be invested with too much sanctity. As far as regards the greater portion of the work, a child of eight years old would be equally as enlightened and infinitely more edified with these beautiful verses from Job : — ‘Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh, and hast fenced me with bones and sinews. Thou hast granted me life and favour, and thy visitation has preserved my spirit’—while the remainder might be comprehended in a few references to that unfashionable volume, Johnson’s Dictionary *abridged*. And here Mr. Gallaudet’s book and preface are again at direct variance. In the former he descants upon children’s imperfect powers of generalising, while the whole aim of the latter is to excite such ideas as in the maturest minds can be but general. It is so intended that activity and sympathy, the two mainsprings of a child’s mind, should be exactly those qualities least in unison with the powers of abstraction. The former send the mind abroad in wide spaces, the latter centre it upon a point. For such high and insulated ideas, therefore, as the existence of a Deity, the possession of a soul, and the fact of eternity, *imagination*, in these tender years, is the only cradle; and those who thus bring down these notions in such low and positive shapes, run the risk of making her abandon or cripple her charge, without the more inducing the undeveloped *reason* to accept of it. To exact in a child the conviction of the reason before we permit the exercise of faith, is much the same as if we should insist on the knowledge of logic before the use of speech. Let us rather always bear in mind, and bless God for it, that what we term abstract ideas are for children only simple truths, and that, the more we endeavour to define them, the more we endanger them. Taking also the author’s theory in a general view, is it conducive to the soundness of his future faith to accustom a child to believe only what he can understand? to make reason his condition for concurrence of mind, and therefore for duty of action? when there is so much that he must do and suffer in this vale of tears without the satisfaction of this faculty, if he would do and suffer as becomes a Christian. Or taking it in a particular sense, has an imperfect knowledge of science—and he can reach to no other at this age—ever been found conducive to true religion? Or, if the study of anatomy be the best way of proving God, are medical men *proverbially religious*?

But we must now give a few specimens of this second attempt, where we observe the author falling into the same confusion of ages, alternately representing the pupil as a little *ignoramus* who knows

knows absolutely nothing, and as a perfect prodigy who comprehends everything—just, in short, as the humour for condescending communicativeness or dazzling display may take him. Thus, in the first few pages, instead of giving a child of eight or ten years of age credit for knowing that there was once such a people as the Romans, who spoke a language called Latin, he informs the child, *à propos* of a Nautilus illustrating the power and goodness of God, that ‘*Nautilus* is a word which used to be spoken by a people who *spoke very differently from us, a great many years ago* ; yet, in a few pages further, the same child appears talking as glibly of ‘*Ulna*’ and ‘*Radius*,’ ‘*ligaments*,’ ‘*antagonist muscles*,’ ‘*hinge joints*,’ ‘*ball-and-socket joints*,’ ‘*joint oil*,’ &c., as if he were demonstrator at St. Bartholomew’s Hospital; the mother digressing between every anatomical communication into large letters and italics, to assure him that God made all these ‘*bags*’ and ‘*gristles*,’ that God made them all alone, that nobody taught God how to make them, and that nobody could have made them better, with many other pithy truths which the poor child never questioned.

But now for the Nautilus, Uncle John, the Child’s Kite, and Mamma’s Hen and Chickens:—

‘*Mother. Suppose* your uncle John could make a Nautilus, with so many new and curious wheels inside of it that somehow or other those wheels would move, and, by and bye, make another Nautilus, *just like the first!* And *suppose* there should be wheels inside of this second one that should move in the same way, and make a third; and so on, till a hundred were made.

‘*Robert. Mother, you know* that uncle John, or anybody, could never do that.

‘*M. But only suppose* he could, my son. Would you not think that his contrivance and skill would be a thousand times more wonderful than if he made only *one nautilus?*

‘*R. Certainly, mother, I should.*

‘*M. Well, Robert, there is something like this* with regard to the little chicken. You know the hen lays eggs. She hatches them, and the little chickens come out of the eggs. When the chickens grow up *they* lay eggs, and hatch more little chickens, and so they keep on year after year.

‘*R. How many years ago* did the *first hen* live, mother?

‘*M. Oh! a great many years ago.* Do you not think that there was wonderful contrivance, and skill, and design shown in that *first hen?*

‘*R. I do, indeed, mother.* For that first hen laid eggs, and little chickens came out of them; and then these chickens grew up, and laid more eggs, and more little chickens came out of them; and so on, till what a wonderful number of chickens there have been in the world!

‘*M. Yes, my son.* You see that there is a great deal of *contrivance and skill* shown in a little chicken, and a great deal of *design* in the way
in

in which all its parts are put together. You see, too, that all this contrivance, and skill, and design was shown *still more wonderfully in the first hen*. Now when you look at a kite, you know with what design it was made, and you see the contrivance and skill with which its parts were put together. You know *that somebody must have made it, and have thought beforehand how to make it; the kite could not have made itself!* So when you look at the curious little chicken, or the curious little nautilus, and see the wonderful design, and skill, and contrivance which are shown in them, you know *that some one must have made them, and have made the first hen, and the first nautilus, and have thought beforehand how to make them.* It is your spirit, your mind, which thinks beforehand, which designs, contrives, and directs your hand to be *skilful* whenever you make a kite. *It is God—the GREAT SPIRIT—the ETERNAL MIND, who thought beforehand, who designed, contrived, and made every little chicken and nautilus, and the first hen and first nautilus, and the first things and beings, and all things and all beings.* When you see, my son, such wonderful skill and contrivance in the thousand beings and things which are around you, and the design with which they were made, and all their parts put together, you know certainly *that there is a God who made them*, just as certainly as you know that the tall kite, which you saw the boys playing with, must have been made by somebody. *God shows himself to you; he shows you his wonderful knowledge, and contrivance, and power, and skill, and design, in your own body and soul, which he made, and in all the beings and things which are around you.*

‘R. How does God show himself to me, mother? *I don’t see him.*’

In the last line a bit of the child’s real nature peeps out, but, instead of taking this as a hint of thorough exhaustion of attention, it is only to serve the reverend author as an ingenious *ruse* for a further ride on that worn-out hack of his, *the soul*; in which, after a profuse expenditure of italics, the mother assures her son that ‘it is my soul which is now looking at you with the *eyes* of the body. It is my soul which is now speaking to you with the *lips and tongue* of the body. When I rise and walk, or do anything with my hands, it is my soul which does it with *feet and hands* of the body.’ The lady, in short, in proper novel-writing language, is evidently ‘all soul’—nay, we should not be surprised if, like Dickens’s Mrs. Whittitlerly, her soul were found to be ‘too large for her body;’ while as to the poor child, if he reasons inductively, as all children do, he will doubtless conclude, bodily actions being made the proofs of the soul’s existence, that it is the cat’s soul which is now licking up the milk with the *tongue* of her body, or the cow’s soul which is now switching away the flies with the *tail* of her body.

As the first part of this volume is intended as a simplification of Paley’s ‘Natural Theology,’ so the latter part, which treats of reason as distinguished from instinct, may be considered as a Socratic elucidation of Coleridge’s ‘Aids to Reflection;’ but
midway

midway we hit upon a department of ethics, arising from a study of the muscles of the face, which we believe to be perfectly unique. 'When you are speaking to others look them full in the face—do not try to *hide your feelings*—let them show themselves in your countenance—let your eye and your countenance have all the expression which your feelings would give. Do all this—*try to do it!* and you will acquire *habits of expression* which will make you feel *happy yourself, and increase the happiness of others.*'

According to this a child may naturally infer that he is never more virtuous than when 'calling up a look,' or more actively benevolent than in frequent pilgrimages to the looking-glass. Had we time or space, an ingenious hypothesis might hence be deduced for that peculiar *cut* of countenance observable in a certain class of Yankees. Whether, however, this drawing of the attention to the habits and movements of the child's own face be exactly the system best calculated to ensure that unconsciousness of looks and appearance which constitutes childhood's most ineffable charm, we leave the reader to decide. But we cannot sufficiently admire the forbearance of American mothers implied in the child's pathetic entreaty, a few lines further, to be told of his future 'cross or unpleasant looks.' In our time mothers used to come out with such information, coupled with broad hints of commentary, without waiting to be asked.

The same egregious mistakes as to the nature of a child's understanding—the same explanations, which are all but indelicate, and always profane—seem to pervade all these American mentors; and of a number by Peter Parley, Abbott, Todd, &c., it matters little which we take up.

Under the name of Peter Parley such a number of juvenile school-books are current—some greatly altered from the original—and many more written by *adopters* of Mr. Goodrich's pseudonym—that it becomes difficult to measure the real merits or demerits of the said *magnus parens*, Goodrich. As we happen, however, to be in possession of a large number of American publications, we have been led to the conclusion that his popularity was in the first instance owing to the avidity for new books and new systems of education among a certain class, and has been kept up by the better efforts of those who have borrowed the pseudonym. To prove this, we need only give a specimen from a work, which, as he expressly designates it as his farewell book, and designs it as his last and best effort in the service of children, may be taken as the fairest standard of his own proper opinions and style. All these American writers concur so curiously in mode of illustration, that it is their fault, not ours, that the reader is condemned to another tirade upon hens and chickens. This is *à propos* of a feather.

'Parley.

' *Parley*. If a man can neither make a feather nor a wing, he certainly cannot make a bird. He can as well make a whole bird as a part; but if he cannot make a part, he cannot make a whole.

' *James*. But, Mr. Parley, birds are hatched from eggs, and then they grow up—that's the way birds are made.

' *P*. True, my boy—but are you satisfied with that answer? Who makes the eggs of the birds? Who contrived eggs from which birds are hatched?

' *J*. Don't the birds make the eggs?

' *P*. Surely not. The eggs grow in the bird, and they lay them in the nest. This is all the birds do in producing the eggs. And then they sit upon them for two or three weeks, and the young birds break the shell and come out of the egg. But have birds ingenuity enough to contrive eggs? Can they do what the most ingenious man that ever lived could not do? And if they could contrive eggs, could they put into them that principle which would make the yolk and white turn into feathers and claws, and bones and flesh, and endow the body thus formed with a power of life, which should enable the creature to move, to eat, to sleep, to sing, and to produce other eggs? It is absurd to suppose that a bird devises, contrives, or makes an egg. It is absurd to suppose that one bird makes another bird. Whoever makes an egg must be infinitely superior to man, for he does that which puts man's ingenuity to shame. Whoever makes a bird must be the maker of the egg—some being of wonderful skill in contriving and designing—some thinking intelligent power must exist, else birds could not exist—that being is God. The existence of birds then proves the existence of a Being of wonderful ingenuity in design and power of execution, and therefore proves the existence of God. . . .

' *J*. I have no doubt, Mr. Parley, that what you have told us is true, but I have been so long accustomed to think that one bird has the power of producing another that I can hardly get over the impression. We say that a bird lays an egg, and then she sits upon it and produces the young birds, and we say that she hatches them: now all this seems to imply that the old bird *makes* the young birds.

' *P*. This language is accurate enough for common uses, but it is not strictly true. The old bird *produces* the eggs, and by the heat of her body she *hatches* them; but she does not *make* the egg. Consider a moment what an egg is. It consists of a delicate shell polished without, and lined with a soft silky *pellicle*. It is filled with a *glutinous* matter, the outer part of which is called the white, and the inner part the yolk—yet this fluid is so wonderfully mixed, and consists of such *elements*, that, by being kept warm for two or three weeks, it is converted into a living bird—with claws, legs, wings, tail, neck, head, bill, and all the means for eating and digesting its food. It has also a principle of life by which it moves, breathes, eats, drinks, flies, sings, and produces eggs, which eggs produce other birds.

' Such is the wonderful ingenuity displayed in the construction of an egg. It surpasses in ingenuity and contrivance everything that man can do. A man can make a watch, but it cannot breathe, or eat, or drink.

drink. It has no principle of life—nor can one watch produce another watch. How infinitely superior, then, is an egg to the most ingenious of man's contrivances! It produces a bird, which in every part surpasses man's invention. Man cannot even make a single feather; yet an egg produces a bird with hundreds of feathers. It also produces a bird that can produce other eggs, and these eggs will produce other birds.

'Can a bird then make an egg?—a thing which puts to shame the boasted ingenuity of man, and excites our utmost wonder? Certainly not. An egg must be the work of One infinitely superior to man in ingenuity—it must be one who can not only command and mould the elements of earth, air, heat, and water, but who can endow his works with that mysterious power which we call *life*. It must therefore be the work of one whose skill in contrivance and power in execution infinitely surpasses, not birds only, but man himself.

'But it is important here to observe one thing, and it will easily explain James's difficulty. In executing his various works God employs certain tools and instruments, and proceeds according to certain rules. Thus he *uses* a bird as the instrument or tool by which an egg is produced. You have seen a carpenter build a house. He has in the first place a plan, and then he has tools and instruments to work with, such as planes, chisels, saws, axes, &c.: by means of these tools the carpenter produces the house. But would it not be silly to say that the tools of the carpenter, the planes, chisels, saws, and axes, made the house? Certainly it would; and it would be equally silly to say that birds make eggs, while they are only the tools or instruments by which the Creator makes them.

'But let us suppose for a moment that a bird has the power of making an egg—a real one that may be hatched—who made the first bird? for there must have been a beginning to the race of birds?

'*Jane*. It might have been hatched from an egg.

'*Parley*. But who then made that egg?

'*Jane* and *James* (both at once). It must have been God—there *must* be a God!

'*Parley*. Yes, my dear children—there must be—there *is* a God!

This bears no comment. Suffice it to say, that a repetition of the same arguments as respects the various animal tribes is carried on till the mind is palled—the whole winding up or breaking off for a pompous flourish upon the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty, which evinces much rather the author's sense of his own wisdom and goodness in having found them out than any other feeling. In our unqualified censure of this mode of teaching, we do not deny that there is much that is beautiful and true in the facts of natural history he adduces; but these, be it observed, are all culled from established English authors—while in his adaptation of them Mr. Goodrich reminds us of those tasteless and irreverent workmen who, in the building of modern Rome, pounded the most beautiful antique marbles *to make mortar!*

The

The child having thus, thanks to Mr. Gallaudet, heard that name, the first mention of which no Christian child ought to be able to remember, and from him and Peter Parley attestations of that Creator which no Christian child ought ever to have doubted—the latter now humanely takes up the cause of the Christian Revelation—pursuing the same plan of stating objections that may never be made, and anticipating doubts that may never be raised, and thus, at all events, securing to himself the honour of first putting them into the child's head. Children neither want to know that there are such persons as 'Atheists,' as Mr. Gallaudet informs them, nor that there are those who 'disbelieve the Bible,' as Mr. Goodrich states. This, however, gives scope to his full swing of familiar and disrespectful argument; and to a betrayal of his own opinions, in which we are noways surprised to find strong indications of Socinianism.

Having now, we trust, sufficiently shown that, however mischievous and absurd such a system may sound in theory, it is incalculably more mischievous and absurd when once in practice, we must pass on to another section of American juvenile books which, as booksellers do not usually pirate works which have no chance of sale, it is to be concluded contain some claim to popularity. These are works, not of amusement—those we shall touch on later—but of that half-and-half description where instruction blows with a side-wind, like those alluded to in a former part of this article. But writers who can err so egregiously in one respect, it is not to be expected will go very right in any. Accordingly, after the patient investigation of an immense number of little tomes, we are come to the conclusion that they may be thus briefly classified—firstly, as containing such information as any child in average life who can speak plain is already possessed of; and secondly, such as, when acquired, is not worth the having. Persons who are not brought into contact with the systems of modern education have no idea of the truisms, and, more frequent, utter nonsense which is now-a-days connected with all the parade of teaching and learning. They would hardly believe that it could be worth while asking children with a grave face 'How many noses have you?' 'What is your chin for?' 'Do reptiles require warm clothing?' 'Can a duck swim?' 'Are all persons of the same size?' 'Are all tables of the same height?' 'Which are most nearly of the same size, horses or dogs?' Or that they can require to be taught that the sun shines—that the grass is green—that birds fly with their wings, and not with their legs—and that young cats are called kittens—on all of which heads most elaborate first lessons are here given. Nor will they understand the use of wasting childhood's precious hours on the acquisition

sition of mere technicalities, as little useful in general as a lesson on mixing colours to one who is no artist, or an essay upon correcting proofs to one who is no author. But we have little chance of being understood without a specimen, which we cull indiscriminately from a series of books in green covers by Mr. Abbott, all so ingeniously connected as to render the purchase of any single volume by no means so recommendable as that of all. They are entitled 'Rollo at Work,' 'Rollo at Play,' &c. This quotation, it may be concluded, is taken from Rollo at *neither*; and for mere occupation of the eye, and utter stagnation of the thoughts, is a perfect curiosity in its way.

'I shall explain something to you by the help of a story which I am going to put in here. I shall stop telling the story every few minutes to explain some things about the way of printing it. Here is the beginning of the story:—

"Once there was a man who thought he would go up a mountain:—"

'That is the beginning of the story: but I want to stop a moment to ask you to look at the letters it is printed with, and see whether they are as large as the reading before it. Is it printed in just as large letters—or larger, or smaller? . . . Yes, it is smaller. I am going to have all the story printed in smaller print. The reason is, because the principal thing I wish to do is to explain to you how to read, and I only wish for the story to help me. So I put it in smaller print—or, as they generally call it, smaller *type*. It is often so in books—one part is printed in larger, and the other in smaller type. The most important is in large type—the least important is in small type. If you will ask your father or mother, or brother or sister, if you have one old enough, they will show you books with large and small print in them. Whenever you see anything printed in smaller print than the rest of the book, you ought not to read right on without thinking anything of it—but you ought to pause a minute and observe it, and think what the reason is. Now I will begin my story again in small print:—

"Once there was a man who thought he would go up a mountain: so he rode along on his horse till he came as near to the mountain as he could on the road; and then he turned off into the woods, and rode on till he came to the foot of the mountain; so he tied his horse to a tree.

"Then he began to walk up the mountain."

'Do you see that when we come to the word *tree*, just above there, that we leave off printing in that line? There is a period, and the rest of the line has nothing in it. It is blank, as they call it; that is, white—all white paper. The next part of the story begins in the next line. The next part of the story is these words:—"Then he began," and that is printed in the next line. And if you look at it you will see that it is not exactly at the beginning of the line. The word "Then" is not printed as near the side of the page as the other lines above it are. There is a little space left blank. Do you see the little space left blank before the "Then?" Now, what do you suppose is the reason why we left off in the middle of the line, and began again in the next line, leaving a
little

little blank space? Why, it is because I had finished telling you all about the man's *coming* to the mountain, and was now going to tell you all about his *going up* the mountain; and so I thought it would be better to leave off for that line, and begin again in the next.'

Now, the child that can have the patience to read such passages as these (of which these books are full), except for ridicule or by compulsion, must, indeed, be in a hopeless state of dulness, and would probably learn as much if all the books in the world were 'a blank, as they call it; that is, white—all white paper.' When they have learned it all, what have they gained? What do American writers suppose that a child's mind is made of, or childhood given for, if they can have either time or patience to stop and sift such dry dust as this, on a road where all around them is so beautiful, and their great impulse is to advance. We suspect better things were gleaned through the *pocket-hole*. Next follows an equally minute dissertation upon *italics*—a mode of printing which, judging from their application of it, might be defined as designating what especially demands skipping. Here, also, the child is not informed of the origin of the word or of its real intention. This would be too interesting; but his attention is laboriously called, and arduously kept, to the profound fact of *italics* consisting of '*sloping*' letters, and not of 'straight.'

But this substitution of empty minutiae for solid acquirement is so entirely the character of these works as plainly to prove that those who do not know where to commence in education as little know where to leave off. Peter Parley, in his '*Magazine for Children*,' his own indubitable work, and a most vulgar affair, stops them short in every other chapter, to tell them *how* they are to read this same 'Peter Parley's Magazine:' that first they are to take it up, and then open it, and then, we conclude, be sure to hold it the right way upwards: while Todd, in his '*Student's Manual*,' proceeds, with vast exuberance of words, to explain the marginal notes and signs, descriptive of surprise, admiration, or doubt, which the student is to make upon reading Mr. Todd's book; coupled with the sage admonition, that 'care should be always taken to make the same mark mean the same thing every time.' And this they call 'making a child think for himself!' We suspect the little Toddlings will never swim without bladders.

All rules of common sense being thus set aside, it is not surprising that those of good taste, which is of kindred growth, should be equally disregarded, and that these gentlemen should think any attention to style not a whit more necessary in teaching their children than in scolding their 'helps.' Their own uncouth phraseology, crack-jaw words, and puritan-derived expressions, are
nationalities,

nationalities, and as such not to be cavilled at. Their children never did, or perhaps never will, hear any other language; and it is to be hoped they *understand it*. At all events, we have nothing to do but to keep ours from it, believing firmly that an early familiarity with refined and beautiful forms, whether in a nursery rhyme or penny print, is of importance—one of the greatest subordinate safeguards against evil, if not accessories to good. But it is the affectation of pathos and wit with an utter contempt for their rules, the self-satisfied assumption of the artist without deigning to recognise the art, which is here so conspicuous. In these respects the old-fashioned English children's books, with their gilt covers and bad type, were irreproachable. If the language was too pompous, as a composition it was correct: if their allegories were too formal and frequent, their structure was true. If they had no ease, they had no carelessness; and if they had too much pedantry, they had no vulgarity. A child is never too young for sound forms; bad writing is always beneath him; and before he understands what a moral or what a figure means, he *feels* the truth of their connexion. The whole force of the meaning, or extent of the beauty, only breaks upon him by degrees; but this matters not. If there has been but little profit, there has been no confusion, and this is all the best of educationists can ensure. But here, at the risk of repetition, we must observe that an utter want of keeping in practice is a necessary consequence of such a complete falsification of theory; and that those who are thus presumptuous in enlarging the boundaries of education are the first to despise its simplest rules, and violate its earliest courtesies. The same child who in one page is called to a place he is not qualified to occupy, is in the next not complimented with the barest decencies of address. Provided he talks to him in a trivial and baby way, an American writer supposes that he will never find out whether his metaphors be true, his facts and figures distinct, or his moral and his illustration in unison. Thus 'the blazing of the winter-logs' and 'the flame of Christian love' are put in juxtaposition; children are represented as 'clinging to their mothers' arms, and *twining themselves round her heart*'; while their illustrations of the moral qualities are frequently so incomprehensibly false and ludicrous, that in our own defence we must give quotation instead of assertion. After imparting to us that novel fact in natural history, that 'even the fowls of the air, and the cattle of the field, *love their parents*,' Mr. Abbott in his '*Child at Home*' gives this touching anecdote, to show how ardently a mother loves her child:—

'I was once going in my gig up the hill in the village of Frankford, near Philadelphia, when a little girl, about two years old, who had
toddled

toddled away from a small house, was lying basking in the sun, in the middle of the road. About two hundred yards before I got to the child the teams of three waggons, five big horses in each, the drivers of which had stopped to drink at a tavern at the brow of the hill, started off, and came, nearly abreast, galloping down the road. I got my gig off the road as speedily as I could, but expected to see the poor child crushed to pieces. A young man, a journeyman carpenter, who was shingling a shed by the road side, seeing the child, and seeing the danger, though a stranger to the parents, jumped from the top of the shed, ran into the road, and snatched up the child from scarcely an inch before the hoof of the leading horse. The horse's leg knocked him down; but he, catching the child by its clothes, flung it back out of the way of the other horses, and saved himself by rolling back with surprising agility. The mother of the child, who had apparently been washing, seeing the teams, and seeing the danger of the child, rushed out, and catching up the child, just as the carpenter had flung it back, and hugging it in her arms, uttered a shriek, such as I never heard before, never heard since, and I hope shall never hear again, and then dropped down as if perfectly dead. By the application of the usual means she was restored, however, in a little while; and I being about to depart, asked the carpenter if he were a married man, and whether he were a relation of the parents of the child. He said he was neither. "Well then," said I, "you merit the gratitude of every father and mother in the world; and I will show you mine by giving you what I have," pulling out the nine or ten dollars which I had in my pocket. "No, I thank you, Sir," said he, "I have only done what it was my duty to do."

'Bravery, disinterestedness, and maternal affection' [in the carpenter we conclude] 'surpassing these, it is impossible to imagine. The mother was going right in among the feet of these powerful and wild horses, and amongst the wheels of the waggons. She had no thought for herself, no feeling of fear for her own life; her *shriek* was the sound of inexpressible joy—joy too great to support herself under.

'Now can you conceive a more ungrateful wretch than that boy would be, if he should grow up not to love or obey his mother? She was willing to die for him—she was willing to run directly under the feet of these *ferocious* horses, that she might save his life; and if he has one particle of generosity in his bosom, he will do every thing in his power to make her happy.'

This illustration of maternal affection may speak for itself—the carpenter saved the child, a stranger offered him nine dollars for doing so,—but the mother *shrieked*! But this is one of the many happy non-sequiturs with which these books abound. Next follows the harrowing story of a widow who let her only child wander out alone at night into a prairie infested with wild beasts, while she herself 'got well engaged in the worship of God;' and then was about as instrumental in its recovery as the last specimen of motherly forethought and promptitude. Upon the whole, it may be questioned whether such direct appeals to the filial feelings ever do answer.

History abounds with the most beautiful instances of maternal devotion, which a child may read and apply in silence ; while these writers, in their vulgar efforts to stimulate this most sacred of all human affections, remind us of a child who, having sown a seed, digs it up so often to see whether it is growing, that he finishes by destroying it altogether.

We have endeavoured to confine our remarks to such American books as we have found most in English circulation, and which, from the nature of their pretensions, most invite criticism. At the same time, our researches have included many of other kinds, and several of which we are happy to be able to speak in far different terms. Their works of amusement, when not laden with more religion than the tale can hold in solution, are often admirable. Miss Sedgewick takes a high place for powers of description and traits of nature, though her language is so studded with Americanisms as much to mar the pleasure and perplex the mind of an English reader. Beside this lady, Mrs. Sigourney and Mrs. Seba Smith may be mentioned. The former, especially, to all other gifts adds a refinement, and a nationality of subject, which a knowledge of some of her poetical pieces had led us to expect. Indeed, the Americans have little occasion to go begging to the history or tradition of other nations for topics of interest. The first colonists—the Indians—Washington and Washington's mother—offer materials in abundance to kindle the cheek or moisten the eye, while the wildness and beauty of their native scenery offer a fund of fresh imagery, of which their juvenile writers have as yet but sparingly availed themselves.

Did our limits permit, it would be interesting to show how strongly the leading national features are traceable even in this puny form. An individual who had never so much as heard that the Americans were a calculating people would have no doubt of the matter, after a slight acquaintance with their juvenile literature. It is astonishing how early the value of a dollar, and the best way of turning it, may be instilled. Children talk to one another of the miseries of a 'dead capital,' and the duty of securing 'good interest;' the book nearest their hearts is evidently their *savings-bank book*; while a favourite illustration, and apparently the strongest proof that can be adduced of a mother's kindness, is to remind the child that she gives it all *gratis*. An undutiful girl of ten years old, who is discontented with her home, is admonished that before she quits it her parents may bring in *their bill*;—a calculation is made that the least that can be charged for her ten years' maintenance, at so much per week, amounts to 'one thousand and forty dollars;'—and further,

further, that the interest upon the money is above sixty dollars a-year.

And this is called *reasoning* with a child! Out upon such modern tacticians! A knowledge of human nature is their motto and gathering cry; their condemnation may be summed up in their utter absence of this knowledge, in the unpardonable ignorance with which they mistake, and insult, underrate, or overtask the mind they profess to understand. Education is an incalculable engine—we see it in the result; but of its action we know, and ever shall know, but little. One mind is apparently made by it, another shows no sign of its influence; one opens visibly to receive it, another takes it in by unseen pores; some thrive upon it from the outset, others pause and take a Midsummer shoot. Instead, however, of these facts furnishing any arguments in favour of that clumsy fumbling for the unformed intellect—that merciless hunting down of the tender and unfledged thought, which these books inculcate and exemplify—they may be regarded as directly forbidding all vain experiment and speculation upon a subject, the end of which is so important, and the action so mysterious. There is, doubtless, an immense deal of discretionary power in all parents and preceptors, but if the steps of childhood are to be thus dodged, even when in the openest paths, if nothing is to be learnt but what they teach, nor felt but what they prescribe, how awfully is the trouble and responsibility increased! Let us, therefore, not be caught by plans which are as onerous to the parent as dangerous to the child, but be mindful to sow the seeds of learning and piety in a sound and, as far as possible, established way,—remembering that all human systems are imperfect, but those most of all which time has neither digested nor proved.

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- ART. III.—1. *Brandy and Salt ; a Remedy for various External and Internal Complaints, discovered by William Lee, Esq., &c.* By J. Vallance. London.
2. *Organon ; ou l'Art de Guérir. Traduit de l'original Allemand du Dr. Samuel Hahnemann.* Par Erneste George de Brennow. Paris. 1832.
3. *Principles of Homœopathy.* By P. Curie, M.D. formerly Surgeon of the Military Hospital of Paris, &c. &c. London. 1837.
4. *Practice of Homœopathy.* By P. Curie, M.D. London. 1838.
5. *Hydropathy ; or the Cold-Water Cure ; as practised by*
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Vincent Priessnitz, of Graefenberg, Silesia, Austria. By R. J. Claridge, Esq. London. 1842.

6. *The Water Cure. A practical Treatise on the Cure of Diseases by Water, Air, Exercise, and Diet, &c. &c.* By James Wilson, Physician to His Serene Highness Prince Nassau, &c. &c. London. 1842.
7. *Quacks and Quackery Unmasked; or Strictures on the Medical Art as now practised by Physicians, &c.; with Hints upon a simple Method in connection with the Cold-Water Cure.* By J. C. Feldmann, M.D. London. 1842.

IN Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters from Italy she thus describes the physician who attended her in a dangerous illness:—

'He will not allow his patients to have either surgeon or apothecary. He performs surgical operations with great dexterity, and whatever compounds he gives he makes in his own house, which are very few, the juice of herbs and these waters being commonly his sole prescriptions. He has very little learning, and professes to draw all his knowledge from experience, which he possesses perhaps in a greater degree than any other mortal, being the seventh doctor of his family in a direct line. His forefathers have all left journals and registers solely for the use of their posterity, none of them having ever published anything; and he has recourse on every difficult case to these manuscripts, of which the veracity at least is unquestionable.'

Here is an example of an individual who lived less than a century ago, but who belonged to the primitive order of medical practitioners, such as flourished in the early ages of society, before the healing art was taught in schools, or had begun to assume the character of a science. The family of the Asclepiades were practitioners of the same description, Hippocrates himself being described as one of them, and the seventeenth in a lineal succession from its founder *Æsculapius*.

And we have no doubt that Lady Mary's Italian physician, as well as his predecessors of ancient times, had accumulated a considerable store of important practical knowledge, derived from the only true source of all knowledge—observation and experience; and beyond all comparison more useful to the world than the speculative doctrines which were promulgated by some distinguished professors on the first establishment of medical schools. It was about the time of Lady Mary's illness that the celebrated John Brown began to direct his attention to the study of medicine. The Brunonian theory, and the name of its founder, have been celebrated over the whole of Europe, while the reputation of the humble Italian never extended beyond the limits of the narrow district in which he practised,

practised, and has probably even there long since perished; but we suspect that the patients of the former must have had a poor chance of recovery compared with those who shared the attentions of the latter.

We are not, however, so heterodox as to maintain that the method pursued by the Asclepiades, or by the practitioner of Lovere, is the best that can be devised for the attainment of a knowledge of medicine and surgery. We have no right to place John Brown, nor even Boerhaave or Cullen, in the same category with the best professors of modern times. Combinations of individuals, and the division of labour, are as useful in these as in other sciences, and have done for them what could never have been done by the most earnest individual exertions. A better knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry has laid the foundation of more just notions of disease; the studies pursued in the wards of our hospitals have assumed altogether a practical form; and in the application of remedies the question is no longer how far they dovetail in with a prevailing theory, but what has been actually observed to be the result where they have been administered in other cases.

Still, whatever may be the amount of actual knowledge which has been handed down to us from age to age, and however improved the method of studying may be, it is evident that the medical sciences have not yet attained, and to us it does not appear probable that they ever will attain, the same degree of perfection with some other branches of knowledge. In the living body not only is there in operation the combined influence of the mechanical and chemical laws of matter, but to these is superadded another set of laws, and another order of phenomena, namely those of *vitality*. Hence it is that there are few other sciences equally complicated with these; or in which it is so difficult to obtain an exact knowledge of facts, or to make extensive and well-founded generalizations. It is also evident that the art of applying these sciences to practice can never meet the demand which is made upon it, or satisfy the expectations, we will not say of society as a body, but of the individuals who compose it. It may do much, but it cannot do all that is wanted; for if it could, pain would be banished from the world, and man would be immortal. No one will hesitate to admit this as a general proposition; but that is quite a different matter from the application of it in a particular instance to our own peculiar case. The instinct of self-preservation is powerful within us, and it is from this natural and obvious cause, as well as from others to which we shall advert hereafter, that mankind have been led in all ages to look for other means of obtaining relief in illness be-

sides

sides what are afforded to them by those who have been regularly instructed as medical practitioners.

We are not to suppose that all of those whose names might be comprised in a list of medical impostors have been really dishonest. Many of them have evidently been mere enthusiasts, stimulated probably by the double motive of doing service to their fellow-creatures and gratifying their own vanity. Others have been in the no uncommon situation of inventing lies first, and believing their own inventions afterwards. We have been informed on good authority of the vender of a quack medicine who had such disinterested faith in his own remedy, that in his last illness he would have recourse to no other—and died taking it. But we fear, nevertheless, that the honest party among these pretenders is in a small minority, and that with the greater number the only object which they have had in view has been that of turning the weakness of mankind to their own advantage, laughing in secret at the individuals whom they have duped.

A well-digested history of this irregular order of medical practitioners would not be uninteresting. It would present to us a curious list of priests and nobles, philosophers, simpletons, and knaves. Even royalty itself would not be absent from it. The name of king's-evil was applied to scrofulous diseases because the kings of England and France claimed, and were supposed to possess, the power of curing it by the simple process of touching the afflicted with the hand. The hand of the seventh son of a seventh son, and also the hand of a man who had been hanged, possessed the same healing property—which last must have been a flattering association for the monarchs. In England it is said that the miracle was first wrought by Edward the Confessor; nor did the lapse of centuries impair the faith of any of the parties concerned—Charles II. having, in the course of twenty-two years, during which exact registers were kept, touched 92,107 scrofulous persons. Wiseman, who held the office of serjeant-surgeon, a man of great repute in his day, and of undoubted skill (for the folio volume on surgery which he has left behind him may be consulted with advantage even at the present time), bears the following testimony to the efficacy of his royal master's treatment:—'I must needs profess that what I write' (that is on the subject of scrofula) 'will do little more than show the weakness of our ability when compared with his Majesty's, who cureth more in one year than all the surgeons in London have done in an age.' Brown, who was also one of his Majesty's *chirurgiens*, and *chirurgien* of his Majesty's hospital in London, makes a statement similar to that of Wiseman, and asserts that Cromwell was anxious to exercise this as well as the other prerogatives of royalty, but that the practice

practice failed in his hands, 'he having no more right to the healing power than he had to the legal jurisdiction.' It seems, however, that the faith of Wiseman was not so absolute but that he deemed it expedient to add to his other dissertations sixty-four closely-printed pages on the history of the king's-evil, and the mode of treating it by ordinary means. It is probable that there were others who had no faith at all, although it might be dangerous to express their sentiments — one Thomas Rosewell having, in the year 1684, been tried on a charge of high treason, for having publicly said that 'the people made a flocking to the king upon pretence of being healed of the king's-evil, which he could not do, but that they, being priests and prophets, could do as much.' Rosewell was found guilty, but afterwards pardoned. King William declined to exercise this part of the royal prerogative, but it was resumed by Queen Anne, as is shown by a passage in the 'Life of Dr. Johnson,' in which it is stated that he was taken to her Majesty when a child 'to be touched for the evil, by the advice of an eminent physician, Sir John Floyer.' The good sense of King George I. put an end to this absurdity, but it continued to flourish in France under Louis XV., and in this country it was soon followed by others, over which the royal authority had no control.

'I find,' says Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter dated Lovere, July, 1748, 'that tar-water has succeeded to Ward's drops; and it is possible that some other form of quackery has by this time taken place of that. The English are, more than any other nation, infatuated by the prospect of universal medicine,' &c. &c.

The history of the medicine which is here referred to is singular enough; proposed as it was, not by a charlatan seeking to impose on the public for his own profit, but by a benevolent clergyman, a metaphysician and mathematician: a philosopher distinguished alike for the clearness of his perceptions and the acuteness of his reasonings. Bishop Berkley, having proved to his own satisfaction that the existence of a material world is a mere delusion, did not hesitate to believe that the drinking of tar-water 'would mitigate and even prevent the smallpox and erysipelas; that nothing is so useful as this in cases of painful ulcers of the bowels; in consumptive coughs, and ulcers of the lungs, with expectoration of pus; that it cures asthma, dropsy, and indigestion, the king's-evil, all kinds of sores, and the foulest disorders.' Time and experience only confirmed him in these opinions. In a subsequent publication he says,—'I freely own that I suspect tar-water to be a panacea. . . . And as the old philosopher cried aloud from the housetop to his fellow-citizens, "Educate your children," so, if I had
a situation

a situation high enough, and a voice loud enough, I would say to all the valetudinarians upon earth, "Drink tar-water!"

But it happened, as had been anticipated in the letter which we have just quoted, that the reputation of tar-water was not of much duration; and it has been long since not only neglected, but forgotten.

Another specific which was in vogue about the same time shared no better fate, although it was first recommended on the authority of another distinguished philosopher, who was also a physician, and afterwards sanctioned by the three branches of the legislature. A certain Mrs. Stephens professed to have discovered a cure for the gravel and stone in the bladder and kidneys, in the shape of a powder, and a decoction of pills, all to be administered internally. The celebrated David Hartley collected evidence on the subject, and published an octavo volume recommending Mrs. Stephens's medicine, with an account of 150 cases in which it was supposed to have been administered with advantage, his own case being among the number. Mrs. Stephens offered to make known her secret to the public for the sum of 5000*l*. An attempt was made to raise the amount by subscription, and several noblemen and gentlemen promised their contributions towards it; in the list of whom we find the names of some eminent physicians and surgeons,—Dr. Peter Shaw, Dr. Monsey, and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Caesar Hawkins. Not more than 1387*l*., however, having been collected, application was made to parliament, by whom the sum required was granted, the composition of the specific being afterwards published in the London Gazette. It consisted of egg-shells and snail-shells, with the snails in them, all calcined; ash-keys, hips and haws, swine-cress and various other vegetables, all burned to a cinder; with camomile-flowers, fennel, and some other vegetables—these last not being burned in the same manner. The disclosure of the mystery did not add to the reputation of the medicine. It gradually fell into disuse. Dr. Hartley himself died of the disease of which he had supposed himself to be cured; and we will venture to say that among the other patients who were really afflicted in the same manner, and who did not resort to other methods of relief, there were none who did not share Dr. Hartley's fate. It would, indeed, be a matter of astonishment that so many grave persons should have arrived at a conclusion on such insufficient evidence as that which Dr. Hartley had furnished, if we did not know how easy it is for mankind to be made to believe that to be true which they wish to be so.

These histories are sufficiently instructive to those who are disposed to learn; but the next is more instructive still. It is within

within the memory of many now alive, that an individual of the name of Perkins claimed the discovery of a new method of curing diseases by the application to the surface of the body of certain pieces of metal, prepared by himself in some unknown manner, and sold by him under the name of 'metallic tractors.' This agency was attributed to some kind of magnetic influence which the tractors possessed, and, if the report of the inventor could be believed, the effects which they had produced in his own country (the United States of America) were indeed marvellous. The trials made of them in England were at first not less successful than those on the other side of the Atlantic. Persons of the highest station, as well as in other grades of society, bore testimony to the wonders which they worked. 'Among the vouchers,' says Mr. Perkins, 'will be found eight professors in four universities, in the various branches, as follows: three of natural philosophy, four of medicine, one of natural history: to these may be added nineteen physicians, seventeen surgeons, and twenty clergymen, of whom ten are doctors of divinity; and many others of equal respectability.' Perkinism advanced rapidly in reputation everywhere; but the chief seat of its triumphs seems to have been in Bath, which at that period, before the road was opened to the German Spas, was resorted to by a vast number of invalids of every description, and, what was more to the purpose, by a host of *malades imaginaires* also. Nor was this all. It was thought, and not without reason, that, if the principle were good, it might be extended further; and many grave and sober-minded gentlemen wore pieces of loadstone suspended round the neck, for the purpose of preventing or curing the gout.

But, unfortunately for Perkinism, there dwelt in Bath a certain shrewd physician, Dr. Haygarth, who was not inclined to yield implicitly to the authority of the aforesaid university professors, nor of the ten doctors of divinity, and ten other clergymen, nor even of the thirty-six wiseacres of his own craft, who had borne witness to the efficacy of the tractors. It occurred to him that he had neither seen nor heard of any effects following the use of the tractors which might not fairly be attributed to the influence of the imagination either of the patient or of the bystanders. In order to determine how far this was or was not the case, he provided some pieces of wood fashioned to the same shape, and painted of the same colour, as the tractors; and then by an innocent—we will not call it a pious—fraud he caused them to be applied, under the pretence of their being the genuine tractors, in the usual manner, to various patients. The experiments were conducted partly by himself, and partly by a gentleman who still lives enjoying the respect of the profession to which he belongs—Mr.

Richard

Richard Smith, surgeon to the Bristol infirmary; and they were witnessed by a great number of persons. The results were not less remarkable than those which followed the use of the real Perkinian instruments. There was only one patient among those subjected to the operation who did not declare that he experienced from it more or less benefit, and in *him* the effect of it was greatly to augment his sufferings, so that he would on no account allow it to be repeated. He said that 'the tractors had tormented him out of one night's rest, and that they should do so no more.' This exposure was a death-blow to Perkinism. Even in Bath, the following year produced only a single case of supposed cure from the tractors; and in the course of two or three years the delusion had vanished in other places.

It was not very long after the period which is here referred to that some one recommended *mustard-seed*, to be taken internally, as a cure for all sorts of disorders. One or two wonderful recoveries, which were said to have followed the taking of mustard-seed, gave it at once a vast reputation. Everybody took mustard-seed. The street in which it was sold was crowded with carriages, the tenants of which were patiently waiting until it came to their turn to be drawn up to the emporium of mustard-seed. This lasted for two or three years. It was then discovered that mustard-seed did no more than a great number of remedies could do, which it was less disagreeable to swallow; and that some persons suffered harm from the quantity of it which they had taken; and the delusion went the way of the tractors.

A young man, who had been brought up as a journeyman-cooper, was instructed by his mother in the art of *champooing*. Champooing, and other modes of friction, have been long known as useful remedies in certain cases of stiff joints and weakened limbs, and as a substitute for exercise in bedridden patients; and there are many respectable females, of the class of nurses, in London, who practise the art very successfully, and think themselves amply remunerated for their labour by earning a few shillings daily. But this youth was more fortunate. One or two cures, which it was reported that he had made, caused him to be talked of at every dinner-table. It was believed that he had made a prodigious discovery in the healing art—that champooing, performed according to his method, was a remedy for all disorders. Not only those to whose cases the treatment was really applicable, but those to whose cases it was not applicable at all—patients with diseases of the hip and spine, of the lungs and liver—patients with the worst diseases, and patients with no disease whatever—went to be champooed. The time of the artist, being fully occupied, rose in value; and we have no doubt that we do not over-estimate his gains

gains in saying that, for one or two years, his receipts were at the rate of 6000*l.* annually. A young lady, whose lower limbs had been paralytic from infancy, was brought to him from the country to be cured. At the end of a year, 500*l.* having been expended in the experiment, she returned home in the same state as when she had left it: but promises were made to her that if the process were repeated it would produce the desired effect at last, and she came to London again for the purpose. The result was such as might have been anticipated. Matters went on thus for three or four years, when the delusion ceased about as suddenly as it had leapt into vigour, and the champooer found himself all at once deprived of his vocation.

The history of St. John Long is in the recollection of many of our readers. This individual had been brought up as a painter, but, finding this profession to be productive of no immediate profit, he turned his attention to the healing art. His principal remedy was a liniment, of which we believe that oil of turpentine and some kind of mineral acid were the principal ingredients. However that may have been, in common with many other stimulating applications, it had the property of producing an exudation from the surface of the skin. The physician's theory was, that all diseases depend on a morbid matter in the blood, and that the exudation from the skin was this poison drawn out by the power of the liniment. Thus extraordinary cures were made of gout and rheumatism, abscesses of the lungs and liver, and *insanity*. A noble lord saw a fluid resembling quicksilver extracted from a patient's head. The house in which these miracles were wrought was crowded with patients belonging to the affluent classes of society, and the street with carriages. At last some cases occurred in which the application of the liniment caused a violent inflammation, ending in extensive gangrene. One patient died, and then another, and we have reason to believe that one or two others met with the same fate. The practitioner was convicted of manslaughter. If the remedy were of any real value, we do not know that these cases proved anything but the necessity of greater caution in the use of it; for there are few agents for good which, if carried too far, or had recourse to on improper occasions, may not be agents for evil also. The public, however, did not look so far as this, and their faith in the treatment was rapidly abating when the practitioner himself fell a victim to pulmonary disease.

There is a curious sequel to this history, which has been communicated to us on good authority. But we have no wish to make individuals, who had no very wrong intentions, look ridiculous, when it can answer no useful purpose to do so. Suffice it then to say that a medical practitioner, who had a fair reputation in the district

district in which he resided in the sister-kingdom, was persuaded to occupy the house in which the liniment had worked such wonders, with a view to carry on the same method of treatment, and with the self-same remedies. The charm, however, was no more in his hands than that of 'touching for the evil' had been in the hands of Cromwell; the street was empty of carriages, and the drawing-room of patients, and the new-comer was soon glad to return to his former, and, we hope, more useful and profitable occupation.

These projects, with a great number of others of the same description, are now matters of history. They have lived their day, and have been long since dead and buried. But we are not to suppose that the race of them is extinct, or that this age of wealth, luxury, and leisure is less favourable to their development than those which have preceded it.

Mr. Vallance, the author of one of the works of which the titles are placed at the beginning of this article, is not the inventor, but he fills the no less useful though more humble office of promulgator of the *brandy-and-salt* remedy. This vast discovery was made by a Mr. Lee, an English gentleman, who, as Mr. Vallance informs us, possesses an estate of 12,000 acres of land in France (it is not said in what part), on which he resides in a castle with two gamekeepers, one chaplain, and eighty domestics. An accidental circumstance led him to a knowledge of the medicinal virtues of a solution of six ounces of common culinary salt in one pint of French brandy. Sometimes used externally, and at other times taken internally, it removes the effects of the stings of mosquitoes, guats, wasps, bees, and vipers; it cures the head-ache, and ear-ache, and side-ache; gout, consumption, scrofula, insanity, chilblains, mortification, and about thirty other disorders:—

'Mr. C. C., of Bishop's Lane, was cured of the gravel in a few days.'

'Richard Cowley, my boy, had his feet crushed by the fall of a window-shutter, so that the blood gushed out at his toe-ends, but, thanks to the influence of brandy and salt, he was cured in a week.'

'John Calvert, James Crowest, and Mr. L. were all dying of consumption, but recovered rapidly under the use of brandy and salt.'

Even the worst complications of disease yield to this remedy. A lady who was afflicted at the same time with a sore leg, a bad breast, an abscess in her back, another abscess under her arm, and with rheumatism, was cured of these five disorders in the course of six weeks.

But the most interesting case is that of Captain Plumb, of the Ann, London trader, who was extremely ill 'all over his body,
inside

inside and out, and thought himself near death.' The captain was restored to health in the course of one month.

And, as far as Mr. Lee is concerned, all these benefits have been conferred on society from no other motive than that of pure benevolence. He is not only not paid, but he actually pays for the cures which he makes, having given away in the course of one year not less than a hogshead of brandy and salt to his patients. Neither can Mr. Vallance be accused of being influenced by the desire of lucre to any immoderate extent, if we may venture to form an opinion on the subject from the following notice at the end of his treatise:—'As I receive a great many letters requesting advice in particular cases, I beg to state that I cannot undertake to answer any, except a remittance of one shilling be made, with a penny post-ticket to pay the postage.'

The pretensions of *Homœopathy* are of a more lofty character than those of brandy and salt. The homœopathist claims the discovery of a law of nature before unknown; the establishment of a new science; the invention of a new method of curing diseases so efficient and certain, that hereafter none ought to be held to be incurable; and he denounces the absurdity and mischief of the healing art, as it is commonly practised, in language not less vehement than that of Paracelsus, when he publicly burned the works of Galen and Avicenna as being those of quacks and impostors, exclaiming to the crowd who were assembled to witness the ceremony,—'You will all follow my new system, you professors of Paris, Montpellier, Cologne, and Vienna; you that dwell on the Rhine and the Danube; you that inhabit the isles of the sea; and ye also, Italians, Dalmatians, Athenians, Arabians, and Jews, ye will all follow my doctrines; for I am the monarch of medicine!'

Dr. Hahnemann, the founder of the homœopathic system, having been educated as a physician, was engaged in medical practice, first in a small town of Saxony, and afterwards in Dresden.* This pursuit, however, was by no means suitable to his genius. We are informed that, having acquired more reputation than profit, he was compelled to eke out his professional gains by the translation of foreign works. But his ill-success was not to continue for ever.

'All at once,' we quote the words of Mr. Erneste George de Brennow, the translator of the '*Organon*,' 'a new idea illuminates his mind; a new career is opened to him, in which nature and experience are to be his guides. Obstacles and difficulties without number retard his solitary progress in the hitherto untrodden track; but his never-failing courage surmounts them all. The most astounding phenomena are presented

* Curie's '*Principles of Homœopathy*,' pp. 15, 16.

to his contemplation; he mounts from one certainty to another, penetrates the night of mists, and is at last rewarded for his toil by the sight of the star of truth shining brilliantly over his head and sending forth its rays for the benefit of suffering human nature.'

It was not, however, until after the lapse of some years that Hahnemann deemed it expedient to communicate his discovery to the world. Having done so, in the expectation of better fortune than he had met with at Dresden, he changed his residence to Leipsic.

Under his new method of practice Hahnemann became the dispenser of his own medicines, thus combining the offices of physician and apothecary. This, and probably some other circumstances, roused the jealousy of the regular practitioners. An absurd, and we may say a most unjustifiable, persecution followed, which ended in a decree against him in the Saxon Courts of Law. But what was intended for his ruin laid the foundation of his fortune. It made him and his doctrine known, and excited the sympathy of the Duke of Anhalt Cöthen,* who first offered him an asylum at his court, and then made him one of his councillors. From thence he removed some years afterwards to Paris.

Now the hitherto unknown law of nature, the grand secret which the 'star of truth' revealed to Hahnemann after he had 'penetrated the night of mists,' is so simple that it has been stated by him in three words—'*Similia similibus curantur.*' Plain however as this announcement may be, we suspect that some among our readers may not at once perceive in what manner the aforesaid law of nature is applicable to the healing art, and to such obtuser intellects the following explanation may be satisfactory. A disease is to be cured by exhibiting a medicine which has the power of producing in the patient a disease of the same nature with that from which he desires to be relieved. Two similar diseases cannot co-exist in the same system, nor in the same organ. The artificial drives out the original disease, and, having done its business, evaporates and leaves the patient restored to health.

It must be owned that there is in this doctrine something which is rather startling to the uninitiated. We had never before even dreamed that we could produce a given disease at our pleasure. Besides, if the doctrine were true, bark ought to produce the ague, and sulphur the itch; mineral acids should be the cause of profuse perspirations; and jalap (as it is given to relieve certain viscera) should occasion their oppression. Nor are these difficulties got rid of by the (so-called) facts which Hahnemann

* Curie, p. 20.

offers in illustration of his principle; such as that* belladonna produces the exact symptoms of hydrophobia; that *Thomas de Mayence, Münch, Buchholz, and Neimicke* cured that terrible disorder by the administration of this poison; and that *Rademacher*† cured a fever with delirium and stertorous breathing in a single night by giving the patient wine. Indeed, it seems to us remarkable that Hahnemann should not have provided himself with some better examples in favour of the doctrine which he would inculcate than those which he has presented to us, believing, as we do, that there is no opinion as to the nature and treatment of diseases, however absurd, for which some kind of authority may not be found by any one who will condescend for that purpose to grope among the rubbish of medical literature.

However, it is not so much our wish to criticise the works of the homœopathic writers, as to furnish such an analysis and exposition of their doctrines as may render them in some degree intelligible to our readers, very few of whom have, we suspect, been at the pains of looking into these matters for themselves.

Having thus satisfied himself of the truth of the maxim ‘revealed to him by the star of truth,’ *similia similibus curantur*—and that it applies not only to physical, but also to moral ailments—(in proof of which last assertion Dr. Curie—p. 79—quotes the authority of Eloisa :—

‘O let me join

Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine’)—

Hahnemann commenced another investigation into the nature and origin of diseases. He classes them under the heads of ‘acute diseases,’ which may be solitary or epidemic; medical diseases; and chronic diseases. It is with respect to the latter that he has made the most notable discoveries. Every one of them may be traced to a chronic miasm, the worst of which seems to be the itch‡—this vulgar ailment being the real source of scrofula, rickets, and epilepsy. But the most laborious part of Hahnemann’s undertakings was a series of experiments which he instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the uses and operation of medicines. Here he acted on this very just and proper principle, that, if any one were to be poisoned in the course of these researches, it should be himself, his family, and his friends,§ Franz, Hornburg, and Stapf, with their eyes open, and not his unsuspecting patients. These experiments, as we are told, were continued during a period of twenty years; and some notion may

* Organon, p. 73.

† *Ib.*, p. 79.

‡ Principles of Homœopathy, pp. 119-121.

§ Curie, Principles, &c., p. 104.

|| Curie, Practice of Homœopathy, p. 40.

be formed of the extent to which Hahnemann and his friends must have laboured in the cause of their suffering fellow-creatures when we have stated the following facts. The homœopathic pharmacopœia is through their means enriched with 200 articles, the properties of 150 of which have been elaborately investigated. The object was to determine what symptoms in the healthy person each of these medicines might produce, with a view to ascertain in what diseases it would afford the means of cure. It was found that aconite produces 500 symptoms; arnica upwards of 600; arsenic and sulphur each upwards of 1000; pulsatilla, 1100; and nuxvomica as many as 1300, and so on: the whole, as Dr. Curie* observes, 'forming a vast arsenal, within which the homœopathic physician is at liberty to select the weapons to be used in his contest with disease.'

It makes one shudder to reflect on the sufferings of Dr. Hahnemann, his family, and his friends Franz. Hornburg, and Stapf, during those twenty years of probation. They must have experienced the symptoms of every existing disease one hundred times over. The variety of the symptoms, moreover, must have been not less perplexing to their intellects than distressing to their feelings. The lycopodium† cures, and therefore, according to the 'Star of Truth,' must cause, 'attacks of teasing pain in the top of the head, in the forehead, temples, eyes, and nose; headache in the exterior of the head during the night; piercing and scraping pain; suppuration of the eyes; disagreeable impressions produced by organ-music; warts in the nose; ulcerated nostrils; repugnance for brown bread; risings of fat; canine appetite; dry, snoring cough; nocturnal pain in the elbows; cramps; a turning-back of the toes in walking; itching; old ulcers of the legs; painful pluckings of the limbs; thoughts preventing sleep; a capricious and irritable temper; morose, uneasy state of mind; a tendency to seek quarrels!' &c. &c. &c. Again, muriate of soda,‡ or common culinary salt, cures (and therefore produces) "jolting in the head; incapability of thinking; splitting, teasing, and lancinating headach; plucking pains in the forehead; shutting of the eyes in the morning; whirlings in the stomach; noises in the left side of the belly; pain like that caused by a dislocation of the hip; inconvenience from eating bread; irritability, disposing to anger; sadness; great propensity to be frightened; leanness; a tendency to twist the loins," &c. &c.

We shall not distress our readers by any further description of what these self-devoted individuals must have endured. But it is satisfactory to know that they did not suffer

* Curie, Practice, &c., p. 41.

† Ibid. p. 293.

‡ Ibid. p. 302.

in vain—that they surmounted all the obstacles which lay before them—and that the world has now the opportunity of profiting by their fortitude and perseverance.

But in the course of these investigations Hahnemann made another discovery, at least equal in value to any of those which he had made before. Hitherto it had been supposed that the effects of any medicinal substance taken into the system bear some proportion to the quantity taken; that if two mercurial pills taken daily would make the gums sore, four would make them very sore; if ten grains of ipecacuanha would make you sick, twenty would make you very sick; if eight drops of solution of arsenic, taken three times daily, would put an end to an ague, twenty might put an end to the patient. There might be some exceptions to this rule, but it was believed that they were very rare. But Hahnemann discovered that all this is a mistake:—that, in order to obtain the full and proper effect of a medicine, the dose of it must be diminished to the millionth; the billionth, and even to the decillionth of a grain. We cannot illustrate this matter better than by referring to the powerful effects which we have already described as produced by common culinary salt. But these effects arise only when it comes in a minute dose from the hands of a homœopathist. We all of us swallow it in greater or less quantity daily—and some of us in very large quantity—without experiencing any one of them.

But here we meet with a very great difficulty as to the method by which this extreme degree of dilution of medicinal agents is to be determined; nor does the most diligent examination of the homœopathic writings enable us to get over it. Let us suppose a medicine to be in a liquid form, which is of course divisible with much less labour than that which is solid. In order that a single drop should represent the millionth part of a grain, the solution must be in the proportion of one grain to upwards of thirteen gallons of the solvent, which is either water or alcohol. But a billion is a million of millions; and the dose of a billionth of a grain would require one million times that quantity of the solvent, or about 217,000 hogsheads! Then, as to the smaller fractions, there may be some difference of opinion as to what they mean. Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, however, on the authority of Mr. Locke, defines a trillion to be a million of millions of millions—that is, a million of billions. As Mr. Locke invented the word, he had a right to give his own definition of it; and this being admitted, as a trillion is the third power of a million, so a decillion must be the tenth power of a million—a number represented by sixty places of figures, and defying all human conception!

The *cold-water system* possesses the advantage (perhaps we ought rather to say the disadvantage) of being more simple, and more within the reach of vulgar comprehension, than the mysteries of homœopathy. The inventor of it is one Vincent Priessnitz, concerning whom we are supplied with the following interesting particulars by Mr. Wilson. He is

‘a peasant of Silesia, built with broad shoulders, without any tendency to fat, five feet eight inches in height, with an excellent phrenological development, especially of those organs which relate to comparison, casualty [causality?], firmness, combativeness, and destructiveness; having had his front teeth knocked out; appearing a larger man at a distance than he is found to be when you are close to him; having a suspicious look; of few words; and drinking nothing but milk at his breakfast and supper.’—*Wilson*, p. 25.

The individual thus happily gifted has discovered that all diseases are to be cured by wrapping up the patients in blankets and feather-beds, so as to produce perspiration; and by the use of wet sheets, and cold baths of various kinds, and plentifully drinking cold water; and he has a large establishment at Graefenberg,* where five hundred patients are assembled for the purpose of undergoing his peculiar method of treatment. They dine daily on soup, bouilli, horse-radish sauce, veal, mutton, plum-sauce, potatoes, and pork, &c. &c.: eating as much as they can, and sometimes too much; and drinking prodigious quantities of cold water. They take exercise daily, by walking and sawing wood; and are not allowed to wear flannel. Whether it be better to sleep or walk after dinner is not yet determined; and we conclude that in this respect the patients do as they please. On Sunday evenings, after supper, they dance, have music, and play cards.

The authors of the three last works prefixed to this article have undertaken to explain this system for the benefit of the English public. Mr. Claridge is a gentleman of some literary accomplishments, being especially a proficient in that style of composition which is distinguished by the name of ‘rigmorole.’ He is an admirer of Priessnitz merely as a philanthropist and amateur, not seeking to enter into competition with him as a practitioner: but Mr. Wilson, physician to his Serene Highness the Prince of Nassau, has, we believe, set up a water-establishment of his own somewhere in this country; and, although a great admirer of Priessnitz, thinks that his system admits of improvement in many respects. He must, at any rate, know a good deal about it, having resided at Graefenberg for eight months;† followed Priessnitz like a

* Claridge, p. 136.

† Wilson, p. 68.

shadow ; having taken in his own person 500 cold-baths, 2400 sit-baths, reposed 480 hours in wet sheets, and drunk 3500 tumblers (we suppose rather more than three hogsheads) of cold water. Dr. Feldmann also is a physician, *belonging to several medical universities*, having a great horror of quacks, especially of English apothecaries and French physicians, and himself a practitioner on the cold-water system. Dr. Feldmann's faith, however, is not so complete as that of Mr. Claridge, nor even of Mr. Wilson. He thinks that drugs are necessary also, and he administers them in a way peculiar to himself.* To rich old ladies and gentlemen who think themselves ill, but are not so in reality, he gives twelve papers of white sugar, directing that one shall be taken daily. When this begins to disagree with the patient, in order that *aliquid fecisse videatur*, he gives an agreeably-scented water, with a delicate syrup, ordering a table-spoonful to be taken daily, exactly at eleven o'clock ; and he has found this method of proceeding to give the greatest satisfaction to his patients. In other cases, we conclude (for Dr. Feldmann does not absolutely say so) that he has recourse to more active remedies ; and he has ascertained that great evils have arisen at the Graefenberg establishment in consequence of Priessnitz trusting too exclusively to cold water. Hundreds of patients have left it without having derived the least benefit, after having passed several weeks in the vain expectation of a salutary crisis in the shape of an immense eruption of boils.† Hundreds of others have drunk themselves into a dropsy. But he adds,—

' I am, notwithstanding, convinced that the cold-water system is inseparable from medical science. I am equally certain that it can be applied with safety and effect only several days after the body has been in a state of perspiration as prescribed. This is a *conditio sine qua non*. My method of applying cold water is, however, altogether different from that practised at Graefenberg : for, in the first place, I am of opinion that the application of cold water, or the use of the cold-bath, should never be allowed during, or immediately after, a state of perspiration, but only a considerable time after ; *secondly*, I object to the use of the entire cold-bath at the commencement of medical treatment ; *thirdly*, I differ from Priessnitz in thinking that every patient should have a morbid crisis, that is, an eruption of boils, &c. &c. &c.

Who shall decide where doctors disagree ? We certainly, in this instance at least, shall undertake no such responsibility. With respect to Mr. Priessnitz's plan of treatment, however, it is but fair that we should say thus much. Whatever may be the value of his cold-baths, and sit-baths, and wet sheets, and drenching

* Feldmann, p. 67.

† Ib. p. 109.

with cold water, there is one part of it which seems calculated to be useful under certain circumstances. Individuals of strong constitutions, who have led indolent and luxurious lives, and are in consequence liable to gouty and rheumatic diseases, will probably derive benefit from exercise in walking and sawing wood, from being wrapped up in blankets and feather-beds until they perspire, and we may add, from the indifferent dinners at Graefenberg. We must also, in justice to Mr. Wilson, express our opinion that, although he may not cure consumption, or madness, or hydrophobia, by means of his cold water, yet that he will do a real service to no small proportion of his countrymen—if he can persuade them to take more exercise in the open air, to indulge themselves less in eating and drinking, and to look for the enjoyment of health not so much to the aid of medicine as to prudent and temperate habits of life.

But, whatever may be the good derived from exercise, perspiration, and abstinence, the Graefenberg system, or *hydropathy*, as Mr. Claridge* (perhaps facetiously) calls it, will owe its reputation not so much to these old-fashioned remedies as to the novelty of wet sheets, drenching with cold water, sit-baths, &c.; and these will assuredly prevail, and cause it to flourish for a season, until some person of note, who has submitted to this mode of treatment, is crippled by a rheumatic fever, or dead from a carbuncle, or until some fresher novelty arises to push it from its stool, and furnish another instance of the transitory nature of earthly glory.

That there will be other projects of the same description, and that there will be always some new delusion to succeed to an old one, can be a matter of no doubt in the mind of any one who is at the pains to consider the circumstances to which such projects and such delusions are indebted for their origin. One of these we have already noticed. Whatever good may arise from the exercise of the healing art, it cannot do all that is wanted; and the instinct to preserve life and to avoid suffering will often induce individuals to look for other help when that of science fails. This will especially happen among the affluent classes of society, to whom life is more valuable than it is to the poor—who are more accustomed to have their desires gratified—and who are more attractive objects of attention to those that deal in promises of cure.

Another cause leading to the same result has been thus described by the clever lady to whose letters we have already had occasion to refer:—

* From *ὕδωρ* and *πάθος*. The literal meaning of hydropathy is, therefore, 'diseases produced by water.'

‘ I attribute it to the fund of credulity which is in all mankind. We have no longer faith in miracles and relics, and therefore with the same fury run after receipts and physicians. The same money which three hundred years ago was given for the health of the soul is now given for the health of the body, and by the same sort of persons, women and half-witted men. In the countries where they have shrines and images quacks are despised, and monks and confessors find their account in managing the hopes and fears which rule the actions of the multitude.’

‘ Another original principle,’ says Dr. Reid,* ‘ implanted in our nature by the Supreme Being, is a disposition to confide in the veracity of others, and to believe what they tell us. This is the counterpart of the former; and as that was termed the principle of veracity, so we shall, for want of a better name, call this the principle of credulity. It is unlimited in children until they meet with instances of deceit and falsehood, and it retains a considerable degree of strength through life.’

In fact, we are all credulous on subjects of which we have no actual knowledge. A person who knows nothing of navigation will believe a story that would be laughed at by a midshipman. Another, who is ignorant of the principles of political economy, may be persuaded that wealth would be increased by the multiplication of bank-notes. A young physician, or surgeon, on the point of commencing practice, having read in a medical journal a statement of a wonderful cure produced by some new medicine, may not doubt it to be true; while a more experienced practitioner will say, ‘ It may be so; but, according to my observations, in nine cases out of ten such stories prove to be without foundation.’ How many grave persons were deceived by the impostures of Miss M’Avoy of Liverpool, of the Miss Okeys of St. Pancras, and of the fasting-woman of Tetbury, although there was no one among them whose exploits could be compared to those of a conjuror at a country fair! It would seem that there is nothing so absurd that it may not be believed by somebody; and it is not the smaller intellects alone that are thus credulous. Dr. Johnson believed in the Cock-lane ghost. It has been gravely stated by Bishop Berkley † that M. Homberg made gold of mercury, by introducing light into its pores, ‘ but at such trouble and expense that no one would make the experiment for profit; for the truth of which I refer to the Memoirs of the French Academy.’ One of the most clear-headed of our modern physiologists is of opinion that during what has been called the magnetic sleep the soul is disengaged from the body, and from the restraints of time and space. Having before us the example of such hallucinations as these, we cease to wonder that mankind should be liable to be im-

* Inquiry into the Human Mind. Edinburgh, 1764. p. 477. † Siris, sec. 194.

posed upon where their feelings are so much interested as in the preservation of life and health. But there are still other causes in operation.

The Abbé Fontana, in his treatise on poisons, speaking of the various specifics which have been recommended as preventing the ill consequences of the bite of a viper, shows that they owe their reputation simply to this circumstance, that the poison is not of sufficient power to destroy the life of a man; in other words, that the recovery is spontaneous. We have no doubt that many well-instructed medical practitioners have not sufficiently considered what course a given disease would take if it were left to itself; and as to others, it is not possible that they should have any real knowledge on the subject. With the majority of persons a recovery will generally pass for a cure. A patient who, having suffered from the usual ill consequences of too luxurious habits, in the shape of indigestion and low spirits, perseveres in dining early and moderately, and in taking a reasonable quantity of exercise, will probably attribute the improvement which follows to the homœopathic globule which he swallows three times daily, although he really is indebted for it to his altered mode of life. A large proportion of those who rush annually in search of health to the German baths would find their health improve just as much from the alteration of their habits which the going abroad imposes on them, even though their lips were never moistened by the waters of Wisbaden or Carlsbad. In cases of chronic disease the change from a cold to a warmer season, or from a life of too great exertion to one of comparative repose, will often be followed by a marked amelioration of the symptoms, independently of all medical treatment; and circumstances not unfrequently occur which lead the patient to believe, sometimes that he is better, at other times that he is worse, although he is neither better nor worse in reality. Then it is known to those who are well instructed in the medical sciences, that the symptoms of some of the most formidable nervous diseases (that which is commonly called the *tic douloureux* for example) may disappear altogether for a time spontaneously, the remedy last used generally having the credit of the cure; and that the same thing happens to a still more remarkable extent in aggravated cases of hysteria, where it is not uncommon for symptoms which excite and terrify a whole family to vanish all at once without any evident reason, or perhaps under the influence of some powerful impression on the mind. Some of Dr. Feldmann's friends, 'the rich old ladies and gentlemen who think themselves ill and are not so,' whom he indulges with 'papers of white
sugar

sugar and agreeably-scented waters,' may recover in the same manner, and do justice to the doctor's skill.

The fact is, that in most cases of disease so many causes are in operation tending to influence the result, that few things are more difficult than to ascertain the real value of a new remedy. If a remedy be had recourse to for the first time, and the symptoms yield, that may be a reason for giving it another trial, but it is nothing more. If it be administered under circumstances as nearly as can be similar, and the symptoms yield in four or five cases in succession, there is reason to hope that the remedy and the cure may stand in the relation of cause and effect to each other. But even this will not satisfy a real master of his art, who will require a still more extended experience before he will adopt its use, feeling that he has a right to expect that such or such effects will follow.

The union of a broken bone, and the healing of a simple wound, are the results of a natural process. The recovery from many internal complaints is the result of a natural process also. Under such circumstances the best evidence of the skill of the physician or surgeon is, that he merely watches what is going on, taking care that nothing may obstruct the work of restoration, and avoiding all further interference. But it is his duty also to learn what unassisted Nature can do, and what she cannot do, and, where her powers are insufficient, to step in to her assistance, and act with promptness and decision. It is just at this point that danger arises from faith in pretended remedies. If they have the virtue of being in themselves innocent, no harm can result from their use where nothing is wanted or nothing can be done: but it is quite otherwise on those occasions which call for active and scientific treatment; and we have good reason to say that many individuals have lost their lives from trusting to their use under these circumstances.

It must further be observed that, in speaking of pretended remedies as innocent, we would by no means have it to be understood that that character belongs to all of them. There are indeed many which are neither innocent nor inefficient; and this will account at the same time for the reputation which they acquire and the mischief which they do. Many of what are called *quack medicines* are very useful, if properly administered, and not a few of them have been transferred with advantage to the Pharmacopœia of the College of Physicians. But the best remedies should not be used at random. It is a very good thing to be bled if you have an inflammation of the lungs; but it is a very bad thing to be bled when there is no adequate reason for it.

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If a medicine containing arsenic were to be administered as a specific for various disorders, some persons suffering from ague, and others having an eruption on the skin, might take it with advantage; but where there was one instance of its doing good there would be forty in which it did harm. St. John Long's liniment excited inflammation of the skin; and, where a blister would be useful, there is no doubt that this would be useful also. But all those who are ill, or who think themselves to be ill, do not require to be blistered, and in many cases it would do no good, and would probably be mischievous. Besides, the indiscreet application of it to a tender skin would be actually dangerous; and so it proved to be, the death of the patient having, as we have already stated, been occasioned by the use of it in at least two instances.

We could say much more on this subject if we had not before our eyes the fear of extending this article to an unreasonable length and wearying the patience of our readers. What has been already stated will of itself sufficiently explain how it is that the medical profession as a body are led to form a different estimate of the dealers in nostrums and proposers of short roads to cure from that which is formed by a large portion of the public. The former are behind the scenes, and know all the secrets of the pantomime. The latter only see the performances, and, where the tricks are cleverly managed, it is not very wonderful that they should sometimes mistake them for realities. But the medical profession are very generally supposed to be not very disinterested witnesses, and to have a prejudice beyond what they ought to have against discoveries which do not emanate from the regular craft. In like manner, the officers at Woolwich are accused of being prejudiced when they reject some absurd piece of artillery which is sent to them for experiment. Without entering into this question, we must acknowledge that it appears to us that with the majority of the medical profession there is an overweening desire to put down unlicensed practitioners. This seems to be the principal object of the various medical associations established with a view to obtain what is called 'medical reform.' The Provincial Medical Association has a committee on quackery, who make an annual report on the subject, and they would urge Parliament to interfere for the purpose of suppressing it with the strong hand of the law. But indeed we do not agree with them in the views which they have taken, and we shall, in conclusion, briefly state our reasons for this difference of opinion:—

First. We are convinced that the thing is impracticable. It may be made penal for a man to call himself a physician, or surgeon,

geon, or apothecary, who has not obtained a licence; but how is he to be prevented from giving advice, and medicine too, under the name of botanist, hygeist, or homœopathist? Or he may put Doctor before his name on the door, and say, probably with truth, 'I am a Doctor, for I purchased the degree of Doctor of Philosophy for five pounds at Heidelberg.' Moreover, the experiment has been already made, and without success. The College of Physicians of London are armed by their charter and Acts of Parliament with ample powers for the purpose, but they long since abandoned the exercise of them in despair; and in France, where the legislature have done all that they could do to suppress it, quackery flourishes as much as in any country in the world.

But, *secondly*, even if the suppression of unlicensed practitioners were practicable, we are far from being satisfied that it would be either proper or expedient. If the art of healing had attained perfection, if physicians and surgeons could cure all those who apply to them, we grant that the case would be otherwise; but, as matters now stand, would not such a proceeding be a very tyrannical interference with the right of private judgment? Let us see how such a system would operate in a particular instance. A patient labours under an incurable disease. His case is hopeless. His medical attendant complains in a court of justice, or some one complains for him, that the patient has placed himself under the care of an unlicensed practitioner, who has never studied medicine, who treats all who consult him with the same remedies, and believes that most of the diseases to which mankind are subject arise from cows eating buttercups; and therefore he requires that the interloper should be punished. But it turns out that the remedies which this individual administers are innocent; and as to the theory of buttercups, it is as good as Cullen's theory of fever, and it can do no harm. It is a comfort to the patient to try this new scheme, and wherefore should he be prevented from doing so?

It must not, however, be inferred that we would make no difference between properly educated and licensed practitioners and mere pretenders. That would be as great an error on one side, as the attempt altogether to suppress the latter would be on the other. A man may run the risk of ruining himself, if he be pleased to do so, by embarking his money in a Cornish mine; but he must not enter into such a speculation with the money which he holds in trust for others. In like manner, each individual has a right to manage his own health in his own way, and to consult whomsoever he prefers about his own complaints. But it is quite different when he has to provide for the health of others; and

and we conceive that the law ought to interfere to prevent any persons but those who are duly authorized to practise from holding appointments as physicians or surgeons of hospitals, schools, or ships, or as medical attendants of the poor; and the same rule should extend to the different branches of the public service. On the same principle, the certificates of none but licensed practitioners should be received in courts of justice, nor should any others be enabled to claim the usual exemption from serving on juries and in parish-offices.

If we have been rightly informed, this is nearly the plan which Sir James Graham had intended to propose if he had introduced into parliament a bill, of which he gave notice in the last session, for regulating the medical profession. If that profession require any further protection, we take leave to say that it is in their own hands. Let them rely on their own skill, character, and conduct; let them discountenance among themselves all those who, though regularly educated and licensed, endeavour to delude or take advantage of the public, or to puff themselves into notice by unworthy means; let them claim for their art no more credit than it really deserves, nor make promises which they have not a just expectation of being able to fulfil; and we venture to assure them that they will have nothing to fear. They cannot make man immortal, but they can on so many occasions stand between life and death, and on so many others relieve the most grievous sufferings, that no one will refuse to admit that they are among the most useful, whilst they themselves must be conscious that they are among the most independent, members of society.

ART. IV.—*Essai sur la Vie du Grand Condé.* Par le Vicomte de Mahon. (Ce livre n'est pas en vente. Il n'y a que cent exemplaires de tirés.) A' Londres. 1842. pp. 442.

SIR William Jones commenced his literary career by an Essay in French; and the earliest historical pieces of Gibbon were in that language, of which he felt himself so completely master, that he long hesitated whether he should compose his great work in it or in English. Horace Walpole never attained perfect freedom in the colloquial use of French—at least, in one of his letters, dated shortly before his last visit to Paris, he speaks of his reluctance to mingle again in a society where he could never hope to appear better than *half an idiot*—but his correspondence with Madame du Deffand is admitted by French critics to display a style of admirable purity. We believe the

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the French of *Vathek* is also considered by our neighbours as classical ; if we might presume to offer an opinion on the subject, we should say it is even better than the English of Mr. Beckford's 'Travels.' We are not aware that any other French composition by an English hand has received or merited much praise.* The present performance is more considerable in point of extent than any of those which we have mentioned ; and we do not anticipate that the judgment of Paris will pronounce it inferior to the best of them in point of execution. Jones wrote in French, because his subject was more likely to interest continental than English readers, and his mother tongue was then little studied on the continent. Walpole addressed French letters to a Parisian bluestocking. Gibbon in his youth was more a Frenchman than an Englishman—and in the circles whose notice he immediately coveted, nothing but French was spoken. *Vathek*, though not the first of Mr. Beckford's publications, was the first that he avowed, or that attracted notice at the time : it was produced, we believe, in his minority, and both written and printed abroad. That Lord Mahon, after acquiring high distinction as an historical writer in his native language, should have thought of composing an historical volume of 400 pages in French, will no doubt excite much wonder. The curiosity of such an attempt by a gentleman so situated is, as we have shown, unexampled among us. We should regret his choice if we did not hope and expect that, like Mr. Beckford, he will be his own English translator : meanwhile we have to thank him for a highly interesting and skilful narrative ; and its opening paragraph will enable our readers to form their own opinion of the circumstances under which the foreign vehicle was adopted.

' J'entreprends, dans une langue qui n'est pas la mienne, l'histoire d'un héros étranger. C'est un délassement dont j'ai joui au milieu d'occupations plus sérieuses. Ayant trouvé un vif intérêt dans les aventures romanesques du Prince de Condé, et dans le caractère si beau et si touchant de la Princesse, sa femme, j'ai pris plaisir à recueillir et à combiner tous les traits qui s'y rapportent. Les Mémoires du temps m'ont fourni la plupart de mes matériaux, mais j'ai aussi eu pour guides, pendant une partie de ma tâche, l'illustre Sismondi dans son Histoire des Français, et l'excellent historien de la Fronde, M. le Comte de St. Aulaire. Mais pourquoi, me dira-t-on, vouloir écrire en Français ? Parceque à l'époque où ces pages me servaient de récréation, j'avais beaucoup à lire et à écrire en Anglais ; ainsi, écrire encore en cette langue eut été pour moi un nouveau travail, et non pas le délassement que je cherchais. Ensuite, en adoptant la langue de Condé, j'ai eu

* We are not ignorant that the great romance of 'Anastasi' was originally written in French—and we have no doubt Mr. Hope had perfect command of that language, else he would never have made such an attempt ; but *his* French text was never printed.

l'avantage de pouvoir citer ses propres paroles, et de me pénétrer davantage de l'esprit de son temps. Du reste, je pense bien que j'ai dû faire des fautes; d'autant plus que je n'ai consulté personne sans exception, ni en entreprenant cet ouvrage, ni en l'écrivant; qu'on me permette donc de réclamer, dès à présent, toute l'indulgence du lecteur.—*Mars*, 1842.—pp. 1, 2.

Even more singular than Lord Mahon's choice of the French language on this occasion is the fact that it was reserved for him to collect and combine into a clear continuous narrative the French materials for the personal history of one of the most illustrious of Frenchmen. The bulky work of Desormaux appeared before some of the most curious of these materials were accessible; and even if the author had written at a later period he would have disdained to use them. The *Essai Historique* of Condé's own great-grandson is rather an éloge than a history. We are not acquainted with any other separate work on the life of this great captain, and from neither of these could any adequate conception of his personal peculiarities be derived. The deeply-interesting character and history of his unfortunate wife are very slightly touched upon either by the painful investigator of his campaigns, or the elegant apologist who inherited his honours. Yet no great man ever owed more to a devoted woman than did Condé to Clémence de Maillé; nor was devotion ever more ungratefully repaid. By Lord Mahon the adventures of the princess are skilfully interwoven with those of her husband—and commented on with a generous warmth of feeling which constitutes to ourselves the liveliest charm of this delightful book.

The titles (rather Flemish than French) of Condé and Enghien were brought into the family of Bourbon by the marriage of Henry of Navarre's grandfather with Mary of Luxembourg. Louis, the first Prince of Condé, was one of the ablest chiefs of the Huguenots, and died in 1569 on the bloody field of Jarnac. Henry, his son, became head of his branch at seventeen years of age, and soon distinguished himself by his gallant zeal in the cause of his cousin-german Henry IV. He died in 1588, leaving his newly-wedded wife with child of Henry, the third prince—who, unlike his father and grandfather, was bred up in Romanism. He married, in 1609, Charlotte de Montmorenci, 'the most beautiful woman in France.' Her charms, as she appeared at her bridal, captivated Henry IV., and though she was just sixteen years of age, and the king close upon sixty, she betrayed symptoms of satisfaction with her illustrious conquest, which induced the bridegroom to anticipate the fashion of wedding trips. He eloped with her to a distant chateau—the king pursued in disguise—and the pair proceeded to the Netherlands: but suspicion had taken

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root—the prince soon quitted the fair lady's society, and she applied to the Pope to have her marriage cancelled, on the ground of non-adhesion, indulging a hope that if she were free the amorous king might contrive to divorce Mary of Medicis, and raise her to his throne. Henry, however, was murdered in the following year. The third Condé makes a prominent figure in every history of the stormy minority of Louis XIII., but never saw his wife again until 1616, when he was arrested and confined at Vincennes by order of the queen regent. The princess, upon hearing of this, at once stopped the suit for divorce, which had been creeping on for several years, and petitioned for leave to join her husband in his prison. It was granted on condition that she should be considered also as a prisoner—and her ready acceptance of these terms effected a reconciliation. Her first two children were born in the keep of Vincennes—which may thus be said to have saved the line of Condé, as well as witnessed its final extinction. After three years' confinement the prisoners were set at liberty; and Condé appears ever after to have been a most pliant courtier. Among other favours which he begged and obtained at the hands of his old enemy Richelieu, he had a grant of several estates of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Montmorenci, whom the Cardinal beheaded—including the three noble domains of St. Maur, Ecouen, and Chantilly—besides a new dukedom of Châteauroux, and the secularization of several abbeys. He more than once commanded the French armies, but never with much success, though his courage was worthy of his blood, and he was undoubtedly a man of talents.

The prince and princess had three sons, who all died in infancy, before the birth of Louis, who became *the Great Condé*, on the 7th of September, 1621. He received the title of Duc d'Enghien—but as the father, being first prince of the blood, was in court style simply *Monsieur le Prince*, so the heir, during the father's lifetime, was always talked of as *Monsieur le Duc*.* He was a frail and feeble child, and seemed likely to be as short-lived as those that preceded him. He was sent to the castle of Montrond, of which the picturesque and majestic ruins still overhang the town of St. Amand in Berry. The prince had good reason to select a spot celebrated for the salubrity of its air—but it was supposed that he also contemplated the chances of a new disgrace at court, and was desirous of placing the only hope of his race in a situation of safety. Here the boy outgrew his ailments, and soon gave augury of the man, being imperious, cruel, amenable to no authority but only his father's—whom he always dreaded, and seldom disobeyed—yet by craft or daring

* His signature through life was uniformly *Louis de Bourbon*.

converting all the females about him into the slaves of his caprice. When the period of womanly rule was over, his father gave him for governor a worthy private gentleman, M. La Bousnière, who seems to have discharged a difficult duty with exemplary firmness. The faithful friend and servant, Lenet, whose *Memoirs* alone give details of those early days, represents both the governor and the father as watching the rapid development of the boy's talents with equal wonder and care, and combining their efforts to check and eradicate the savageness of temper which every now and then revealed itself. There is a particular record (which may have afforded a hint to the first chapter in *Zeluco*) of a severe whipping, in the prince's presence, for tearing out the eyes of a pet sparrow.

In due time La Bousnière and two learned priests accompanied him to Bourges, where he attended the Jesuits' College regularly during four or five years, being distinguished in the class-rooms by a balustrade round his chair, and by uniformly gaining the first prize for every species of exercise. His boyish letters to his father were printed in the *Essai Historique*, and they are evidently genuine productions, expressing feelings and thoughts of his own, in Latin which keeps improving as the time advances. We read of the precocious learning of princes with no disposition to credulity—but Condé was a real scholar, for his mind was eagerly curious and universally ambitious. He could no more brook to be second in the college than in the *salle d'armes* or the *manège*. He was the best fencer, rider, dancer of the place, as well as the best writer of themes, the quickest and most ingenious manufacturer of Sapphics and Alcaics. He studied history, especially the history of war and the history of France, with unbounded zeal and assiduity. He terminated a course of philosophy at twelve years of age, by publicly supporting two theses, according to the fashion of the time; and both were so good that his father had them printed. Like a dexterous courtier, he made the boy dedicate the first to the Cardinal, and the second to the King. He was thus already covered with honours of his own acquiring when he left Bourges. He had occupied during his residence there the fine hôtel built by Jacques Cœur, the famous goldsmith, *i. e.* financier, of Charles VII. It still exists, a superb monument of ancient art, and the open stone-work of the parapet exhibits the original inscription, on which the eyes of the youthful hero must have so often dwelt—*à Cœur vaillant rien impossible*.

After leaving Bourges the duke remained for the most part at Montrond, pursuing his studies keenly, and hunting in the forest. His letters to his father indicate that his constant passion was the art of war; and Lenet tells us that the youth took comparatively
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little pleasure in any society but that of old officers, whom he incessantly questioned about military facts and theories. Thus five or six years passed away, until Anne of Austria, after twenty years of sterility, produced a dauphin—afterwards Louis XIV.; and the Prince of Condé carried his son with him to participate in the rejoicings of the court. He was now in his eighteenth summer, and the court hailed him as the prime ornament of those great festivities. In stature he hardly passed the middle height, but his figure was perfect—a model of strength, agility, and youthful grace—and though he made no pretensions to regular beauty of lineaments, his countenance was in the highest degree striking and majestic—the true eagle eye—large, dark, and bold,—the only serious defect being in the mouth, which, more than any other feature, expresses moral qualities. His moustachios were not yet grown enough to conceal the coarseness of a sensual lip, and teeth long and projecting, in which physiognomists of Albertus' school would have recognised the type of the wolf. But the court ladies were very willing to overlook these blemishes. Even his cousin, the famous daughter of Gaston of Orleans, though she abhorred the whole race of Condé, is lavish in her praises of his royal mien. 'He has,' she writes, 'the grandest head in the court, and entirely the air of a great prince.' Women seldom care much about a man who seems to think much of his own person. The young duke was, as he always continued to be, somewhat slovenly in his dress. He had not the least turn for any sort of finery, and, unless on occasions of ceremony, adhered to the plain black garb which he had become accustomed to at the Jesuits' College. His dancing, however, was inimitable; and his ready wit gave him the lead equally in all the *petits jeux* of the Palais Royal. It was on the same occasion also that Paris saw for the first time his too celebrated sister Anne-Geneviève, styled till her marriage Mademoiselle de Bourbon. A more consummate beauty never blazed upon the world. She was a year older than her brother, and seems to have greatly resembled him in character. Though her eye was soft, and her smile and blush *angelic*, she had inherited the pride, audacity, cruelty, and lasciviousness of the old Bourbons, as well as the captivating grace of the Montmorencies.†

After a few weeks of festivity, the court sank back into the dulness which had for many years characterized it. Louis XIII., whether or not he suspected his queen of having given him an heir but not a son,* withdrew from her society, and re-

* The King was jealous of his brother. See Bayle's article on Louis XIII.

† The epithet *angelic* is constantly applied to her by the memoir-writers. 'Whoever,' says the Spanish adage, 'would make a devil, must begin by catching an angel.'
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sumed his solitary existence at St. Germain. His health was already feeble, and he seemed to have no pleasure left but in the noble chace of badgers. He had ceased to interfere with his imperious minister; and Anne of Austria, disheartened and all but disgraced, presumed no longer to dream of intriguing against Richelieu. The Cardinal was king in all but the name, and exacted even from God's anointed the honours of royalty. The Prince of Condé, like Gaston of Orleans, was a supple courtier to the true monarch, who usually held his state at Ruel, guarded by his own guards, taking precedence of the princes of the blood, receiving the queen without rising from his chair, and only half rising when Louis himself entered his chamber. The Cardinal had hardly condescended to mix in the recent festivities—but what he had heard of the young D'Enghien excited his curiosity. He sent for and had a long conversation with him, and is said to have told Chavigné, the same evening, that he had spent two hours with a boy who could not fail to turn out the greatest man in France. The prophecy is not well authenticated—but when the Prince of Condé went in the following spring to command the army in Spain, Richelieu allowed him to make D'Enghien his deputy in the government of Burgundy. The youth would rather have accompanied his father to the camp, but submitted, as usual, to his wishes; and, though of course he had counsel and assistance, 'so conducted himself in this employment as to acquire esteem and respect in that great province.'

Next year (1640) D'Enghien was gratified by permission to make the campaign in Flanders under the Maréchal de la Meilleraie, and during the siege and capture of Arras distinguished himself by brilliant gallantry. On his return he had another private interview with Richelieu, who remained confirmed in his favourable opinion; and condescended to listen to the Prince his father's humble suit for a family alliance. As to this matter, the young man's own inclinations were not consulted. All-powerful as Richelieu was, the heir of the Condés saw in him only a successful *parvenu*. To mix his royal blood with that of any but the very highest of the old noble houses in France seemed to him an inconceivable degradation. The father, however, was resolved, and the son submitted. He was married in February, 1641, to Clémence, the daughter of Richelieu's sister, the Duchess of Maillé-Brezé.

The bride was only entering her fourteenth year—and so mere a child, that two years afterwards she is said to have been found playing with a doll. She was treated from her wedding-hour with utter contempt, and when D'Enghien fell ill of a fever shortly after, the court agreed, *nem. con.*, that it was a fever of vexation

vexation and disgust. Yet Clémence deserved other usage. Her person was small, but her complexion was fine, and her eyes very beautiful, and Madame de Motteville, no prejudiced chronicler, adds, that whenever she was pleased to speak, she acquitted herself *spirituellement*. The rare excellences of her character only emerged into notice after she had spent many miserable years in her new position.

The duke, on shaking off his fever, immediately rejoined the army of La Meilleraie, and served out the rest of a not very distinguished campaign. Next year Louis XIII., though almost dying, insisted on taking the field in person, and D'Enghien accompanied him to the Spanish frontier. The operations ended in the entire conquest of Roussillon. The duke had again covered himself with honour, especially at the siege of Perpignan.

On his way back from Roussillon, he passed through Lyons, but neglected to visit its archbishop, the Cardinal Alphonse de Richelieu. On reaching Paris he waited on the minister, who asked him how he had found his brother at Lyons. He was obliged to confess that he had not seen the archbishop. The minister made no observation at the time, but explained himself an hour after to the Prince of Condé, who ordered his son instantly to retrace his way to Lyons. He obeyed, and after a journey of 200 leagues over bad roads in bad weather again reached Lyons: but Alphonse had been informed of his compulsory travels, and, no doubt on his brother's suggestion, removed to Marseilles. The duke followed him thither, and then made the best of his way back to Ruel; Richelieu repeated his question about his brother's health, and having received an answer, appeared satisfied.

The great Cardinal was himself to the last—and he was now near his end. Most sick men who meet death in the possession of their faculties have sufficient internal indications of the approaching fate. On the 4th of December, 1642, Richelieu sent for the king to his bedside, and asked and received a solemn promise that his last arrangements should be punctually obeyed. He had disposed of every great office in France, as if France had been his patrimonial possession—and, among other appointments, named his secretary, Mazarin (originally a domestic), as his successor in the ministry. Dismissing the king, who was almost as ill as himself, he invited the attendance of his confessor; and various bishops and abbots then assembled about him to be edified with the calm piety of his last sacraments. He died in their presence without a groan. A murmur of devout admiration was echoed through the group of prelates. The Bishop of Nantes, who had more shrewdness than the

rest, or more candour, or perhaps only more malignity, ventured to whisper, 'Profecto nimium magna illa tranquillitas me terrebat.' Such was the parting of this haughty, bloody priest. The weak king, who had feared him living and dying, and who seemed to fear him even when dead, was not to survive his master-minister long: but he could not imitate the tranquillity that terrified Bishop Corpeau. When his agony seemed to be over, there was an eager whispering among the attendants at the foot of the royal bed. The little dauphin, now seven years old, understood their meaning, and exclaimed with childish exultation, 'Je suis Louis Quatorze!' Louis Treize gathered strength for one shriek of 'Pas encore!' and expired (May 14, 1643).

Richelieu's life had been spent in the endeavour to break down the ancient aristocracy of France, and convert the monarchy which he wielded into a pure despotism. The union of imperturbable courage and unfathomable perfidy had seemed towards the close entirely triumphant; but though Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria upheld his system to the utmost of their means and understanding after he was no more, the great nobility, headed by the princes of the blood, were not prepared to see that system continued under his Italian successor. The supple foreigner foresaw how easily a national prejudice might be nurtured to his embarrassment, and at once yielded on various points of formality and precedence which had given greater offence than weightier encroachments could do to the brother of Louis XIII. But the demand of the Condés was a serious one—it was no less than the immediate command of the army on the Flemish frontier for the Duke d'Enghien—now in the twenty-second year of his age. He had given abundant proofs of daring courage—but could not by possibility have exhibited possession of any other quality which such a post required. But the heir of Condé was also the husband of Richelieu's niece, and Mazarin shrunk from the risk of irritating at once two great interests in the state. Shortly before the king's death the young duke was appointed; and the indignation of the public had hardly been expressed before it was most effectually rebuked: for, however mean and profligate the act of the government had been, it was done for a warlike genius of the first order; and he who had only served two campaigns as a volunteer, was hardly a fortnight in the supreme command ere he had won a great battle against the best generals and troops of the Spanish monarchy—the battle that more than any other one on record (except Trafalgar) weakened and lowered that once haughtiest of powers—the greatest in which the French arms had been victorious for nearly 400 years.

We have heard that when the conqueror of Assaye was appointed to the Copenhagen expedition in 1808, there was great fear at
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the Horse Guards, where the prejudice against *Indian officers* still lingered: so a most reputable veteran was joined as second in command, in hope and expectation that his advice would be relied on whenever difficulty occurred. It is said that the perfect composure with which this worthy man found his suggestions attended to during the voyage—though the subjects then in question must needs have been of the smallest importance—inspired him with full confidence that in the hour of conflict he was to be the real chief. But when that hour approached, says the story, the only reply he received to a well-set oration detailing a well-meditated plan of action, was a request that he would immediately place himself at the head of a particular division, and attend to certain orders comprised in half-a-dozen words. Whether this incident be or be not destined to find a place hereafter in the authentic history of the Duke of Wellington, it had an exact prototype in the first field of Condé. The Maréchal de l'Hôpital was attached to him as his Mentor; when the young general announced his intention of opening the campaign, not by a siege, but a battle, the senior remonstrated and all but rebelled. 'Take,' said D'Enghien, 'the command of the second line—I charge myself with the event.' 'The king is just dead,' rejoined the Maréchal—'the queen-regent's government is hardly yet settled. The enemy are aware of the fatal consequences which a defeat must at this moment bring to France. It is no time to run the risk of such a calamity.' 'I shall never witness it,' answered the juvenile chief. 'I shall enter Paris a conqueror or a corpse—to the head of the second line!'—and L'Hôpital covered his hoary head, and obeyed.

The Spaniards were led by Melo and Fuentes, and their army, greatly superior in numbers to the French, included a large body of splendid cavalry, and the flower of the long unrivalled infantry—the famous *Tercios*. Lord Mahon's narrative of the day of Rocroy (19th May, 1643) is a masterly one—but we cannot afford to extract more than the beginning and the conclusion. Military readers are already familiar with the strategy of the action, and unmilitary readers would learn little from a brief summary:—

'La nuit qui devait être la dernière de tant de milliers d'hommes, fut froide et obscure, et les soldats des deux armées eurent recours à la forêt voisine. Ils allumèrent une si grande quantité de feux que toute la plaine en était éclairée; on voyait dans le lointain Rocroy, le prix promis à la victoire du lendemain, et les deux armées paraissaient n'en former qu'une, tant les corps de garde étaient rapprochés. On eut dit qu'une espèce de trêve les unissait pendant quelques heures, et rien n'interrompait le calme de la nuit, hors à de longs intervalles quelques

coups de canon qui partaient de la ville assiégée, et que les échos de la forêt semblaient redoubler. Le Duc d'Enghien se jetant auprès d'un feu de garde, et s'enveloppant de son manteau, s'endormit en peu d'instans. Son sommeil fut si profond, qu'il fallut le réveiller le lendemain quand le jour commença à poindre; c'est le même trait qu'on raconte d'Alexandre le matin de la victoire d'Arbelles.

' Se levant sans plus tarder, Enghien se laissa armer par le corps, mais au lieu de casque ne voulut mettre qu'un chapeau garni de grandes plumes blanches. Il se rappelait, sans doute, le mot célèbre de son cousin, le Grand Henri, "Ralliez-vous à mon panache blanc:" et en effet les plumes qui brillaient sur la tête d'Enghien servirent dans la mêlée à rallier auprès de lui plusieurs escadrons qui, sans cet ornement, ne l'auraient pas reconnu. Alors il monta à cheval, et parcourut les rangs en donnant ses derniers ordres. Le mot de ralliement était "Enghien." Les officiers se rappelaient avec plaisir le combat de Cérises, gagné un siècle auparavant par un prince du même sang et du même nom, tandis que les soldats, touchés de la jeunesse et de la bonne mine de leur Général, le recevaient partout avec des cris de joie. Toutes les dispositions étant faites, les trompettes sonnèrent la charge, et à l'instant même Enghien partit comme la foudre à la tête de la cavalerie de la droite.

' Dans cette bataille, disputée avec tant d'acharnement pendant six heures, la perte des Français est évaluée par eux-mêmes à deux mille hommes tués ou blessés, mais fut, sans doute, plus considérable. Celle des Espagnols fut immense, et leur infanterie surtout, qu'on avait regardé comme invincible depuis la grande journée de Pavie, fut détruite plutôt que vaincue à Rocroy. Telle était la fierté de ces vieilles bandes si célèbres dans toute l'Europe, qu'un officier Français ayant demandé le jour suivant à un Espagnol, combien ils avaient été avant le combat, "Il n'y a," répondit celui-ci, "qu'à compter les morts et les prisonniers!" Toute l'artillerie Espagnole, consistant de vingt-quatre pièces, et leurs étendards, dont on comptait jusqu'à trois cents, tombèrent dans les mains des vainqueurs. Le duc reçut trois coups de feu dans la bataille, deux dans sa cuirasse, et un autre à la jambe, qui ne lui causa qu'une meurtrissure; mais son cheval fut blessé de deux mousquetades. On voit qu'il n'était pas moins bon soldat que grand capitaine.

' Il serait difficile de décrire les transports de surprise et de joie avec lesquels on reçut à la cour, encore mal affermie, la nouvelle de cette victoire. On la regarda avec raison comme la plus grande bataille que les Français eussent gagnée depuis celle de Bouvines. Ici commence cette carrière de gloire qui illustra le siècle de Louis XIV., et qui s'arrêta enfin devant les épées d'Eugène et de Marlborough. Et si ce fut avec raison que Louis XIV. prit le soleil pour sa devise, on peut dire que Rocroy en était l'aurore, comme Hochstedt en fut le déclin.—pp. 27-37.

The army of Melo was by this one blow reduced to nothing. The young conqueror proposed instantly to carry the war beyond the frontier, and besiege Dunkirk: but the sinews of war

were

were wanting—the exchequer at Paris was exhausted. A foreign campaign had not entered into the contemplation of Mazarin. Having, therefore, taken Thionville, and placed the whole frontier in a state of security, he appeared in Paris. He was received with an enthusiasm not surpassed by that which welcomed Napoleon from the first of his Italian campaigns. The king was a child—his uncle an intriguing coward—the regent was an unpopular Spaniard—the minister a more unpopular Italian. France had wanted a great man to rally round as the hope and safeguard of the throne and the country—and she hailed him in a prince of twenty-two. The queen gave him the governments of Champagne and Stenay: the baton of *maréchal*, which was his due (since Melo's had been taken in the field), he desired to yield to the officer who had best seconded him at Rocroy—M. de Gassion—and he distributed all his prize-money among the soldiery.

His wife had been delivered in his absence of a son. D'Enghien embraced the infant with tenderness; but treated the mother with the hardest indifference. While Richelieu lived, the husband's neglect had been in some measure compensated by the assiduous attentions of his father and his sister: but the Prince of Condé now revenged what he felt to have been his own meanness in the solicitation of the alliance, on the innocent prize and victim of his selfish intrigue; and the *angelic* Genevieve, having herself just formed a marriage of mere worldliness in the very pride of her youth and beauty, avowed her scorn and contempt for the low match into which her brother had been betrayed. She had wedded the Duke of Longueville, a man advanced in age and ignoble in person: but the representative of *Dunois* possessed enormous wealth, and was Governor of Normandy. Within a few months she found other consolations in the homage of the young Count de Coligny—the first of as long a catalogue of lovers as ever made the boast of a coquette. A tender billet, whether forged or genuine, was picked up on the *parquet* of a rival beauty, Madame de Montbazon. She was a Lorraine, and hated all the race of the Condés. Her own favoured lover at the time was a bastard of royal blood, the Duke de Beaufort. The scandal was blazoned—a rencounter occurred between Beaufort and Coligny, in which the latter was mortally wounded under the eyes of his mistress. The queen caused Beaufort to be confined at Vincennes, and ordered the Duke of Guise and other chiefs of the Lorraine faction into banishment. These persons had in former days been the chosen and steadiest friends of Anne of Austria—but she had by this time, if not earlier, surrendered herself, soul and body, to

Mazarin;

Mazarin; and the dexterous Cardinal seized with zeal the opportunity of cherishing a grand feud among the high nobility, whose recent appearance of united intelligence constituted the principal obstacle to the full revival and carrying forth of the leading policy of Richelieu. He chose to take the part of the Condés against the Lorraines—and we cannot doubt that the power which young D'Enghien had already acquired with the army was what mainly decided him. On reaching Paris, the victor embraced his beautiful sister's quarrel, and gratefully avowed himself the most zealous partizan of the queen and her cardinal. It must be observed that at this time the hero's own chance of ultimately ascending the French throne was considerable. Louis XIV. was a solitary child. Gaston of Orleans had no son. The branch of Condé was next in the succession. Whether D'Enghien took up on grounds of ambitious calculation the side favourable to the predominance of the crown, rather than seek to mend so serious a breach in the party of the high nobility with which his actual position identified him—or whether he obeyed merely the impulses of domestic affection and pride—it may be rash to determine. But through life his political movements seem almost uniformly to have been dictated by pique and passion—rarely by sober forecast even of his own interests—never, it may be safely said, on any principle of patriotism.

In 1644, Gaston of Orleans, 'a soldier in spite of Mars, a statesman in spite of Minerva,' claimed the command in Flanders, and his position as chief of the council of regency made it impossible to refuse his absurd demand. D'Enghien handsomely offered to serve under him, and his presence at least prevented disaster, though it could not command victory—but ere the campaign of that quarter was ended, the French force on the Rhine sustained a severe check, and though Turenne was there, ten years D'Enghien's senior, his superior therefore in experience, and certainly his equal in military genius, the reputation of the young prince was so splendid that he was desired to proceed to the scene of difficulty with the rank of generalissimo. The soul of Turenne was *as yet* above jealousy; and the two rivals exerted their consummate talents in hearty unison. The cool calm intellect of Turenne submitted to adopt the scheme of attack, suggested, on one rapid glance of the ground, to the brilliant audacity of D'Enghien. The first assault of the infantry was met so obstinately that the event seemed very hazardous. D'Enghien galloped to the spot—dismounted, and tossed his baton among the Imperialists. 'Jeter ainsi son bâton de général,' says Lord Mahon, 'est bien prouver qu'on le mérite.' The *furia francesca* became

became irresistible. But De Mercy was no common antagonist. This great battle of Fribourg lasted, like that of Arcola in our own time, for three days.* In the end the victory was complete—the Bavarian army was utterly destroyed and Fribourg fell.

In the campaign of 1645 D'Enghien was again opposed to the same excellent general, at the head of another powerful army, and the battle of Nordlingen was as gallantly contested as that of Fribourg, and as splendidly terminated for the French. The aged De Mercy was found dead on the bed of honour. His conquerors buried him where he lay, and erected a pillar over his remains with these words: 'Sta, viator, heroem calcas.' Rousseau, in his *Emile*, criticises this as a piece of modern grandiloquence, presenting a melancholy contrast to the modest epigraph of Simonides for the mound at Thermopylæ. Lord Mahon rejects this censure, but oddly omits what seems to us the principal point on his own side of the question. What might have been thought pompous in the brief inscription had a German pen traced it, is surely redeemed from any such imputation when we know that its author was the young conqueror of the Bavarian veteran—the Latinist of Bourges.

In this battle D'Enghien had three horses wounded under him and two killed. He received a severe contusion on the thigh, a pistol-shot through his left arm, and his cuirass bore twenty marks of blows and bullets. Though shattered severely in every part, and deprived of the use of his bridle-hand, he instantly formed the siege of Heilbron, and was indefatigable in superintending the labours of the trench. But pain and fatigue brought on an access of fever—he became violently delirious, and for several days his life was despaired of. He was carried on a litter to Philipsburg, where he found skilful physicians sent on purpose from Paris; and by their direction lost a prodigious quantity of blood, which bold practice or his youthful vigour saved him. But this bleeding has the credit of having cured more maladies than one. When he left Paris for that campaign the court talked of nothing but his ardent love for Mdlle. de Vigean—the second fair lady (at the least) on whom he had lavished the tenderness which he denied to his unhappy wife. On his return from Philipsburg it was found that this passion had been entirely carried off with the blood so furiously inflamed at Nordlingen. He did not meet his poor duchess with greater coldness than her rival experienced—

* 'Pendant trois jours les Français restèrent en présence des ennemis dans un camp couvert de morts et de mourans. Le cœur compatissant de Turenne s'attendrit à ce spectacle funeste, mais on attribue à Enghien une saillie qu'on cherche en vain à excuser par sa jeunesse et par la vivacité de son imagination; il faut avouer qu'elle paraît indigne de l'héroïsme ou même de l'humanité:—"Une seule nuit de Paris suffit pour réparer nos pertes!"—p. 52.

'Et celle-ci, qui avait été touchée de ses soins, fut tellement blessée par son indifférence, qu'elle renonça pour toujours au monde en prenant les vœux de Carmélite. Ce fut une autre La Valière,' says our author, 'avec la vertu de plus'—and the last phrase is in accordance with the report of Mdlle. de Montpensier, who eulogises 'la bonne et sage conduite que Mdlle. de V. avait tenue envers M. le Duc.' The truth is that D'Engbrien had seriously planned to have his marriage cancelled on the ground of compulsion—and it would appear that Mazarin was not at all unwilling to assist him in this worthy project—but his father for once felt and acted justly. He observed that Cardinal Richelieu had consulted his niece's inclinations as little as he his son's—that she had discharged all her duties blamelessly—and insisted on the instant abandonment of the scheme. D'Engbrien submitted—but *fainted* on the spot. It would seem that, however 'sage et bonne,' Mdlle. de Vigean had not anticipated the total cessation of her admirer's 'soins.' Another flame of this period was excited by Mdlle. de Bouteville, a Montmorency nearly related to his mother. This damsel also was 'touchée de ses soins'—but a familiar companion of his, the young Duke de Chatillon, was in love with her in a more laudable fashion, and he had faith enough in D'Engbrien's generosity to appeal to him on the subject. The married swain behaved as the bachelor had ventured to hope. Though not supposed, says Lord Mahon, to be very susceptible of the feeling of friendship, he protested that he would not interfere with the honourable establishment of Mdlle. de Bouteville, and pledged himself not to renew his addresses to her as Duchess of Chatillon. According to the chroniclers he kept his word—and she never again engaged his 'soins' until she became a widow.

These affairs gave unspeakable torment to the Duchess D'Engbrien, who, though treated with uniform neglect and thus braved and outraged by a succession of criminal intrigues, had conceived a most enthusiastic love for her husband. She bore everything in patient silence—no reproach ever escaped her lips—she hung over her child, and clung to the hope that, as her hero seemed to share her parental fondness, he would sooner or later open his heart to her conjugal devotion. She heard of his battles and victories only from the gazettes—no familiar note ever reached her during his glorious months of absence. It was at a full court that she received the first tidings of Nordlingen. Various little incidents had ere then revealed the fact that neither Mazarin nor the Queen listened with unmixed joy to the news of their champion's successes. They were alarmed at such a rapid accumulation of victories—they trembled secretly at the thought of the influence
he

he must be consolidating among his officers as well as his soldiery. On this occasion the Queen expressed her regret that the General should have been wounded. The young duchess, with tears in her eyes, could not for once repress her feelings: 'I doubt,' she exclaimed, 'if some here think he has been wounded enough.'

In 1646 Turenne commanded on the Rhine—where the war had now begun to languish. Old Gaston once more took the Flemish frontier, and D'Enghien once more had the generosity to serve under him. Nothing great could be done where Gaston of Orleans presided; two or three towns fell, and perhaps there would have been a battle, but the Spanish army, which had been on the advance in the direction of Dunkirk, suddenly began a retreat. Our hero in a skirmish disarmed an officer who was not acquainted with his person, and who, as they rode off the ground together, told him with simplicity that the retrograde movement had been determined on as soon as it was known at headquarters that *the Duke* had arrived from Paris. The satirical wit, Bussy Rabutin, served in this campaign, and furnishes some characteristic sketches of it in his *Memoirs*. For example:—

'Rabutin fait une peinture frappante d'une sortie que la garnison de Mardyck dirigea sur la tranchée du Duc d'Enghien. A cette nouvelle, Enghien, qui après les travaux de la matinée était allé dîner, réunit en toute hâte ses meilleurs officiers, se jeta sur les ennemis, et les mit en fuite, lui encore en pourpoint et l'épée à la main. "Non jamais," s'écrie Bussy, qui le rencontra au milieu du feu, "jamais l'imagination d'un peintre ne saurait représenter Mars dans la chaleur du combat avec autant de force et d'énergie!" Le Duc était couvert de sueur, de poussière, et de fumée, le feu jaillissait de ses yeux, et le bras dont il tenait son épée était ensanglanté jusqu'au coude. "Vous êtes blessé, Monseigneur?" lui demanda Bussy. "Non, non," répondit Enghien; "c'est le sang de ces coquins!" Il voulait parler des ennemis.—pp. 60, 61.

Gaston finally quitted his post, and D'Enghien ended the campaign by a very important conquest—that of Dunkirk. This was so great a service that he did not think it unbecoming to ask a magnificent reward. Just before his wife's brother fell in battle in Italy; and D'Enghien claimed the proud office with which Richelieu had some years before invested his nephew—that of *Grand Amiral de France*. D'Enghien's reiterated letters from the army were backed by the strenuous personal exertions of his father. But the Prince of Condé was Governor of both Burgundy and Berry, *Grand Maître*, and President of the Council. D'Enghien was Governor of Champagne, and of the great fortress of Stenay, and to add to all these acquisitions, and above all to the hero's influence with the army,
and

and with the young nobility as a class,* the supreme power over the whole marine of France would, in Mazarin's opinion, have made the House of Condé independent of the crown. He ingeniously cloaked his refusal by pretending that the Regent coveted the post herself—and the royal Dowager became Lady High Admiral under the new title of 'Surintendante des Mers.' Condé abruptly quitted the Court, and retired to Burgundy—and D'Enghien took as little pains to conceal his mortified resentment. But he had hardly returned from the camp before he was called on to witness the closing scene of his father's life. He died after three days' illness in December, 1646—died 'chrétienement et en bon Catholique.'

In regard of fortune, this Prince had done a great deal for his family. He found the house of Condé poor—and he left it with a million of landed revenue—40,000*l.* per annum in France in 1646!

The new Prince of Condé was appointed at once to the governments which his father had held in addition to his own, and it might have been thought that he would now consider himself as sufficiently indemnified for his disappointment as to the Admiralty. But his ambition had contemplated a much higher flight. He accepted all that was offered, and instantly produced a new and totally unexpected demand. It was no less than for permission to undertake the conquest of Franche Comté at his own expense—the said territory when subdued to be erected into an independent sovereignty for himself. He urged the advantage that would result to France from such a dismemberment of the Spanish monarchy: but Mazarin answered with a smile, that a Duke of Burgundy had sometimes been as bad a neighbour as a King of Spain. Condé retired in deep disgust, and openly threatened to withdraw his support from the government. But he thought better, and soon appeared in his father's place as one of the Council of the Regency. He meant to *bide his time*. The war seemed likely not to be much longer protracted. Both parties showed signs of desiring its end. What if the last campaign should be one of great splendour for France, and not for himself but for *Turenne*?

He signified his desire to be employed again; but it seems doubtful whether he himself preferred Spain to Germany as a new field, or Mazarin pressed that service on him, from the wish to keep up a counterpoise by allotting the more promising theatre

* 'On donnait alors à ses partisans le nom de PETITS MAÎTRES, à cause de leur ton altier, en imitation de Condé, sobriquet qui depuis a changé de sens pour marquer un soin affecté de la toilette. Le changement de ce mot indique assez bien celui des mœurs entre les règnes de Louis XIII. et de Louis XV.'

of action to Turenne. Condé's Spanish campaign of 1647 was, however, not a brilliant one. His arrival struck terror into the court of Madrid; and the king himself is said to have written to all his generals, 'to avoid a meeting with that young *presumtueux*.' He therefore tried in vain for a battle, and soon experienced the commissariat difficulties which have ever attended warfare in Spain. The only memorable thing is the siege of Lerida, the first scene of discomfiture for Condé; for the Spaniards only less glorious than Numantium and Saragossa. It need not be said that Condé and his troops did whatever skill and valour could prompt and execute. The Catalan insurgents, whom he came to help, were astonished when they first distinguished his person: he was dressed in black, and looked so like a young *estudiante* that they could with difficulty believe they had before them the hero of Rocroy, and Fribourg, and Nordlingen. He opened the trenches at Lerida in a style which is said to have been customary in Spain; but his descendant confesses that '*quand même le siège aurait été plus heureux, les violons seraient de trop dans son histoire comme dans sa tranchée.*' He was forced to abandon Lerida before the end of June. He used to say in after years that the only pleasure he had had in the expedition was in re-perusing 'Cæsar's Commentaries,' and identifying the scenery of his operations in the neighbourhood of Ilerda. We have heard, on good authority, that when the great English Captain of our own time was campaigning, whether in India or in the Peninsula, his constant companion was a pocket Cæsar. There are extant some ludicrous stanzas which Condé is said to have composed on his way back from Spain—'*sans doute pour prévenir ceux qu'il craignait à Paris;*' but he did not joke with Mazarin. He reproached the minister fiercely for having withheld men, money, and *matériel*. Mazarin 'humbled himself,' begged him to choose whatever field he liked for 1648, and offered *carte blanche* as to every preparatory arrangement. Condé was not idle during the winter. He took care that all his favourite officers should be in readiness to join him in the spring, and resolved to obliterate his Spanish disgraces by another grand series of operations in Flanders.

In the spring of 1648 he was on the Scheldt, at the head of 14,000 men, opposed to the Archduke Leopold, whose muster was 18,000. The campaign would have been uniformly successful, had not Mazarin—who, among other adventures of his youth, had once been a captain of horse, and always had a hankering after military fame—thought proper to interfere with certain arrangements of his general, much after the fashion of the aulic council of Vienna in later days, and with similar result.

Thus

Thus Courtray was lost. But Condé took Ypres, which more than restored the balance. The archduke hastened to establish himself in a seemingly impregnable position at Lens. Condé, eager to pursue him, discovered that the chest was empty: he had been again deceived. He left the army, and rode night and day to Paris. Mazarin explained this time to his satisfaction. Hot dissensions were begun between the court and the Parliament of Paris: the exchequer was in the same condition as his military chest. The Prince raised a large sum on his own security, and, exclaiming, 'So the state survives, I shall want nothing,' remounted for the frontier. A week had passed, and the Spanish army lay where he had left it, but with all its defences redoubled. Condé executed one of the most brilliant of stratagems—a feigned discomfiture and flight deceived the archduke and his deeply-skilled lieutenant, Beck:—

'Alors s'engagea la fameuse bataille de Lens, l'une des plus belles dont s'enorgueillit le règne de Louis XIV. D'abord les ennemis paraissaient avoir l'avantage, mais bientôt tout céda au génie de Condé. L'armée Espagnole fut non seulement défaite, mais à moitié détruite; l'on porte le nombre de leurs tués à quatre mille, et de leurs prisonniers à six mille; le reste se dispersa, et l'archiduc se trouva presque sans armée. Tous les bagages, toute l'artillerie, et presque tous les officiers généraux tombèrent entre les mains du prince. Parmi ces derniers on remarquait le brave Général Beck, percé de plusieurs coups, et que le désespoir d'une défaite frappait jusqu'au fond de l'ame. Il fut transporté à Arras, mais la mort qu'il invoquait à grands cris vint bientôt terminer ses regrets et ses souffrances. "Il ne fit que jurer pendant sa prison jusqu'à ce qu'il mourut de ses blessures, sans vouloir recevoir compliment de personne, pas même du Prince de Condé, tant il était enragé de la perte de cette bataille. (Mém. de Montglat, vol. ii. p. 279.)"—pp. 76, 77.

This victory was in August. Condé followed it up by the capture of Furnes, and, though severely wounded in that assault, would have done much more; but the troubles at Paris had by this time reached such a point that Mazarin was compelled to bid him bring the campaign to an abrupt conclusion. He obeyed, and arrived in the capital to find the curtain just dropped on the first act in the drama of *the Fronde*.

We are not so wild as to attempt here any sketch of this great chapter in the history of France. Whoever wishes to study it seriously will find much assistance in the work of the Count de Saint Aulaire, to which Lord Mahon pays a compliment in his first page, and to which he frequently refers in the course of his '*Essai*.'* The Count maintains, as to the origin and ground-

* M. de Saint Aulaire's book was published in 1827; and it is curious now to see how completely he had anticipated the tone that would have suited a courtier of the king of the French in writing a history of the Fronde. The composition is a very elegant one; and many of its *tableaux* are quite alive.

work of the quarrel, opinions diametrically opposed to those expressed by Voltaire in his '*Siècle de Louis XIV.*,' and enforced in his '*Histoire des Parlements.*' Lord Mahon seems to follow in the main M. de St. Aulaire's view of the question: but he judiciously forbears from disquisition, confining himself as closely as possible to what immediately and personally concerned his hero. The Count holds that Richelieu's success in breaking the power of the nobility had left no barrier against unmitigated oriental despotism, unless what might be reared out of the original privileges of the Legal Bodies, and that the parliament was entirely justified in every attempt they made to give breadth and strength to their pretensions. Lord Mahon says, briefly,—

'On peut assurer que la raison était *presque entière* de ce dernier côté. Les impôts rendus nécessaires par la guerre, et quelquefois par la prodigalité, étaient levés par les intendans royaux dans les provinces avec des fraudes qui en doubleraient le poids, avec une dureté qui les faisaient sentir davantage. Les droits de la magistrature étaient mal compris et peu respectés par une reine Espagnole et un ministre Italien. D'un autre côté l'exemple de révolte que l'Angleterre donnait alors avait fermenté dans toutes les têtes. Les jeunes gens surtout, et le menu peuple, ne demandaient qu'à aller en avant—n'importe où, n'importe avec qui. Mais les chefs du parlement, pleins d'un véritable patriotisme, étaient bien loin de se proposer pour modèle les parlementaires Anglais, qui dans ce moment mettaient leur roi en jugement, et ils repoussaient même, comme le plus grand des outrages, toute comparaison avec eux. Quand on réfléchit à cette démarche, également ferme et modérée, que le parlement de Paris a presque toujours tenue—quand on contemple cette longue et illustre suite de magistrats intègres depuis le Chancelier de l'Hôpital jusqu'à Lamoignon de Malesherbes—quelquefois contre le roi, quelquefois pour le roi,—mais toujours, toujours, selon leur devoir et au poste du danger—où est l'âme basse qui ne se sentira pénétrer d'admiration et de respect!'—pp. 80, 81.

Lord Mahon is no more than M. de St. Aulaire a panegyrist of Condé's conduct throughout the Fronde period. He gives him credit for having begun with fair intentions, but allows that he was incapacitated, by his temper and pride, from holding an even course amidst affairs of this nature, and in effect confesses that his tumultuous passions reduced him to be little better than the puppet alternately of the unsleeping guile of Mazarin, and the audacious genius of the equally unprincipled Gondy (Du Retz), then titular Archbishop of Corinth and Coadjutor of Paris. One brief sketch of the latter is not to be omitted:—

'Il était né en 1613, le cadet d'une famille ancienne en Italie, et illustre en France. Forcé, malgré son inclination, à prendre l'état ecclésiastique, il y avait apporté les vertus et les vices de l'état militaire—des mœurs relâchées, des manières libres, un courage à toute épreuve, et une soif dévorante de révoltes et de guerres. Un jour, parmi les troubles

troubles que nous aurons à décrire, le peuple, voyant un poignard sortir à demi de sa robe, ne put s'empêcher de s'écrier, "Voilà le bréviaire de notre archevêque !" En effet, on pourrait dire de lui, que c'est plutôt un spadassin qu'un soldat qu'il avait pris pour modèle. Que penser d'un prêtre qui juge nécessaire de se défendre comme d'une faiblesse de n'avoir pas donné de suite à un projet d'assassinat qu'il avait formé autrefois contre le Cardinal de Richelieu ? Comment concilier cette dépravation de jugement avec ce feu du génie, et cette admirable puissance de parole qu'on remarqua dans sa vie, et qu'on peut encore, même à présent, admirer dans ses "Mémoires"—ouvrage dont le style, à la fois vigoureux et orné, rappelle souvent les anciens, dont l'auteur s'était nourri !

" Dans le temps dont nous parlons, Gondy, prévoyant les troubles, et espérant d'y jouer le premier rôle, ne négligeait aucun moyen d'établir son crédit parmi le peuple. Il affectait une haute piété, et s'attachait les dévots. Il distribuait des sommes immenses pour soulager les pauvres. Les dames galantes, dont il était l'amant, devenaient pour lui des agens politiques. Une vieille tante dévote servait, sans s'en douter, à la même fin ; elle allait de quartier en quartier distribuant ses aumônes parmi le bas peuple, et la bonne dame ne manquait presque jamais d'ajouter, "Priez Dieu pour mon neveu ; c'est lui de qui il lui a plu se servir pour cette bonne œuvre !" —pp. 82, 83.

The elder leaders of the parliament were, it is hardly to be questioned, honest men. They resisted in the beginning every temptation, and Mazarin held out many, to separate their interests, as a corporation, from those of the nation of which they considered themselves entitled to be the official guardians and counsellors. Their demand that no money should be levied unless the royal ordonnance had been examined and countersigned by them, was on the whole justified by the misery and iniquity that had attended the financial administration of Richelieu and his successor : their other great demand, that no man should be kept in prison for more than twenty-four hours without the grounds of his arrest being declared to the magistracy of the district, was so reasonable and just, that, had the princes of the blood-royal given them their united support, (and none were more concerned in the matter of arrests than they,) there can be no doubt that the proud queen and her subtle guide must have opposed them in vain. But had the princes given steady adhesion to the court, the parliament must have found themselves entirely incapable of enforcing their demands. The respect for the blood-royal still amounted to a most irresistible superstition. There might have been abundance of bloody riots, but no party could have been formed that would have encountered deliberately the risks of a civil war in the face of the combined princes of the house of Bourbon. Most eager, accordingly, was the zeal with which both the minister and the leading magistracy courted the
various

various branches of the royal family, even the farthest off and the least important, illegitimate as well as legitimate ; but the splendid talents and services of Condé, together with his close proximity to the throne, could not but fix every eye on him as the grand ruling influence to be appealed to. And had Condé united to his fiery genius the natural humanity of feeling and the calmness of judgment that belonged to Turenne, there seems every reason to suppose that the appeal would have led—first to a real steady union among the princes of Bourbon—and thence to the establishment of a system of government more rational and orderly than France has ever yet been able to attain. But Condé's harsh disposition, and intolerable haughtiness of bearing, were fatal obstacles. He was, perhaps, inferior to hardly any man in history as a general—but equally unfit to be either the minister of the crown, or the tribune of the people, or the political chief of the nobility.

If the natural influence of the Bourbon house was thus paralysed during the childhood of Louis XIV. by the violence of Condé, the parliament had to lean on a not less dangerous supporter whenever they looked beyond the high sphere of princes and their own respectable circle of the robe, to the great population of the French capital. The Coadjutor wielded the democracy: the very lowest orders were, perhaps, more under the control of the Duke de Beaufort; but he was as empty and frivolous a dandy as ever courted the sweet voices of the mob;—the *bourgeoisie*, the decent, easy citizens—the *religious public*, above all, were in the hands of the acting archbishop—the most restless, dauntless, and unscrupulous of agitators, the first pulpit orator of the day—the most dexterous as well as profligate of its debauchees—at once a Rochester, a Savonarola, and a Catiline. Gondy was at this time in his thirty-fifth year; one of the most graceful men of the time. The Prince de Marsillac, afterwards Duke of Rochefoucault, the author of the 'Maxims,' was of the same age exactly. Turenne was thirty-seven; but M. de St. Aulaire thinks it a circumstance worth noting, that all the other leading men who figured in the Fronde (excepting Mazarin, who was near fifty, and some venerable magistrates) were, like Condé, under thirty when the disturbance began. The Count observes also the great number of women celebrated for beauty who filled prominent parts on either side,—the Duchesses of Longueville, Montbazon, Châtillon, Bouillon, Nemours, &c. &c. Young men and pretty women are at all times likely to be most active in mischief; but it is certainly remarkable that the grand actors in the contemporaneous civil war

war of England were, with rare exceptions, men beyond the half-way house; and that female gallantries exerted hardly any perceptible influence on this side of the Channel. If Count St. Aulaire had not been a Frenchman he might, perhaps, have noticed these contrasts, and found in them some explanation of the rarity of tergiversations among our partizans as compared with those of his own country at the same epoch, as well as of the comparative order and gravity of all our proceedings, and our exemption from any such scenes of wholesale massacre and assassination as stain the page of the Fronde.

Party-names are almost always in their origin nicknames: that of the *Fronde* sprung from a jocular phrase of the wit and poet Bachaumont. He was then a young counsellor of the parliament, and, walking to court one morning, was interrupted by a *bicker* of college lads, whose usual weapon was the *sling*. He had been meditating a speech in opposition to his father, the president Le Coigneux, who had supported the government the day before, and said to his companion, 'I mean to *sling* the old gentleman'—*fronder mon père*. No unfit origin for this classical *sobriquet*—no unjust omen of the thoughtless passions and capricious piques that were to give its ultimate character to the Fronde; converting a solemn assertion of civil liberty into a riotous masquerade of folly, lust, and cruelty—the old and new *Gesta Diaboli per Francos*.

Mazarin's temper and taste, not less than his calculation of interest, had disposed him to render the palace as attractive as it had been otherwise in the later years of Louis XIII.; and Gondy was very willing to participate in the gaieties of a voluptuous court, and place his own popular influence at the service of the government. But Mazarin thoroughly understood the arts by which that influence had been acquired, and dreaded lest the presence of a younger rival, who at least equalled himself in courtly accomplishments, might by and bye direct against him both the religious and the national feelings of the people. The first great tumult of the *barricades* was appeased by the personal intervention of the devout Coadjutor, heading a solemn procession of his clergy with the holiest emblems of a faith which was still powerful even in Paris; and he was admitted to a midnight *tête à tête*, in which the Queen thanked him warmly. But from the details in his own memoirs we cannot but gather that he had tried to make more use of this interview than her Majesty had been prepared for. It is difficult to account on any other supposition for the decision with which he almost immediately afterwards threw himself into the arms of the opposition. His vanity and ambition must have
received

received at the same moment some very severe wound. Anne of Austria, however suspected of versatility at an earlier period, had now bestowed an affection which no rivalry could shake: Lord Mahon has here a similitude as wicked as any in his Rochefoucauld—he compares amorous ladies to weathercocks, which are easily fixed when once they have got rusty.

When Condé arrived with the fresh laurels of Lens, his wounded arm yet in a sling, the universal enthusiasm of his reception was considered by Gondy not less attentively than by Mazarin; and on either side eager efforts were made to enlist him. He was at first, it seems to be admitted on all hands, sincerely desirous of acting as a mediator, and bringing about such a settlement as might have at once satisfied the really patriotic chiefs of the parliament, and left the Crown unimpaired in anything but despotic pretensions. But passion and prejudice were stronger elements of his character than principle, and they were watched and played upon by crafty masters who understood him far better than he did them or himself. Mazarin dreaded his private interviews with Gondy—but, dissembling that feeling, urged only the superior benefits that might be anticipated from the Prince's personally attending the debates of the parliament, and exerting the influence of his station and talents on the leading magistrates and citizens themselves. This Gondy durst not oppose, and the result was what the Italian had foreseen. A few days of pertinacious debate left the Prince thoroughly disgusted with the presumption of the aspiring *bourgeois*. He rushed to the simple conclusion that he had been duped at a distance by the smooth professions of a set of vulgar pedants—‘*ces diables des bonnets quarrés*’—whose real design it was to imitate the triumphant anti-royalists of England. His haughty words and haughtier gestures exasperated into fury the presidents and counsellors who had at first welcomed him among them with fawning blandishments; and he wound up the last of many long interviews with the Coadjutor by telling him plainly that he perceived the parliamentary party aimed at higher game than ‘*ce gredin de Sicilien*’—‘*Je m'appelle Louis de Bourbon,*’ said he; ‘*je ne veux pas ébranler la Couronne.*’

‘*Telle fut la dernière conférence entre ces deux hommes remarquables, alors amis et bienveillans l'un pour l'autre, mais à la veille de se livrer avec ardeur à deux partis contraires; ennemis acharnés et impitoyables pendant de longues années, mais réunis enfin sous l'égide du malheur, et par les intérêts d'une haine commune.*’—p. 98.

Had Condé at this early period put himself at the head of the *Fronde*, the throne must indeed have been shaken; but even his hatred of Mazarin was not so potent as his contempt for the ‘*bonnets quarrés*’; and, as a prince and a gentleman, he partook

the indignation excited among almost all of his order by the daily increasing audacity of the mob. Gross pasquinades and ribald chansons invaded the province of polite gossip; and the brutal insolence with which *Dame Anne* and her '... de Mazarin' were libelled, could not agitate his only personal enemies to terror, without stirring himself to fierce anger. The Queen took refuge at St. Germain in the midst of winter—and Condé attended her thither, with all the rest of the royal family, except only his sister Mad. de Longueville, who alleged a delicate reason for her absence: but the Coadjutor had found this fair lady more accessible to his flatteries than her brother. She was persuaded that the Prince had allowed himself to be carried away by feelings of unmerited compassion and silly generosity; and when the moment of the decided explosion came, and the hero accepted the command of the Queen's forces, Mad. de Longueville, forgetting her alleged *grossesse*, appeared radiant in beauty by the side of Gondy on the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville. And after a few days another of the same house deserted from St. Germain to offer the parliament and the Parisians his support. This was the younger brother of Condé, the Prince of Conti, a weak, conceited coxcomb, deformed in person, at that time destined for the church; and two bad passions, one of them detestable, had combined to determine his course. He entertained a bitter jealousy of his brother's renown, and his love for his sister was other than fraternal. We know not how far she went in flattering his guilty insanity, nor whether the Archbishop of Corinth condescended to use any worse instrument than flattery of his incapable ambition. But thus the House of Condé was divided against itself; and these were the male and female leaders against whom its chief figured in what he elegantly termed the *guerre des pots de chambre*. But there was no lack of bloodshed in the war. With 8000 soldiers Condé environed Paris, and starved its markets, and beat down the raw insurgents wherever they ventured to confront him. In one of these skirmishes, for they could not be called battles, his friend Chatillon was slain by his side: but he remembered the bargain upon which the Duchess had been married, and was ready to offer consolation. Such was, in and near Paris, the January of 1649. It was at St. Germain, an exile in an exiled court, that Maria Henrietta received the news of the solemn murder at Whitehall.

Shortly after this Mad. de Longueville gained over one whose accession promised everything to her cause, and yet proved for the moment fatal to it. Another of her admirers, hitherto not encouraged, was Turenne—his elder brother, the Duke of Bouillon, had from the first favoured the Fronde, and her female
artifices

artifices now worked so effectually in reinforcement of Turenne's feelings towards the head of his house, that he not only intimated his willingness to join her side also, but tarnished his great name by a deliberate attempt to seduce the army under his orders on the Rhine. He failed in this attempt—but the Archduke passed the frontier of Flanders to co-operate in a plan of campaign which the illustrious traitor had sketched; and the Parliament of Paris, already alarmed with the violence of its own democratic partisans, abruptly patched up a reconciliation with the Queen, rather than find itself in alliance with Spain against France. This was the peace of Ruel. Hasty and hollow as it was, it answered the immediate patriotic purpose. Turenne fled from the army which he would fain have betrayed, and his ally the Archduke retraced his steps.

The day after the treaty was signed Condé rode into Paris as if nothing had happened out of the common course, and continued to drive about the streets as usual with a couple of lackeys behind his coach, greeted everywhere, it seems, with much the same enthusiasm as when he returned from Lens. But Mazarin, though the Parliament had tacitly withdrawn an article aimed against his person, did not share the proud tranquillity of his general. He refused to face the Parisians, and removed with the Queen and young Louis to Compiègne.

None of the reconciliations had been sincere; and on all sides, before the Court ventured to approach Paris in August, new crops of grudge and grievance were fast ripening. Mazarin could not make up his mind to give Condé all he asked—and the Prince's demands both for himself and his friends were indeed extravagant. The Cardinal had in hand a marriage for one of his nieces with the Duke of Mercœur—but Condé proclaimed that the House of Vendôme were his hereditary enemies, and that he would not suffer such an alliance to take place. He insulted Mazarin grossly—turned on his heel with 'Adieu, Mars!' and, it is said, addressed a billet 'Al' illustrissimo Signor Faquino.' Over and over, explanations were offered and accepted—Mazarin, 'moins irrité qu'effrayé,' even consented to waive Mdlle. de Mancini's marriage—but the rancour remained and festered deeper and deeper between them—and Condé contrived to irritate the Queen herself, not only through his contumelious treatment of the Cardinal, but by an, if possible, still more unpardonable offence. There was a certain Marquis de Jarsay about the court, who enjoyed the highest reputation for wit, humour, music, and all the accomplishments of the boudoir and the salon. This brilliant spark conceived the wild notion (one which clever carpet-knights of his order have often enough entertained)

tained) that the great lady whom he could amuse might, perhaps, reward pleasantry by tenderness. He made Condé his confidant; and, whether the Prince thought his ambition not hopeless, or was merely in pursuit of mischief, he encouraged Jarsay in proceedings which tended, if not to compromise the Queen seriously, at least to cast new suspicion on her conduct, and, what is worse, ridicule—for, like most professed wits, Jarsay was as much laughed at as with. The Queen expressed her indignation in terms which must be allowed to have the merit of singular naïveté. She said that the most 'simple demoiselle' had a right to have her own inclinations consulted in 'une affaire de nature!' Perceiving how gravely Condé had committed himself by these wanton indiscretions, the restless Coadjutor and the dissatisfied party in the parliament made many overtures to the Prince; and his sister, with whom he was now on cordial terms again, eagerly lent herself to forward Gondy's new attempts. But while she was consistent in her political views, and had never looked on the peace of Ruel but as a truce, Condé exhibited an almost incredible degree of vacillation. 'In three days,' says one of the chroniclers, 'he changed his purpose three hundred times.' As he himself confessed afterwards, he was never at home in seditions, but 'assez poltron.' Mad. de Longueville herself, however, could not sustain a bearing suitable for the occasion. As the ally of Gondy, she affected to have wholly renounced all worldly vanities, and there was much rejoicing among the godly over her vows of penitence and reform: but the fair convert often treated her clients among the magistracy and bourgeoisie with haughty coldness—even with the arrogant rudeness which was too apt to break out in her brother; and thus, notwithstanding the sincerity and consistency of her political designs, she became as unpopular as the Prince himself.

The Cardinal watched all this with a calm eye, and prepared in silence a *coup d'état*. At a moment when Condé, having just been gratified as to some new demand, was on smooth terms with the court, his carriage was fired into at night, and one of his servants wounded. Mazarin succeeded in convincing him that the murderous attempt had been prompted either by Gondy or by some of the leading Parliamentarians. Condé couched a rash accusation in insolent language—the parliament as a body took flame, and the populace resented the imputation on their saintly diocesan. Mazarin now saw that the time was come—he cajoled Gaston into a reluctant consent, and struck his blow. Warrants for the arrest of Condé, Conti, the Duke and Duchess of Longueville, and several other leading persons, were lying open on his table, when the Prince himself sud-

denly

denly entered his cabinet. His eye immediately rested on the papers—but the Italian confidence was supreme. ‘I find it necessary,’ said the cardinal, ‘to arrest some of these assassins—the Duke of Orleans has signed the warrants—and you are come in good time, for I wanted your highness’s countersignature also, as Lieutenant-General of the Guard.’ The prince took up a pen—signed the order for his own arrest—and was the same night a prisoner at Vincennes. His brother and brother-in-law fell also into the snare—but the Duchess of Longueville received, at the eleventh hour, private warning, and escaped into Normandy; and thus, perhaps, Anne of Austria missed after all the prey nearest her heart. There is one circumstance in this story on which the arch-scoffer has a luculent comment:—

‘On lit que la Reine-Mère se retira dans son petit oratoire pendant qu’on se saisissait des princes, qu’elle fit mettre à genoux le roi son fils âgé de onze ans, et qu’ils prièrent Dieu dévotement ensemble pour l’heureux succès de cette expédition. Si Mazarin en avait usé ainsi, c’eût été une momerie atroce. Ce n’était dans Anne d’Autriche qu’une faiblesse ordinaire aux femmes. La dévotion s’allie chez elles avec l’amour, avec la politique, avec la cruauté même.’—*Siècle de Louis XIV.*

Longueville was governor both of Normandy and of almost all its citadels; but Mazarin had taken measures beforehand, and from Rouen to Dieppe the duchess found every gate barred against her. The adventures of the unscrupulous heroine fill some of Lord Mahon’s most picturesque and entertaining pages—but we have not room for the detail. It must suffice that she at last reached Rotterdam in an English fisherman’s boat, and disguised as a common sailor—was received graciously at the Hague by her kinswoman the Princess of Orange, daughter of our Charles I.—and from thence finally made her way to Stenay, one of Condé’s many governments, but into which Turenne had thrown himself the moment he heard of the arrest of the princes; for, though included in the amnesty of Rucl, the Viscount considered himself as having escaped their fate only by his accidental absence from Paris: nor is it wonderful that he should have done so, for his own offence against the Court had been the most signal of all, and his brother, the Duke of Bouillon, had never even deigned to appear reconciled with Mazarin. In the Norman part of her romance Madame de Longueville had for her companion Marsillac, now Duke of Rochefoucauld; but she made her way from the neighbourhood of Dieppe to Holland and onwards quite alone; and, says Lord Mahon, ‘Une fois arrivée dans cette forteresse, auprès du galant Turenne, il est à craindre, selon les Mémoires du temps, qu’elle

qu'elle oublia bien vite son nouveau vœu de pénitence, et même sa fidélité envers son ancien amant.'

When Gaston of Orleans heard of Mazarin's success in seizing the princes, he complimented him on having caught in one trap a fox, an ape, and a lion; and the behaviour of the captives justified these kind similitudes. The ancient Longueville, according to Guy Patin, was full of tears and prayers, and seldom left his bed—the Prince of Conti, equally doleful, sent the cardinal a pathetic request for a copy of the *Imitation of Christ*. 'Tell Mazarin,' said Condé, 'that I wish his Eminence would give me at the same time the *Imitation de M. de Beaufort*—in case I might contrive to escape from this place as he did two years ago.' Nothing could be more easy and gay than the whole of his deportment. 'M. le Prince sings and swears and laughs, reads French and Italian books, dines well, and plays at battledore and shuttlecock.' A favourite amusement was the cultivation of a little bed of violets under his window. This 'jardin du Grand Condé' was kept up during generations afterwards by the joint care of prisoners and warders—it overlooked the ditch in which Savary superintended the murder of the last D'Enghien in 1804.

The Cardinal had meditated to include the Dowager Princess of Condé, and Clémence, and her son, in the arrest: but on second thoughts feared to excite a dangerous sympathy by such harsh treatment of a timid old woman, a helpless child, and an innocent lady of twenty-two so nearly connected with the author of his own fortunes, Richelieu. They were therefore ordered to retire to Chantilly, and remained in that noble palace, watched and guarded, but with access to friends, and the free use of the gardens. The dowager had many a fruitless negotiation during some months, but her daughter-in-law was seldom or never consulted. Down to this time the character of Clémence de Maillé had never been at all appreciated, even by those who mixed most familiarly in her society. But her day was at hand.

Mazarin had so cunningly provided for the probable effects of his *coup d'état*, that the first attempts at revolt failed not less signally in Anjou (under Rochefoucauld) and in Burgundy itself, than in Normandy. There was, however, a party in the parliament of Paris which regarded the seizure of the princes very differently from the majority of that body. The venerable Molé, 'la grande barbe,' and magistrates of his high class of character and standing, however apprehensive of the proud ambition of Condé, regarded with more apprehension the audacity of Mazarin in so soon violating the most important article agreed on at Ruel—that equivalent to our law of *Habeas Corpus*. The Cardinal could offer no *proof* of any criminal proceeding on the part of those

those whom he had summarily arrested, and thus detained in duress against the plain letter of the paction. The friends of Condé in Paris neglected nothing to secure the active interference of these great lawyers in behalf of their chief; and the result began to be contemplated with exceeding alarm at court, when news came that Madame de Longueville and Turenne had signed at Stenay a new treaty of alliance with Spain. This step revolted entirely Molé and his brethren—they sternly broke off all negotiation with the avowed enemies of the realm, and were forced to admit that Mazarin had probably had good reason for the suspicions on which he acted in imprisoning the princes. The Cardinal, now backed by the Parliament, could count on calling the whole resources of the state into operation against insurgents wherever they might venture to appear; nor indeed, so long as Gaston of Orleans remained quiet, was there the least chance now of the insurrection in any quarter assuming a very formidable aspect. For, as already observed, loose and vague as the notions of allegiance in those days were, no rebellion could ever gain much head unless some branch of the royal house was on the spot to countenance it: and now Mazarin had all the princes of the blood secure, except only the duke of Enghien, a child of seven. He resolved to make sure of this scion also; and, on pretext that Chantilly was dangerously near the frontier, took measures for at last arresting formally the young princess and her boy.

He was baffled by the prompt skill of Lenet and the courage of the hitherto despised Clémence de Maillé. Lenet contrived to ascertain the Cardinal's plans, and when his envoy arrived at Chantilly everything was ready for his reception. A young English lady—(in love with Lenet, by the way)—Miss Gerbier, *fille d'honneur* to Clémence, personated her mistress, and the son of the gardener was produced as the heir of Condé. The pretended princess was confined to bed by illness; and the courteous messenger, being entertained with condescension by the dowager, allowed a week to elapse while the invalid was supposed to be gathering strength for the appointed journey. Meantime, the very night of his arrival, Clémence and her son had escaped in disguise, and were already far on their way to Berry, under the guidance of Lenet. The narrative of their adventures is hardly less romantic than that of Mad. de Longueville's flight to Holland—and the mild innocent wife of Condé showed spirit and decision throughout, not inferior to what his bold and practised sister had displayed. Thus, after many perilous chances, she reached her husband's strong castle of Montrond, where the usual garrison was sufficient to hold out for some time, unless against a great regular force. On
arriving

arriving here the Princess wrote respectfully but firmly to the Queen-mother, apologising for having taken her own method of removing from Chantilly, in obedience to her Majesty's wishes, and offering to remain in perfect seclusion, holding no correspondence with any public person or party, provided she were allowed the tranquil use of Montrond for herself and her son. But Anne of Austria, who hated Condé, both hated and despised his wife. Her humble petition, while at Chantilly, to attend on the death-bed of her father, the old Marshal Duke of Maille, had been rejected 'durement;' and the only answer she now received was, the arrival in the neighbourhood of her castle of a body of troops, so considerable that the risks of a siege appeared too great to be encountered. Another evasion was judged necessary—and the Duke of Bouillon no sooner learned how she had been treated than he prayed her to make her way to him, and caused the tocsin to be sounded in all the 400 villages of his Viscounty of Turenne. Clémence again opened the chapter of adventure, and, after a new series of narrow escapes, reached the castle of Turenne, where her reception was most magnificent.*

"Il y avait soir et matin une table pour elle seule, une pour le Duc son fils, une pour les autres dames, servies chacune dans des lieux séparés; et dans la grande salle il y avait quatre tables de vingt-cinq couverts chacune, toutes magnifiquement servies, et sans autre bruit que celui qui commençait à s'élever après que l'on avait desservi les potages, et qui allait augmentant petit à petit, jusqu'à ce que la plupart fussent dans une gaieté approchant de l'ivrognerie. On commençait les santés, et on les finissait par celle du Prince de Condé; on la buvait debout, à genoux, et de toute manière, mais toujours le chapeau bas et l'épée nue à la main."—p. 196.

Rochevoucauld meanwhile was *again* arming and training his vassals, and the two dukes pressed the Princess more and more urgently to sanction an open rising. But Clémence, who understood the importance to them of the countenance which she had in her power to yield, was as sagacious as brave—she knew that a revolt of nobles, even though the wife and son of Condé were in its front, could not be eventually successful unless it had some show of law to support it. The parliament of Paris seemed inaccessible; and its influence over the provincial magistratures was naturally very strong. There had seemed to be small hope of enlisting any one of these bodies on the side of an insurrection—

* In an appendix to his History, M. de St. Aulaire prints some documents which give a striking notion of the wealth and grandeur of the Turenne family, even before the marriage with the heiress of Sedan and Bouillon. When the ancestor of the great lord who entertained Clémence was buried in 1533, twenty bishops and mitred abbots officiated at the altar; 1900 priests preceded the corpse; and it was followed by 5000 poor, all in mourning gowns bequeathed by the deceased Viscount of Turenne.

but exactly at the most critical moment the news reached her that the parliament of Bordeaux was at open strife with Mazarin. It had demanded the recall of a tyrannical governor, the Duke d'Epemon; the Cardinal was obstinate; and the house of Condé had ancient claims on the affection and veneration both of the parliament and the people of Bordeaux.

‘ C’était l’appui d’une de ces Cours Souveraines du Royaume qui seule alors pouvait donner de la consistance à un parti. Sur un Arrêt d’un Parlement, les caisses publiques se vidaient sans scrupule, et les particuliers payaient sans se plaindre; tandis que les Grands Seigneurs, sans villes, sans magasins, et sans argent comptant, ne pouvaient en descendant de leurs donjons faire subsister leur armée que par le pillage et les passe-droits. Bien loin des querelles d’intérêt personnel, ou des jalousies d’amour frivole, qui divisaient sans cesse les gentilhommes réunis un moment contre quelque ennemi commun, les magistrats fermes, toujours dévoués à leur compagnie, *songeant même quelquefois au bien de l’état*, avaient pour eux la vénération des peuples, et savaient maintenir, même au sein de la révolte, une apparence de l’ordre légal.

‘ Il n’était pas difficile à la Princesse de voir que les secours dont on se flattait, reposaient sur des espérances plutôt que sur des promesses, et pourraient bien lui manquer au moment du danger. Cependant, pour le service de son mari et de son fils, elle n’hésita pas à entreprendre le rôle périlleux qu’on lui proposait, en donnant le signal de la guerre civile, et se mettant à la tête de l’armée.’—pp. 188, 189.

From her own inheritance, the duchy of Fronsac, 11,000 mustered at her call. She issued a circular, stating to the provincial gentry

‘ qu’elle était venue au milieu d’eux, “ pour mettre mon fils à couvert des violences du Cardinal Mazarin, qui nous fait poursuivre par-tout par ses troupes.” A cet appel la guerre civile éclata de tous côtés. Les gentilhommes descendirent par-tout de leurs donjons, réunirent leurs vassaux, et ceignirent l’écharpe *isabelle*. Cette couleur, espèce de fauve, avait été choisie par Condé pour la sienne; elle doit son nom à un événement assez bizarre. Lorsque les Espagnols assiégeaient Ostende en 1601, l’Archiduchesse Isabelle, voulant encourager les troupes, et croyant le succès prochain, fit un vœu de ne jamais changer de chemise avant d’entrer dans la ville. Malheureusement pour cette princesse, la siège dura encore trois ans. On conçoit que pendant cette époque sa chemise ait perdu de sa première blancheur; et ses dames, pour la consoler, et pour suivre son exemple, faisaient teindre leur linge d’une couleur qui devint à la mode, et qu’on appela *Isabelle*.’—p. 198.

As soon as it was known that Bouillon and Rochefoucauld had joined their forces, and with Clémence and her son were advancing towards Bordeaux, Mazarin, with the queen and young Louis, at the head of a formidable army, moved to the south. The insurgents with difficulty approached the city before the royalists were

close

close to them; and the magistracy, notwithstanding the state of their relations with the court, had by no means made up their minds to receive the insurgents within their walls, and thus make themselves parties to an actual rebellion. But for Clémence, Bouillon and Rochefoucauld must have found themselves committed in a desperate attempt. She, however, appealed to the authorities in a manner which their old attachment to the Condé family rendered irresistible. They granted admission to herself and her child, and pledged themselves to come to no agreement with Mazarin in which her safety and liberty should not be comprehended. Once in Bordeaux, she so captivated all classes, that the most cautious of the magistrates found it impossible to resist the enthusiasm in her favour. She was queen of Bordeaux. The gates were flung open to her allies. The young men armed *en masse*—entrenchments were thrown up—and the Cardinal perceived that this great city was prepared heart and hand for a determined resistance. His force was so great that he, or rather his generals, disdained to grant the terms which the *jurats* tendered; and the famous siege of Bordeaux, the longest and the bloodiest in the whole course of these civil wars, began.

Its conduct belongs to the history of France. We shall only quote from Lord Mahon one of those bursts of generous manly feeling which from time to time command a pause in the perusal of his narratives, whether in French or in English:—

‘En parcourant les événemens de Bordeaux en 1650, on ne saurait détourner sa mémoire ni éviter le rapprochement de la même ville en 1815. Tandis que nous admirons le noble courage de la Princesse de Condé, pourrons-nous oublier celui de la Duchesse d’Angoulême—lorsque seule, intrépide, et dévouée à son devoir, elle cherchait à balancer le zèle des soldats pour leur ancien chef, et le dernier sourire de la Fortune à Napoléon? Non: l’histoire recueillira ensemble les noms Claire Clémence de Maillé et Marie Thérèse de France! Toutes deux de la maison de Bourbon, par naissance ou par alliance,—toutes deux encore plus illustres par de nobles qualités—elles ont toutes deux fourni l’exemple que ni la grandeur ni la vertu ne sauraient garantir dans ce monde de longues et pénibles souffrances. Honte à ceux qui ne peuvent jamais reconnaître le mérite au dehors de leur propre parti! Honneur à ces âmes généreuses qui, quelles que soient leurs croyances, savent se dévouer, et, s’il le faut, s’immoler pour elles!’—p. 222.

We must also give the next short paragraph, in which the story is resumed and connected:—

‘Au fond de sa prison le Prince de Condé apprenait de temps en temps la marche des affaires. Malgré la garde rigoureuse de Bar, il avait trouvé moyens de lier une correspondance avec quelques amis au dehors; mais ces lettres étaient rares et incertaines. Ses principales
lumières

lumières lui venaient de Délencé, son chirurgien, qu'on lui permettait de voir quelquefois sous le prétexte de maladie. Par hasard Condé arrosait ses oeillets, lorsque Délencé lui conta les événemens de Bordeaux. "Aurais-tu jamais cru," dit le Prince, en souriant, "que ma femme ferait la guerre pendant que j'arrose mon jardin?" —p. 222.

Encouraged by these tidings, the Prince's friends in Paris now concerted a plan for his escape; and among other preparations a sword reached him, concealed in a crutch, for which his sham lameness obtained a passport. But Mazarin had already perceived that Vincennes was on the side of Paris most accessible to Madame de Longueville and her allies of the Spanish Netherlands, and the very night before the attempt was to have been made, the captives were removed by his orders to the remoter fortress of Marcoussy. The removal was conducted by the Count d'Harcourt, an old companion-in-arms of Condé's, and a distinguished officer, one of the high blood of Lorraine. Mortifying as the disappointment was, the Prince maintained his accustomed composure. D'Harcourt travelled in the coach with him; and during the journey his prisoner composed these verses:—

* Cet homme gros et court,
Si fameux dans l'histoire,
Ce grand Comte d'Harcourt,
Tout rayonnant de gloire,
Qui secourut Casal, et qui reprit Turin,
Est devenu recors de Jules Mazarin.'

The secret of the Prince had been confided to an old valet, whose *confessor* forthwith passed it on to the Coadjutor, and he to Mazarin; but such abuse of that *sacrament* was practised by all parties alike. Lenet mentions—as coolly as he would the receipt of a bag of Spanish doubloons—that a church dignitary of Burgundy in the Condé interest pledged himself 'faire manœuvrer tous les prêtres dans la confession.' The princes had *all* but escaped from Marcoussy in its turn, when they were in much the same manner again betrayed, and carried to Havre-de-Grace.

Meantime both the besiegers and the defenders of Bordeaux had good reasons for desiring an accommodation. Animated by the heroism of Clémence, who exposed her person as freely as her husband could have done, the townspeople seconded the soldiery of the two dukes so bravely that *the Mazarins* had ere long abandoned all hope of carrying the place by assault, and reduced the siege to a blockade. This was of no inconvenience to the military, because the river remained open; but the vintage approached, and the citizens saw ruin in being denied access to their farms, should the siege be protracted beyond September; and their anxiety became so intense that the dukes feared some
separate

separate negotiation fatal to themselves. At the same time the higher magistrates of the town had never viewed otherwise than with disgust the alliance of their guests with Madrid. The Spanish flag on the Garonne was abomination in their eyes: they partook the feelings with which the parliament of Paris had received the news of Turenne's treaty at Stenay; and indeed nothing had prevented this resentment from an early explosion except the deep sympathy and admiration with which they regarded Clémence. On the other hand, the demonstrations of the Spanish alliance in the south, and the success which had been attending some of the archduke's operations in Flanders, could not but give Mazarin the most serious alarm. For, notwithstanding the general burst of indignation which the first news of that alliance had excited in the Paris parliament, the internal dissensions of this body had again begun to manifest themselves. It was, in fact, made up of three parties, almost exactly equal in numbers; the *Mazarins* could only outvote the *Nouveaux Frondeurs* (those inclined to Condé) when the old Fronde of Gondy chose to support them; and this support became from day to day more uncertain in consequence of the unconquerable reluctance of both Mazarin and Anne of Austria (who regarded the Coadjutor at best as Anne of England did Swift) to gratify the popular prelate with a nomination to the cardinalate. Gondy's legal friends, too, had met already with some of those disappointments which are inevitable whenever the patronage of a government is claimed by two coalescing factions. Nor had the Condéans been idle. The devotion and gallantry of Clémence at Bordeaux had awakened in Paris, as elsewhere, a vivid interest for her, and through her for her lord. She sent to the parliament petition on petition for their interference, drawn up with a modest dignity which no prompter could have supplied; nor did she omit the use of phrases and titles long coveted by them, but hitherto very rarely conceded by personages of her rank. The Princess-dowager, too, had come secretly to Paris, and, appearing unexpectedly in the Hôtel de Ville, exhibited her aged affliction in humiliations which drew tears from many a stern eye, and which Gondy asserts that he himself witnessed with a blush. Finally, the Queen's own party had been shaken in its cohesion by some new and old griefs of Gaston of Orleans. Especially the Cardinal had given him deep offence by removing the captive princes from Marcoussy, which was within his jurisdiction, to Havre-de-Grace; thus depriving him of what he had from the beginning contemplated,—an opportunity of connecting their ultimate emancipation with some solid advantage to himself.

These fermentations at Paris hastened the affair at Bordeaux

to

to a conclusion. Mazarin was eager to be on the spot to counteract them. His opponents conceived that the tide was turning in their favour, and that his presence in the capital would accelerate, not retard, the movement. A brief negotiation, therefore, ended in a treaty, by which peace was restored for the present to the south : Mazarin agreeing to gratify the Bordelais by appointing another governor in room of D'Epernon, and a complete amnesty being granted to all the insurgents ;—Bouillon and Rochefoucauld were to disband their troops and retire to their own provinces, and Clémence to return to Montrond, with permission to maintain a suitable garrison there until the terms of her husband's delivery should be finally settled at Paris.

On the conclusion of this arrangement, Clémence was invited by the court general, the Marshal de Meilleraie, to pay her respects to the Queen-regent at her quarters at Bourg, and the princess complied. She took her boy with her, and was attended (luckily for us) by Rochefoucauld and the faithful Lenet, who had had a great share in the recent negotiation. From these and the other memoir-writers Lord Mahon has put together a most complete and lively picture of this meeting. We give a few fragments :—

‘ Cette entrevue pacifique, suivant immédiatement, comme dans les romans de chevalerie, à des combats acharnés, excita au plus haut point la curiosité de la cour. On s'empressa à voir débarquer Clémence. Elle avait l'air souffrant ; en effet elle avait eu la fièvre dans ces derniers jours, et elle tenait son bras en écharpe, ayant été saignée la veille. Mais on admirait la noblesse et la convenance de son maintien, qui sans démentir son dévouement pour son mari, témoignait son respect à sa souveraine. “ Un de mes amis,” dit Madame de Motteville, “ qui m'écrivit ce détail, me manda que la douleur l'avait embellie.” Un autre écrivain assure qu'elle paraissait triste, mais pleine de grace et de douceur, sans aucun orgueil, et sans le moindre soupçon de bassesse. Au contraire, Mademoiselle,* jalouse de la nouvelle réputation que la Princesse venait d'acquérir, lui porte un coup qu'elle juge peut être, dans ses idées de femme, le plus mortel de tous : “ Son écharpe était mise si ridiculement, aussi-bien que le reste de son habillement, que j'eus grande peine à m'empêcher de rire.”

‘ En entrant dans la chambre de Sa Majesté, la princesse y trouva seulement la Reine, le Roi, Mademoiselle, et le Cardinal. Elle tenait son fils par la main, et n'avait à sa suite personne que Madame de Tourville. Sans vouloir saluer, ni même regarder le Cardinal, Clémence mit un genou à terre devant la Reine, et lui dit, “ Madame, je viens me jeter aux pieds de Votre Majesté pour lui demander pardon si j'ai fait quelque chose qui lui ait déplu. Elle doit excuser la juste douleur d'une Demoiselle qui

* The daughter of the Duke of Orleans—in her mother's right Duchess of Montpensier.

a eu l'honneur d'épouser le premier Prince du Sang, qu'elle voit dans les fers, et qui a cru avoir juste raison d'appréhender le même sort pour son fils unique que je vous présente. Lui et moi, Madame, vous demandons, les larmes aux yeux, la liberté de Monsieur son père; accordez-là, Madame, aux grandes actions qu'il a faites pour la gloire de Votre Majesté, à sa vie qu'il a tant de fois prodiguée pour le service du Roi et pour celui de l'état, et à ma très-humble prière."

'Anne d'Autriche répartit, "Je suis bien aise, ma cousine, que vous connaissiez votre faute. Vous voyez bien que vous avez pris une mauvaise voie pour obtenir ce que vous demandez. Maintenant que vous en allez tenir une toute contraire, je verrai quand et comment je pourrai vous donner la satisfaction que vous demandez."

'Le mépris que la Princesse témoignait au Cardinal ne le rebuta nullement. Tout entier à l'ambition, il ne connaissait ni l'orgueil, ni la rancune. À peine fut elle retirée dans son logement que Mazarin vint effrontément lui rendre visite. Il fut reçu par Clémence avec une froideur extrême, et elle s'abstint avec peine de reproches; mais Mazarin, sans se déconcerter et sans perdre son air enjoué, s'avança vers le Duc d'Enghien pour lui baiser la main. L'enfant retira sa main avec colère, et ne voulut jamais lui répondre un seul mot.

'Dès que le Cardinal sut Lenet arrivé, il voulut l'entretenir en particulier. Au lieu de reproches, il l'accabla de louanges et de compliments, en affectant une franchise extrême. Alors, le prenant par la main, il le mena vers une fenêtre de sa chambre qui regardait Bordeaux. . . . Mazarin, entrant en matière, commença à s'excuser sur sa conduite passée, mais il fallut interrompre la conversation; midi approchait; c'était le jour de St. François, et le pieux Cardinal n'avait pas encore ouï la messe. Il fit monter dans sa voiture avec lui les Ducs de Bouillonnet de la Rochefoucauld, ainsi que Lenet. "Qui aurait cru," dit-il en souriant, "il y a huit jours, que nous serions tous quatre aujourd'hui dans un même carrosse?"—"Tout arrive en France," répondit l'auteur des "Maximes." Lenet ajouta, "Ce m'est un grand honneur, monsieur, d'être dans ce carrosse dans une telle compagnie; mais je ne serai jamais content que je n'y voie aussi M. le Prince!" Le Cardinal se mit à rire: "Tout cela viendra dans son temps," dit-il.

'Dans le cours de cette journée Lenet alla rendre ses devoirs à la Reine, et ensuite à Mademoiselle. La première, par les avis et selon l'exemple du Cardinal, lui fit un accueil très-caressant. Cependant elle ne pouvait tout-à-fait contraindre sa colère; tout-à-coup elle changea de propos, le rouge lui monta au visage, et elle s'écria à haute voix, "Ah, si l'on n'était pas Chrétien, que ne devrait on point faire contre ceux qui sortent d'une ville rebelle, et qui s'en vont tout droit à Stenay, vers Madame de Lougueville et Monsieur de Turenne!"

'La Reine se remettant vit bien qu'elle devait changer de discours. "N'avez-vous pas vu le Roi?" dit-elle, et tout de suite elle présenta Lenet à sons fils.

'Chez Mademoiselle la réception de Lenet fut encore plus favorable. Dès qu'elle l'aperçut elle vint à lui "d'un air brusque et délibéré," qui lui était ordinaire, et lui dit qu'elle avait presque envie de l'embrasser, tant

tant elle était satisfaite de tout ce qu'il avait fait pour son maître : " Car," poursuivit-elle, " je n'aime point du tout M. le Prince, et pourtant j'aime ceux qui l'ont bien servi."

Après dîner, Lenet retourna chez le Cardinal, qui redoubla ses cajoleries, et le retint en conférence depuis sept heures du soir jusqu'à une heure après minuit. Mazarin s'attacha surtout à persuader Lenet qu'il avait l'intention sincère de rendre la liberté aux Princes, cherchant ainsi à prévenir l'alliance qu'il redoutait entre les anciens Frondeurs et les amis de Condé. Il essaya aussi, mais en vain, de pénétrer jusqu'à quel point la négociation entre ces deux partis pouvait être parvenue. " Puis il me parla de la Duchesse de Longueville et du Duc de la Rochefoucauld, comme de gens dont il lui serait mal-aisé d'avoir l'amitié, parcequ'ils n'en avaient," disait-il, " que l'un pour l'autre." " S'il est ainsi," lui dis-je, monsieur, vous n'avez qu'à contenter l'un pour avoir l'amitié de l'autre; et je crois que vous contenteriez aisément la Duchesse en lui donnant la liberté de messieurs ses frères, et de monsieur son mari." " Je crois," répliqua-t-il, " que je lui ferais encore plus de plaisir de retenir le dernier!"

" Son Eminence," dit Lenet, " m'embrassa à deux reprises, et me fit trop de démonstrations d'estime et d'amitié pour les croire sincères." —pp. 254-260.

On his return to Paris, Mazarin heard very alarming tidings from the Flemish side, where Turenne was making rapid progress at the head of his mixed army of French refugees and Spaniards. The Maréchal du Plessis was reinforced largely from the troops that had besieged Bordeaux; and the ancient military vanity induced the cardinal himself to give him the benefit of his personal presence in the camp. From the top of a church-steeple he at least watched the battle of Rhetel, in which all Turenne's skill could not save his ill-compacted force from a severe defeat. Nothing could exceed the triumph of Mazarin: with Condé in a dungeon, and Turenne a discomfited exile, the pensioner of Spain, what could prevent him from now overawing effectually the civilians in Paris? He turned back to the capital an exulting conqueror, and found that his victory was all that had been wanting to embitter the disaffection of his *quondam* friends, and insure the success of his inveterate enemies. Well might Rochefoucauld say, 'Tout arrive en France!'

The lofty assurance of the once lowly Cardinal's mien was the omen of a hitherto unexampled audacity of despotism in his administration. He flattered himself that all parties were helpless before him; that he might now safely indulge his own caprices; that he was at last another Richelieu. Hence ere long an universal jealousy and dread of this unmasked ambition, and with it an universal remorse for the acclamations amidst which he had been permitted to rid himself of the one great counterpoise, the hero of Rocroy.

The

The grand popular movement which by-and-by ensued is the solitary one in French annals unstained with blood; but those annals display none more effective. In one night, by the combined influence of new and old Frondeurs, the whole population of Paris was set in motion, and the royal guards themselves had been prepared to act in unison with them. The Cardinal escaped, but the Queen-regent found herself and her son captives in the Louvre; and though nothing could surpass the courage with which she confronted the insurgents, yet entire submission was unavoidable. 'The Princes are free!' burst from every voice. From one only did it come with a heavy addition. The venerable Molé witnessed with honest grief the means by which such a revolution had been effected. 'Yes,' said he, 'the Princes are free, but our King is a prisoner.'

Mazarin, though his pious regard for his own person had induced him to quit Paris, could not for two or three days believe that the mischief was irremediable. 'He hovered about the city,' says Lord Mahon, 'like a moth round the candle which has singed its wings.' It occurred to him that the best thing he could do would be to hurry to Havre, and with his own hand unlock the prison before news of the insurrection reached the princes. The merit of such unprompted relief must no doubt extort Condé's signature to some document which might hereafter be of special use—but who can tell how far Mazarin carried his faith in the efficacy of his own fascinations? Scarcely had he resolved on this cleverness before he ascertained that the Queen had signed the warrant he designed to anticipate. Still he might at least be the first messenger of the glad tidings—in the moment of joy hearts might be opened, everything forgiven. No courier could pass him in his eager journey—but the grand news of the successful rising had already taken wing. Early on the 13th of February, 1651, while he was demanding entrance at the gates of Havre, which, as he had assumed a layman's garb, was not at once granted, a dragoon galloped up to announce that the deputies charged with the warrant of delivery would be there the same evening; and this news too flew on to the citadel faster than the seeming cavalier of the court could spur:—

'A l'aspect imprévu de son ennemi capital, Condé ne put réprimer un mouvement de surprise, mais dans sa réception il ne témoigna ni arrogance ni bassesse. Le Cardinal se mit presque à genoux; il protesta qu'il n'avait eu aucune part dans la prison de M. le Prince; qu'elle venait du Duc d'Orléans et des Frondeurs; et que pour sa liberté la Reine venait de l'accorder à ses très-humbles prières. Condé répliqua, en peu de mots, qu'il était reconnaissant que Sa Majesté eût bien voulu lui rendre justice, et qu'il la servirait fidèlement, ainsi qu'il l'avait

l'avait toujours fait. Sans répondre aux avances du Cardinal, il continua à le traiter avec une politesse parfaite, mais qui tenait un peu du mépris. Il ordonna qu'on servit à dîner à lui et ses frères, fit asseoir Mazarin à leur table, et but civilement à sa santé. Le Prince de Conti et le Duc de Longueville paraissaient moins polis et plus pressés de sortir. Après le repas, Mazarin demanda à Condé une audience particulière, et, se voyant seul avec lui, il redoubla ses instances, implorant son pardon pour le passé, et sa protection pour l'avenir. Il représenta que le trône chancelait devant la Fronde, et que le seul moyen de l'affermir serait une alliance intime entre lui-même, le confident de la Reine, et les Princes du Sang. Condé l'écouta froidement, et lui répondit peu de chose; enfin il descendit l'escalier, toujours suivi de Mazarin, et monta en carrosse avec ses frères. Au dernier moment, Mazarin se précipita sur ses pas pour baiser sa botte; Condé, se retournant, dit seulement avec un salut, "Adieu, Monsieur le Cardinal!" Le ministre déchu suivit long-temps des yeux le carrosse, avec qui sa dernier espérance paraissait s'éloigner; il vit Condé prendre la route de Paris, au bruit des salves d'artillerie, et des acclamations du peuple,—ce même peuple qui treize mois auparavant avait allumé des feux de joie à la nouvelle de sa prison!—pp. 279, 280.

His approach to Paris was a triumphal procession. Gaston and Gondy met him at St. Denis. He embraced them, and entered their coach. Every street, roof, and tree was crowded: '*l'ivresse* n'était jamais plus grande,' says dull Désormeaux.

"Condé, qui s'était muni d'argent et de bijoux, les prodigua à ceux qui l'entouraient. Il ne lui restait plus que son épée, lorsque entendant dire à un jeune officier combien il serait heureux de la posséder—"La voilà," dit le Prince avec bonté; "puisse-t-elle vous conduire au bâton de Maréchal de France!" On ajoute, que le jeune officier se montra digne de ce don; il parvint au rang de brigadier, et vingt-quatre ans après fut tué en combattant sous les drapeaux de Condé à la bataille de Seneff."—p. 282.

He proceeded to the Louvre—but the Queen received him in bed, and the compliments exchanged were cold and short; hence to the Luxembourg, where the Duke of Orléans had ready a splendid banquet, at which the Coadjutor said grace, and which was prolonged until long after midnight. Soon after his wife arrived from Montrond, and his sister from Stenay; and Clémence, for the first time since her marriage, was treated in an affectionate manner by her hero. But '*tout arrive en France*,'—except permanent gratitude for unmeasurable merit.

At this moment Condé seemed, nay was, more powerful than the Cardinal had dared to fancy himself the day after Rhetel. The Parliament had proscribed Mazarin, and he was glad to find shelter at Brühl, near Cologne. The timid Gaston was incapable of making steady opposition to any of the Prince's proposals. The Queen was

helpless. Rochefoucauld asserts that, if Condé had demanded the regency for Monsieur, or even for himself in his own name, the Parliament would have assented, and the Queen must have submitted to resign her authority: but the chief still retained feelings towards the crown with which his most active partisans sympathised not; and, moreover, it must be allowed that Condé's vacillation in politics throughout offered the strongest contrast to his decision in warfare. He allowed the favourable moment to pass. Mazarin corresponded daily with the Queen and her secretaries, old creatures of his own, whom Condé had despised too much to include in the proscription of their master. The Cardinal counselled the most complete acquiescence for some time in whatever the victor should propose, and the Queen at his bidding controlled her passions. He predicted that the uncongenial materials of the coalition would incur great risk of crumbling to pieces of their own accord, so no external influence interfered to alarm them into cohesion. Nor was he mistaken. But a few short weeks sufficed to introduce hopeless discord. We shall notice, among a hundred sources of dissension, only two. The Duke of Bouillon and his brother Turenne claimed, in the new distribution of governments and honours, what Condé found it impossible to grant—and it is supposed that the Viscount's temper was irritated exceedingly by discovering that Madame de Longueville preferred her old *liaison* with Rochefoucauld to that which had gratified him during her residence at Stenay. The Bouillons were presently in open rupture with the Condés, and negotiating privately with the Queen on their own account. A great body among the nobility followed the lead of this powerful magnate, and his brother's influence was inferior only to Condé's own in the army. While the nobles were thus thrown into dissension, the refusal of the Prince to sanction his brother Conti's marriage with Mademoiselle de Chevreuse—a point which seems to have been considered as settled during the negotiations that preceded their delivery from imprisonment—was not only resolute, but expressed in such imperious terms as to inflame to fury the fierce temper of the Coadjutor. The nature of that reverend person's connection with the young lady was notorious—but it had been so long before the royal marriage was suggested. Gondy's party in the Parliament were thus alienated, and scenes of such violence ensued in the Grand Chamber as seemed to threaten every hour assassination within and massacre without its walls. The Coadjutor openly reproached Condé with having broken his word. Rochefoucauld jostled the prelate in the gate—drew the folding-doors tight on him, confesses that he felt a fervid tempta-
tion

tion to crush him to death, and released him in an agony of pain and rage. For some days the city continued, 'with hostile faces thronged and fiery arms,'—an outbreak momentarily expected—yet neither of the chiefs had as yet made up his mind for civil war. When things seemed at the worst, Condé met the Coadjutor at the head of a priestly procession. He knelt in the street as the host passed, and the libertine agitator gave his benediction with the air of an apostle. Gaston trembled at the prospect of new tumults, and was busy with a feeble eagerness in preaching peace and suggesting compromises. The Cardinal at Brühl received with unexpected delight the tidings of these early discords; and, guided by his skill, the Queen began to resume, bit by bit, the authority which had been shattered in her hands by the combination of her enemies. Condé took the alarm, and demanded with his usual abruptness the instant dismissal of the Mazarin secretaries. Her Majesty refused—the Parliament was no longer ready to register the Prince's decrees. His wrathful menaces gave the Queen a pretext for invoking the protection of the Coadjutor, whom she now at length gratified in the great point of his ambition. At the order of the *Cardinal du Retz*, the burghers tendered their services to guard the palace. The Prince was told that the Regent was preparing to arrest him again; that it had been debated in her Majesty's presence whether it would be best to seize him openly in the Luxembourg the next time he visited Monsieur, or to surround his own hotel by night, and surprise him in his bed; and that the latter scheme had been dropped in consequence of Du Retz's representation of the horrors that must ensue from such an attempt '*dans une maison toute en défiance, et contre l'homme du plus grand courage qui soit au monde.*'

All this, we know, had been debated; but there is no evidence that anything had been resolved: Condé's suspicions, however, once excited, drew confirmation from every trifle. At two in the morning of the 6th of July, just five months after the forced flight of Mazarin, one of the gentlemen in attendance rushed into his chamber exclaiming, '*Sauvez-vous, monseigneur, votre hôtel est investi!*' Another followed to say that two companies of the royal guards were advancing. In fact, these troops were in quest of a party of smugglers; but in the agitation of the first moment Condé sprang from his bed, and, with six attendants only, galloped out of the city by the port St. Michel. Day was breaking as he reached the open country—he paused on the high road for some time waiting for intelligence—suddenly he was 'aware,' as the ballads say, of a dust in the distance, clamorous voices, and the hasty trampling of horse. Not doubting that a regiment of dragoons had been sent round to

intercept him, he clapped spurs to his steed, and never drew bridle again till he was at Meudon. The second alarm had arisen from the march of a band of early villagers riding their donkeys to the herb-market. As M. de St. Aulaire says, 'un jeu bizarre de la fortune faisait fuir l'homme le plus intrépide de son siècle devant des femmes, des enfans, et des ânes!'

He retired to his Castle of St. Maur, only three leagues from Paris, and was there joined forthwith by the ladies of his own family, his brother Conti, Rochefoucauld, Nemours, Lenet—and, says Lord Mahon—'Tous les divertissemens, les bals, les comédies, le jeu, la chasse, et la bonne chère y attiraient un nombre infini de ces gens incertains, qui s'offrent toujours au commencement des partis, et qui les trahissent ou les abandonnent dans la suite.' (p. 292.) St. Maur became a rival court. The Queen perceived that matters had been hurried. She made a solemn declaration to the Parliament that she had never contemplated arresting the Prince; Gaston renewed his offices as a go-between: it was at last agreed that the Mazarin secretaries should disappear from the council—and, there being no longer any pretext for a secession, and *Madame de Chatillon being in Paris*, Condé returned to his hotel. But—to pass over many little incidents which have no interest unless when given in detail—the great wound had been but slightly cicatrized. Early in September the Prince once more left the capital, and this time with the scarcely dissembled intention of renewing the civil war. Gaston flew to the Queen, and extorted from her terms which he thought ought to appease his cousin. By a mischance which, however strange, was exactly repeated during Napoleon's campaign of 1814, the duke's letter to Condé, addressed to him at Angerville, was badly penned, and the messenger lost some days by carrying it first to Augerville. When Condé at last received it he was pursuing his journey near Bourges—he read without dismounting, and said to those about him, 'Si cette lettre était arrivée un peu plutôt, elle m'aurait arrêté; mais puisque j'ai le dos sur la selle, je n'en descendrai pas pour des espérances incertaines!' (p. 299.)

Nevertheless, on reaching Montrond, where his wife and chief friends were by this time again assembled, Condé once more paused. Among other reasons he had for doing so, the Duke of Longueville had declined to accompany his wife, 'who had never loved him, and for some time past had learned to be afraid of him.' But war was so much the more in her favour, it is added, as, since her lord adhered to the Queen, it must now ensure her being separated from his company:—

'Clémence, si courageuse pour délivrer son mari, plaçait auprès de lui
toute

toute sa gloire dans une soumission absolue à ses volontés ; cependant tous ses vœux étaient pour le repos. Madame de Longueville, fière et vindicative, ne respirait que la guerre, et entraînait à sa suite, non seulement le Prince de Conti, mais La Rochefoucauld, Nemours, et Viole. Voyant l'incertitude de Condé, ceux-ci signèrent entre eux un accord secret de continuer la guerre sans lui, et même s'il le fallait contre lui, plutôt que de s'accommoder avec la Cour. Condé les connaissait bien mieux qu'ils ne se connaissaient eux-mêmes. Prêt à céder à leurs instances, il s'écria, "Vous m'avez engagé dans un étrange parti, mais je vous prédis que vous en serez plutôt las que moi, et que vous m'abandonnerez !" Jamais, comme nous le verrons, prédiction ne fut mieux accomplie. C'est ainsi que dans les factions les petits génies savent subjuguer les grands ; c'est ainsi que Condé dut céder à l'influence de ceux dont il méprisait le jugement.—p. 300.

When Condé had once resolved, nothing could surpass the promptitude of his measures. On his return from Havre he had been appointed, *inter alia*, governor of Guyenne, and he at once proceeded to its capital, Bordeaux, which received him with enthusiasm, as an old friend of the city, as the sworn enemy of D'Epemon—above all, as the husband of Clémence. Here his levies were mustered, and from hence he speedily negotiated a fresh alliance with Spain : but the Queen Regent herself and her son took the field, and the display of the Oriflamme was always formidable ;—the defection of the Bouillons and of Longueville could not be balanced by any troops that Rochefoucauld and his other adherents could now raise ; nor did the parliament of Bordeaux regard a treaty with Spain more favourably than they had done the year before. Thirty of the most eminent magistrates quitted the place in a body ; and Condé's autocratical demeanour soon chilled the affection of those that remained. The Prince left the town at the head of his disposable force, and did whatever art could do to oppose the veteran troops led against him by his old friend the Count d'Harcourt : but his campaign was little more than a series of disappointments.

Internal feuds meanwhile began to break out at Bordeaux. When Rochefoucauld arrived there he found that Mad. de Longueville, 'qui trouvait que les absens ont toujours tort,' had transferred her smiles to the Duke de Nemours. This new *amour*, which discomposed the philosopher of the 'Maxims,' was at least as offensive to the weak, profligate Conti, who, as Rochefoucauld himself expresses it, 'rompit avec éclat avec sa sœur, sur des prétextes qui la bienséance et l'intérêt du sang lui devaient faire cacher.' Having thus alienated two devoted admirers, the fiery lady found herself regarded with little respect by what remained of the Parliament, and observed with bitter resentment that they were barely restrained from open mutiny, by their respect and
attachment

attachment for the sister-in-law whom she had always despised and ill-treated. The 'angelic' Geneviève, therefore, stooped to the mob, and succeeded in organising around her a body of bloody bandits, whose demonstrations speedily made it impossible for the magistracy not to denounce her to the Prince. Condé, in his haughtiness, hesitated to recall his sister; and the moment a new check to his own arms should inspire sufficient confidence in the respectable inhabitants, it was hardly doubtful that they would rally round the Parliament, and Bordeaux be lost to the New Fronde.

Notwithstanding that Marsin, who commanded for the French in Catalonia, seduced a considerable body of his troops, and with them joined Condé before the end of 1651, the whole horizon of the revolt was becoming more and more gloomy—when a new gleam of light broke on the cause. The Cardinal had never ceased to be the Queen's director, and, hasty as his evasion had been, he had contrived to carry with him to Brühl a very large sum of the public money. By degrees he assembled an army of not less than 10,000 men, who assumed a *green* scarf—his eminence's livery—and ere long it was known that Turenne had accepted the command, and passed the frontier as the general of Mazarin, marching to the succour of the Queen Regent and her son. This movement gave rise to new tumults: though the Parliament, on whose decree of banishment the Cardinal thus audaciously trampled, denounced him anew as the enemy of the state, the *Isabelle* scarf found no more favour with them than the *green*; but Gaston perceived that, unless he interfered, the junction of the Queen's forces and her Cardinal's must soon take place in spite of parliamentary prohibitions; and that, if their united army should crush Condé, he himself must be left at the mercy of the Court. And his daughter, Mademoiselle, who exerted over him all the influence of a vigorous mind, had by this time not only dropped her ancient enmity to the next branch of her house, but conceived a fervent affection for its chief, or at all events nourished it as her fondest hope that Clémence (whose health was known to be very feeble) would not survive the hardships of her campaigning, and that she herself might then become Princess of Condé. The high-spirited heiress, whose many strange doings we forgive for the frankness with which she records them, avows all this in her memoirs, and throughout the rest of her life appears as the most strenuous partisan of the hero whose alliance she thus in vain coveted. Stimulated and strengthened by her suggestions, Monsieur proclaimed that the invasion of Mazarin put an end to all his arrangements with the Court. The garrison of Paris was already in his hands. He mustered the

the vassals of his own mighty appanage and his daughter's duchy; and in a short time another new army was on foot, and at the disposal, as it seemed, of the great rebel. It need not be said that a rebellion in those days hardly passed for anything more audacious in France than a strong parliamentary opposition to a government does now in England; and the heroines who figure in this war only displayed, in another fashion, the passions which modern fine ladies must confine to the humbler limits of a hot canvass and the fragrant watchings of the ventilator.

We must not attempt to abridge Lord Mahon's clear, but exceedingly compact, narrative of Turenne's invasion and the military movements that ensued. While Gaston remained in Paris, his daughter, emulous of the former Pucelle of Orleans, defended that city in person, with brilliant courage and success; but this was the only good fortune that attended Monsieur's separate arms; and it was in vain that Condé, before and after it, urged him to cause all his troops to march into the south, in order to the combination of a force capable of overwhelming the royalists. Gaston could not make up his mind to a venture by which his appanages must in the first instance be left undefended; and Condé saw no chance of preventing the Orleanists from being finally crushed by Turenne, unless in detaching to their aid a body of his own army, which he could ill spare. But when Nemours, his lieutenant, took the field on the Loire, Gaston's general, the Duke de Beaufort, insisted on retaining the chief control, to which Nemours would not consent—so the old ever-fatal plan of alternate command was adopted, being followed by disputes and mistakes and mutual recriminations, which made that camp rival Agramant's. Turenne, even had they combined and centupled their wits, would have overmatched them: in this state of things he had no difficulty in baffling every movement they hazarded; and Condé at last was convinced that, unless he came himself to the rescue, nothing could avert their utter destruction. Two hundred leagues intervened—the country between was studded with royal garrisons—royal troops were marching over it hither and thither—the population was mostly in the Queen's interest. He did not hesitate to encounter all risks: with half a dozen tried cavaliers, all disguised, he threaded forests and swam rivers, like a knight-errant in quest of some captured beauty; and, when a hostile squadron or citadel could not be avoided, contrived so cleverly to cajole or mystify the commanders, that, though a hundred times on the edge of discovery, he finally arrived *alone*—for everybody else had knocked up—at the outposts of his allies. His strange dress and accoutrements, with the mud that encrusted them, rendered him totally irre-
cognisable;

nisable ; and he was all but dragged to head-quarters as a spy. Not the least hint of his intentions had reached either friend or foe upon the Loire ; and he came just after, during several successive days, Beaufort and Nemours had been defeated in every attempt to break through the lines within which the royal general held them entrapped.

After supper that night Turenne walked out to breathe the air ; casting his eye over the plain, it struck him that the enemy's watch-fires indicated a change of positions. He considered the scene for a few moments, and exclaimed, 'M. le Prince est ici.'

In contempt for those who had hitherto opposed him, Turenne had allowed his own army to be too much scattered, and next morning, before he could warn Hoquincourt, who commanded the wing farthest from himself, Condé hurried that general into action, and gave him a bloody defeat. The loss was so great that Mazarin, who was in person with Turenne, apprehended another day might disperse the whole army, and leave not only himself, but the Queen and the young King, who were near at hand, at Gien, at the mercy of the Prince. All was terror and desolation at the fugitive Court, and Condé exulted in the near prospect of consummate victory. But Turenne retrieved the misfortune by his exquisite art and firmness, rescued the remains of the discomfited wing, and, in the face of his great rival, consolidated his whole army in a most formidable position. We are surprised that Lord Mahon has not quoted Buonaparte's critique on these movements—especially the battle of Blenau. It forms one of the few passages in the numerous volumes of and about St. Helena that authenticate their parentage—for all the Bertrands and Gambauds since Balaam could never have conceived an iota of its argument. The Emperor confesses that he had begun to re-study the campaigns of Condé and Turenne with a strong suspicion that the talents of both had been much exaggerated ; but declares that he ended with conviction that their fame by no means surpassed their merits. On this occasion he divides the laurels equally. The surprise and the victory did no more honour to Condé, in his judgment, than the extrication of the army, and the ultimate safety of the court, to Turenne.

Paris, meantime, was in a state of violent agitation. The parties in the parliament were so nearly balanced that the inmost accident sometimes determined the vote. One day a proclamation was issued against the invader Mazarin ; the next, they dealt like measure to the rebel Condé. Gaston, though his troops were in the field, would fain have passed for having armed merely as the mediator of peace, unblushingly denied any share in the treaty with Spain, complained that his general had acted against his instructions

tions in giving battle to the Queen, and urged the parliament to join with him in endeavouring to bring the contending powers to an amicable compromise. But this prince of liars was unpopular in the parliament, not less than in the city; and even Du Retz had by this time lost very much of his popular influence, merely or chiefly in consequence of his connection with his royal highness. To protract a campaign against Turenne and the Oriflamme in the centre of France, while the disposition of the capital was thus uncertain, by no means suited the views of Condé. He resolved to lead his army beneath the walls of Paris, overawe its contending factions, and establish his head-quarters at the Louvre; while his force in the south should march northwards, and press Turenne from behind. The marshal was not deceived by the art with which Condé strove to mask this new determination. He also marched instantly, in hopes of bringing on a final battle before his antagonist could reach the Seine. Never was a more beautiful rivalry of strategy; but Condé at length passed the river safely at St. Cloud, and, before Turenne could come up with his rear, was thundering for admission at the gates of Paris. He was refused; for Gaston shrunk from the decisive responsibility, and, feigning illness, took to his bed; and the civic authorities, having denounced Condé as a traitor but yesterday, would do nothing to give him an advantage over Mazarin, on whose head they had set a price. Finding gate after gate obstinately bolted, Condé marched round the town, and had barely time to occupy the faubourg of St. Antoine before the royalists appeared. Night fell, and two armies rested in presence under the guns of the Bastille.

The three main streets of the faubourg spreading fanwise from the open *place* before the Port St. Antoine, Condé caused each to be occupied by a division of his army, and himself took post on the *place* with a chosen reserve, ready to rush to the assistance of whatever party should be most severely pressed. Soon after daybreak Turenne poured a column upon each of the streets. The houses on either side were occupied by marksmen, from balcony to roof. The assaults were incessant. Now the royalists, notwithstanding all obstacles of gallantry and strong position, forced their way right or left within sight of the *place*—and next moment Condé had headed a stormy charge and trampled them back into the fields. Amidst the smoke and the dust, and the burning heat of July, the narrow, high-built streets ran with torrents of blood, suffocating shambles. The oppression of the air at noon was such that human energy sank—white flags were hoisted, no one knew at whose bidding—and for more than two hours there was a total cessation of the strife. Condé, who had
had

had horse after horse killed under him, and received numberless contusions, was so galled and stifled with pain and steel, that, according to Mademoiselle, he withdrew into a little garden, stripped stark naked, and rolled himself on a grass-plot, like an over-weary horse dismissed from his harness. Thus refreshed, he caused himself to be again riveted into his armour, and was at his original post before the enemy showed any desire to renew the fierce game. When they moved again, the scenes of the morning were repeated. Mademoiselle, on horseback within the town, watched the progress of the day. At first all her eloquence could produce no effect on the soldiery at the gate. By-and-by, natural compassion was so stirred by the appearance of noble cavaliers borne backwards, maimed, mutilated, and senseless from loss of blood, that once and again the wounded man was allowed to be brought in. Mademoiselle, true to herself, remarks as one passes that he is 'bel homme et bien fait;' of another that 'même dans cet état M. le Marquis avait bonne mine.' Presently Condé himself appeared, dripping with blood, close to the gate. Mademoiselle conversed with him from a window overlooking the wall. He told her that unless the gates were opened his troops must at last yield, for the enemy was receiving continual reinforcements—ran over the names of kinsmen and noble friends whom he had seen slaughtered—and wept—'the first, the last, the only tears.' Mademoiselle told him she would make one more attempt on her father. She galloped to the Luxembourg—her energy overpowered Gaston, and he signed orders for the governor of the Bastille to obey Mademoiselle as he would himself:—

'Munie de cet ordre elle se rendit à l'Hôtel de Ville, elle supplia le Prévot des Marchands, elle menaça le Maréchal le l'Hôpital, Gouverneur de Paris, qu'elle lui arracherait la barbe, et qu'il ne mourrait jamais que de sa main; enfin, à force de prières et de menaces, elle obtint de leur part la permission de faire entrer les troupes de Condé dans la ville. Alors, suivie de plusieurs autres dames, elle vola vers la porte St. Antoine, rencontrant en chemin beaucoup de morts et de mourans. Elle vit La Rochefoucauld, presque sans connaissance, dans les bras de son fils et de Gourville; elle vit Vallon porté en chaise, qui s'écria en la voyant, "Eh bien, ma bonne maîtresse, nous sommes tous perdus!" elle vit Guitaut pâle comme la mort, tout déboutonné, et chancelant sur son cheval; elle lui demanda en passant, "Mourras-tu, Guitaut?" et il lui fit signe de la tête que non.'—pp. 353, 354.

In a few minutes she was in the Bastille—the cannon opened, and the royalists were compelled to abandon all hope of making further way down streets every one of which those batteries commanded. At the same moment opposition ceased at the gate; the
relics

relics of the army filed in, *singing*; Condé himself closing the march with seven gentlemen of his household.

Some little anecdotes of this day are perhaps so well known that we should hardly quote them. Before Mademoiselle carried her point with her father, the Coadjutor exerted himself strenuously to convince Monsieur of the fatal folly of hanging between two parties at such a crisis. 'After all,' said Gaston, 'does it so much signify to us how all these matters end? Whoever prevails, I shall still be *filz de France*, and you archbishop of Paris.'— 'Oui, monseigneur,' replied Du Retz, 'mais peut-être filz de France à Blois, et archevêque à Rome.' A true prophecy.

Mademoiselle's flirtations with our exiled Charles II. are amusingly sketched by Lord Mahon; but indeed she had aspired to captivate more crowned heads than he cared to enumerate. Among many other such fancies, the wildest had been that, when all sides should be weary of the civil war, perhaps, in the impoverished state of the exchequer, a slight difference of years might be overlooked, and the great heiress affianced to her cousin, Louis XIV. As the first gun was fired from the Bastille, Mazarin distinguished her ladyship. 'Corpo di Baccho!' cried the Cardinal; 'elle à tué son mari.'

Rochefoucauld's last wound at this battle of St. Antoine was from a musket-shot which pierced through both cheeks; and the inflammation rendered him for some time blind. Mad. de Longueville evinced such tenderness on this mishap that he caused a picture of her to be inscribed as follows:—

'Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux Rois, je l'aurais faite aux Dieux.'

But before his eyesight was restored he found reason to be satisfied that he had not been occupying the whole of her attention; and the legend in a second edition assumed this shape:—

'Pour ce cœur inconstant, qu'enfin je connais mieux,
J'ai fait la guerre au Roi, j'en ai perdu les yeux.'

Turenne, not supposing that anything effectual could now be done near Paris, withdrew his army (the court still accompanying him) to some distance. But had he remained only a few days he would have found the situation of things in the capital once more utterly changed, and the final issue might have been anticipated by years. The parliamentary majority resented most indignantly the compliance of the minor authorities with the extorted orders of Gaston. In vain did both Condé and he attend their meeting, and offer explanation upon explanation, apology after apology. Neither flattery nor menace could extract any assent to their measures—above all, any grant of money. The rage of Condé

was

was desperate. He forgot everything that was due to his station, and the principles of honour and humanity, and sanctioned a proceeding which for ever stained his name with disgrace.

On the 4th of August the approaches to the Hôtel de Ville were crowded with what seemed to be a mere common mob. The magistrates as they entered were saluted with shouts of 'Point de Mazarin.' Condé and Gaston appeared. After a brief stay within the Hôtel, they came forth to the landing-place at the head of the great stair, and exclaimed, 'We can make nothing of these fellows—they are all Mazarins—do with them what you please.' These words were the signal for violence. Shots were fired into the windows, and experienced eyes soon perceived that the arrangements of the seeming populace were under military direction. Multitudes of the real townsfolk armed and rushed to the rescue of their magistrates. The tumult passed into a battle—hundreds on both sides perished in the streets. The Hôtel was at last carried by assault—and though the majority of the counsellors escaped by back ways, not a few of them also were slain. It was past midnight before tranquillity was restored. The hours till day were diligently employed in removing dead bodies. But the sun rose upon walls and pavements battered with blood, and universal horror greeted the actors in the unconcealable massacre.

The parliament suspended their meetings. The burghers shut up their shops and windows. The soldiers of Condé found themselves cantoned amidst a city of enemies. Their chief himself, agitated with a tempest of painful feelings, among which there was perhaps some room for remorse, fell into one of those fierce fevers to which his blood was prone. His sanity—his life was supposed to be in imminent peril. Without him Gaston was nothing. All was confusion, distrust, mutual alarm—treason on every lip—in every honest bosom terror, in every guilty one desperation.

Receiving by and by intelligence of the massacre and the Prince's illness, the royalists re-appeared in the vicinity of Paris, and Condé's lieutenants, who marched out to oppose them, had the worst in several encounters. But Mazarin struck the fatal blow. The Queen Regent issued an ordinance removing the sittings of the parliament to Pontoise, and the majority of the magistrates, escaping in various disguises, obeyed the edict. From Pontoise now issued proclamations with all the lawful formalities, summoning all faithful subjects to rally round the royal person—denouncing anew the leaders of the rebellion—but offering entire amnesty to all who should desert them before a specified day. In the then condition of men's minds, these documents
produced

produced a decisive effect. When the Prince was sufficiently recovered to be informed of what had been occurring, he found it to be the opinion of all about him that he must make up his mind either to propose terms to the Court, or withdraw his troops towards Flanders and join the Spanish camp.

Condé chose the latter alternative—but very many of his party took the other view of the question; and when he finally left Paris it was at the head of a sorely diminished force. Now came the fulfilment of his prophecy at Bourges. Gaston of Orleans patched up a treaty for himself, and was allowed to retire—even as Du Retz had predicted—to Blois, where he passed the remaining eight years of his life in complete obscurity. Even Mad. de Longueville had negotiated a private accommodation with the Queen; and Conti had not scrupled to buy his own peace by signing his contract of marriage with the niece of Mazarin. Nor did such galling defections fill up the budget of ill news. His troops in the south had been again and again unsuccessful. The parliament of Bordeaux had felt as they should have done for the outrage on their Parisian brethren. Clémence had at last been obliged to quit that city, which now acknowledged and obeyed the authorities assembled at Pontoise. In miserable health, and in penury, the princess had accepted passports, and she and her boy were, almost without attendance, seeking refuge, no one could tell in what direction. It was thus that Condé left Paris.

Amidst so many defections and misadventures his hopes could only have been sustained by his calculation of the difficulties that were likely to embarrass the Queen as to Mazarin personally. But the Cardinal cut this knot with beautiful dexterity. Fully confiding in petticoat influence, he conceived the happy idea of a sham resignation—quitted the Court quietly, and again retired behind the frontier. His case might thus be passed over for the present *sub silentio*; and there remained to no party in the parliament any plausible pretext for opposing the full re-establishment of the Regent in her administration. In great pomp and splendour the Queen and her son re-entered Paris, and the noble presence of young Louis worked powerfully in assistance of the universal disgust that anarchy had excited. The restoration of regular authority seemed so great a blessing, that it could not be purchased too dearly. The *Habeas Corpus* itself fell into bad odour, as interfering with the ancient prerogative. It was cancelled with hardly a dissenting voice. Nay, by and by, even the prejudice against Mazarin seemed to have so entirely evaporated, that the announcement of his recall was received with scarce a murmur—save from the palace of the Metropolitan. Du Retz was instantly

stantly arrested and shut up at Vincennes—but he soon escaped into Spain, and from thence, that the other half of his prophecy might also be fulfilled to the letter, into Italy. Thus terminated the *Fronde*: Mazarin again grasped openly the reins of empire, which he held undisturbed during the remainder of his life; assuming a device to which his craft and his luck well entitled him—a rock beaten by the sea-waves, with the motto '*Quam frustra et murmure quanto.*' In truth, whatever had been the faults of his internal government, the Cardinal's merits as a minister for foreign affairs were of a very high class—and in the prospect of renewed hostilities with Spain, and the conduct of her military operations being given to Condé, patriotic Frenchmen might well desire to see Mazarin again at the Louvre. His success in forming an alliance with Cromwell strengthened him greatly in his seat; war was no longer to be dreaded, since the French armies were to be supported by the fleets of England.

Condé's fever returned on him, with even greater violence than before, shortly after he passed the frontier. Indeed, his mental agitation brought on such illnesses at brief intervals during the whole of his rebellious exile; and on this subject we must indulge ourselves with one brief extract from Lord Mahon. He is describing his hero as opening the trenches before Rocroy in 1653:—

'Avec quelles émotions dut-il revoir ces étroits défilés qui lui-même avait ouvert à la victoire—ces sombres forêts de sapins qui environnaient, comme d'un cadre noir, cette plaine marécageuse et inculte, où les *Tercios* redoutables et renommés de l'Espagne vinrent succomber devant un héros de vingt ans! Cet arbre, à l'ombrage duquel il s'était reposé—ce clocher sous lequel on avait entonné le *Te Deum* de la victoire—cette maisonnette où il était descendu pour écrire, d'une main palpitante de joie, son premier bulletin! Qui de nous n'a pas lui-même éprouvé l'influence des lieux qu'il revoit pour la première fois depuis sa jeunesse?... Combien de souvenirs déjà à moitié effacés viennent en foule se présenter au cœur attendri! Les années qui viennent de s'écouler disparaissent, l'âme reverdit, chaque objet rappelle une ancienne amitié, un espoir déjà déçu; nous croyons être encore à l'époque où nous nous élancions vers la vie active sans en prévoir les dangers, sans sentir les douceurs de cette vie tranquille que nous quitions, de cette vie tranquille que nous regrettons aujourd'hui, et que nous ne retrouverons plus! Mais combien ces sentimens devaient avoir plus de force pour Condé que pour nous, combien ils devenaient plus graves et plus amers, lorsqu'il arrivait sur les mêmes lieux dans des circonstances si changées—Rebelle contre ce roi, dont il avait autrefois affirmé le trône—allié de cette Espagne que lui-même avait jadis vaincue et flétrie! Chaque objet qu'il rencontrait semblait lui adresser un reproche silencieux, mais sévère; car, ainsi que l'a dit Tacite, l'aspect des lieux ne s'accommode point aux princes comme le visage des courtisans!'—pp. 368, 369.

Lord

Lord Mahon, we think, offers a superfluous apology for passing over these unhappy years with a very rapid pen. No doubt the military student may learn much from the details of Condé's proceedings, when leading 27,000 soldiers—French refugees, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Walloons, &c.—into the heart of France, and now winning, now losing towns and battles, but ever more and more disheartened as to the final issue by fresh proofs that such unholy warfare excited no feeling but that of reprobation among the great body of his countrymen; while ever and anon some one of his chosen companions—among others even Rochefoucauld—seized the opportunity of deserting him, and making terms with the court. Still more pregnant with instruction is the narrative of his Flemish campaigns, when he had not only to contend against the equal genius of Turenne, but with the blind obstinacy and rash conceit of Spanish colleagues. Napoleon considered the battle of the *Dunes*, fought near Dunkirk in 1658, as that in which Turenne gave the very highest display of his ability. It was begun in opposition to Condé's earnest representations, and conducted exactly in the method he most condemned. The royal family of England had been expelled from France on the conclusion of Mazarin's treaty with Oliver. The Dukes of York and Gloucester were at this time serving under Condé: as the troops were getting into motion, the prince said to the younger brother, 'Has your royal highness ever seen a battle?' 'No,' answered Gloucester. 'Then you will soon see one lost,' replied Condé. When his colleague rejected some advice he offered in the course of the day, 'Ah,' said he, '*vous ne connaissez pas M. de Turenne—on ne fait pas impunément des fautes devant un si grand homme.*' Nothing seems ever to have disturbed these rivals' mutual veneration for each other as masters in the art of war.

The triumph of Turenne on this great day may be said to have terminated the contest. After so many years of cost and bloodshed neither France nor Spain had gained any such advantage as afforded much inducement to prolong the struggle. Mazarin seized the moment of victory to propose terms of accommodation which his enemy could hardly deem unreasonable. The negotiation, being with Spain, of course lasted long—but at last the peace of the Pyrenees was signed at the same time with the treaty of marriage between Louis XIV. and the Princess Theresa of Spain; and the spirit of Castille dictated such generous regard for Condé's interests, that Mazarin conceded the repeal of his attainder as well as of the few friends who had stuck by him to the close. Avesnes was yielded to France, as the condition of the Cardinal's reluctant consent. 'Il eut fallu,' says Désormaux, 'donner des villes pour recouvrer

recouvrer un homme tel que Condé, et Mazarin eut le bonheur et l'adresse d'en obtenir.'

It is painful to record that during this exile the Prince continued to treat his wife with all his early harshness. For more than a year after she reached Flanders from Bordeaux, he refused even once to see her, and he soon deprived her of the only consolation she had hitherto found amidst his neglect, by withdrawing D'Enghien from her care and placing him at the Jesuits' seminary of St. Omer. A succession of mistresses occupied whatever time he could spare from politics and strategy. Still Clémence submitted without complaint. Even when he left Flanders, and proceeded to pay his homage to Louis XIV., who was then in Provence, his wife followed, but did not accompany him; and when she found that she had gained a couple of days' journey upon him, she had the mortification to be told that he had turned aside to pay a visit to Madame de Chatillon.

That progress must have been a bitter one to the proud heart of Condé. But he was now in his fortieth year, and he had, there is no doubt, when it began, resolved on the line of conduct to which he ever afterwards adhered. Mazarin came two leagues from Aix to meet him (January 28, 1660), and, after embracing as enemies embrace, Condé entered the Cardinal's carriage, yielding to him for the first time the right-hand seat. The King, now legally major, but as yet, and indeed to the last hour of Mazarin's life, as submissive to him as ever his mother had been, received Condé, when he knelt before him, "in a very upright posture, and with sufficient coldness"—but his words were gracious. 'Mon cousin,' said Louis, 'après les grandes services que vous avez rendu à ma couronne, je ne saurais me souvenir d'une erreur qui n'a apporté du dommage qu'à vous seul.' In this compliment we recognise the lofty grace of the full blown Louis XIV.: it would have been below the dignity of the monarch to waste a word, or perhaps a thought, on the torrents of French blood which had flowed during the ten years' rebellion of 'mon cousin.'

Finding that at court he played 'un assez méchant personnage,' the Prince soon retired to Chantilly, and remained there in total seclusion until March, 1661, when Mazarin's constitution, undermined by the excesses of youth and the toils of manhood, was evidently breaking up. Contemplating his end with firmness equal to his master Richelieu, the Cardinal, among other preparations, thought fit to have a parting interview with Condé. The poet Racine, in one of his historical fragments, says that the Cardinal received him with great affection, but that the Prince afterwards discovered 'qu'il ne lui avait dit pas un mot de vrai.'

vrai.' The dying minister did not think it worth his while to practise such dissimulation towards Anne of Austria. Montglat says, 'Lorsqu'il était malade, la Reine allait le voir tous les jours dans son lit, et y demeurait long-temps. Il la traitait comme si elle eut été une chambrière; et quand on venait lui dire qu'elle montait pour aller chez lui, il refrognait les sourcils, et disait en son jargon, "Ah, cette femme me fera mourir, tant elle est importune; ne me laissera-t-elle jamais en repos?"'

The death of Mazarin connects itself with the grand enigma of the *Man with the Iron Masque*—the nameless prisoner thus distinguished having been sent to Pignerol, with the precautions familiar to every reader, very shortly after this event. Lord Mahon does not go into any discussion of the controversy; but states that, after careful study of all the evidence, and an excellent dissertation printed but not published by M. Crauford at Paris, in 1817, he adheres to the opinion of Voltaire, who first made the story known to the world, that the unhappy personage was a son of Mazarin by Anne of Austria, born some time after the death of Louis XIII., who had been during the Cardinal's lifetime educated in some sequestered situation, and whom the young king could not have allowed to appear in Paris in consequence of a strong resemblance to his mother, or to himself. We are not sure whether the late Lord Dover had perused M. Crauford's work when he drew up his essay, in which a different theory was very ingeniously maintained.*

Condé continued his retirement—and of course it furnishes few materials for history. He interested himself exceedingly in the education of his son, and the duke's establishment became in due season the great object with him, and no small one in the eyes of the French world. His own old admirer *Mademoiselle* was invited to become his daughter-in-law—but she alleged, as she tells us in her *Memoirs*, difference of years as an excuse, the real objection being that D'Enghien inherited neither the mental nor personal advantages of his father. The youth was at length married to Anne of Bavaria, who had been adopted by the king of Poland, and endowed with a great appanage in Silesia. But this high and rich alliance only increased the scorn with which Condé had always regarded his own wife. *Mademoiselle* states that after the duke's wedding 'she was reduced to see nobody.' But D'Enghien was in this matter at least the true son of Condé—his illustrious bride met with no better treatment from this puny personage than Clémence de Maillé at the hands of her hard-hearted hero.

In 1666 Condé, who had already had several fits of gout, experienced one so severe that he remained quite lame for some

* See *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxiv., p. 19.

months. His physicians recommended a milk diet. Henceforth he abstained entirely from wine, and almost entirely from animal food; and all his biographers ascribe to this resolution the recovery of his health and the vigour which he could exhibit during nearly twenty years afterwards. That same year Anne of Austria died, and Louis, delivered from the restraint which she had always imposed, determined to profit once more by the feebleness of the Spanish monarchy. But Condé in vain petitioned to be employed in this new war. The king 'could not forget St. Antoine;' not even his ministers' repeated representations of the prudence of maintaining some counterpoise to Turenne could prevail. The Prince languished on at Chantilly until peace was again signed in 1668—and soon after he underwent another at least as painful mortification. On the abdication of Casimir, king of Poland, a great party in the diet were disposed to support Condé as the candidate for the vacant throne. But Louis told him sternly that his success would be contrary to the interests of the crown of France, and commanded him to think no more of the scheme, and the Prince was forced to submit. These disappointments were not lightened by the distressed state of his fortune. It had been much embarrassed by debts contracted during his exile, and there was a grievous delay in the payment of large sums due to him from the court of Madrid. At last the King of Spain interfered in his behalf, and the amount was discharged. Condé is reported to have said that the two happiest mornings of his life were that of his leaving Havre, and that on which, soon after this Spanish payment, he walked through his hall without seeing a creditor at the door.

The next incident in this narrative belongs to 1671. Lord Mahon introduces it as 'le plus funeste et le plus mystérieux dans la vie de Condé.' He has quoted and analysed all the evidence hitherto produced, and extracted some new matter of considerable importance from the correspondence in the State-Paper Office here; yet mysterious it still remains. The Prince being confined by gout at Chantilly, a strange scene occurred in the hôtel at Paris. An ex-page of the Prince's, Rabutin (cousin to Bussy), and a valet of the Princess, by name Duval, quarrelled in her antechamber, and drew their swords. Clémence ran out to separate them, and received a bad wound in the struggle. The lady's scream collected the household, but both of the men escaped in the confusion. She fainted, from loss of blood, and her recovery was long doubtful. Duval was apprehended and condemned to the galleys: Rabutin got safe into Germany, where he settled and made a high marriage. The Prince of Condé had himself carried in a litter from Chantilly on hearing of the occurrence; and as soon as his wife was able to travel, he applied for

for and obtained a *lettre-du-cachet*, by which the king relegated her to Châteauroux, a gloomy castle of the thirteenth century, belonging to the prince, not far from Montrond. The *procès-verbal* of Duval has never appeared; and we know nothing of the formal grounds on which Condé asked for the *lettre-du-cachet*. The evidence on either side is merely the gossiping correspondence of the day.

Are we to believe, as Bussy de Rabutin says he did, and as the Prince of Condé and his son at least affected to do, that the quarrel was one of jealousy between a page and a valet, with both of whom the princess had been criminally familiar; or with the contemporary society of Paris, as far as its judgment can be ascertained, that the prince and his son took advantage of this unhappy incident to get rid of a despised wife and mother, although in their own minds acquitting her? Our biographer does not hesitate :—

‘Comment concevoir qu’une princesse mariée depuis près de trente ans, et jusqu’alors à l’abri du moindre propos—toujours respectée par la calomnie, qui ne respecte rien—toujours irréprochable au milieu d’une cour corrompue—ait attendu que l’âge des passions fut passé pour s’y livrer? Comment concilier de pareils dérèglements avec cette haute pitié soutenue depuis sa jeunesse? Comment, sans preuves, admettre une telle accusation contre la femme qui se dévoua si courageusement et si constamment à la défense du mari qui la méprisait—contre l’héroïne de Bordeaux—contre Clémence de Maillé? Et quelle accusation encore? Non pas seulement une inclination illégitime, mais le partage honteux de ses faveurs entre deux de ses valets!’

‘Ce fut ainsi ce me semble que le public en jugeait à Paris. On crut trouver le source de ces soupçons dans la rancune de M. le Prince, et dans l’avarice de M. le Duc. Mademoiselle assure que “M. le Duc fut accusé d’avoir conseillé à M. le Prince le traitement que recevait madame sa mère; il était bien aise à ce que l’on disait, d’avoir trouvé un prétexte de la mettre dans un lieu où elle ferait moins de dépense que dans le monde.” Nous voyons assez ce que le Duc de St. Simon pensait sur cette affaire par deux mots qu’il applique au Duc d’Enghien, en faisant plus tard son portrait, FILS DÉNATURÉ. Et l’opinion qu’on en avait dans ce cercle spirituel, où brillait Madame de Sevigné, se découvre dans une apostille de Corbinelli sur les derniers momens de Condé. “La mort de M. le Prince a édifié tout le monde, et vous autres comme nous; mais j’aurais voulu qu’il eut donné quelque signe de vie au public pour madame sa femme.”’

‘Mais le témoignage le plus fort de tous c’est celui du petit-fils de Condé lui-même, qui avoue à cet égard, avec regret, que son illustre aïeul ne cherchait qu’une “occasion favorable de se séparer de sa femme, projet qu’il nourrissait depuis long-temps.”’

‘Il paraîtrait même que Condé fut peut-être obligé plus tard, soit par l’opinion publique, soit par sa propre conscience, de renoncer à sa première

accusation. Du moins, son panégyriste assure que la véritable raison de l'emprisonnement de Madame la Princesse c'est qu'elle était devenue folle. "On crut s'apercevoir de quelque dérangement au cerveau; la solitude à laquelle elle s'abandonnait avait encore aigri ses maux. . . . Condé saisit l'occasion de cet accident pour soustraire sa femme aux regards avides et téméraires du public." Il suffit de faire observer que cette explication n'est venue qu'après-coup, et que dans les temps mêmes nous n'avons trouvé aucune trace de cette folie prétendue. Au contraire, la santé de la princesse, qui avait lutté pendant plusieurs années contre des cruelles maladies de corps, et des chagrins de l'âme, paraissait alors à-peu-près rétablie. Ce fut un grand malheur pour Clémence; elle en eut plus long-temps à souffrir.—pp. 412-414.

We give also the last of Lord M.'s extracts from our State-Paper Office:—

' *Paris, le 24 Février, 1671.*

' Le roi et M. le Prince ont obligé Madame la Princesse, avant son départ pour Châteauroux, de faire donation de tous ses biens à M. le Duc son fils, lesquels consistent en plus de cent mille écus de revenu, les dettes levées, cette princesse ne s'étant pu réserver qu'une médiocre pension, dont elle a dit trois fois qu'elle ne jouirait pas long-tems, puisqu'elle prenait le chemin de la mort. Elle se pâma entre les bras de M. le Duc, lui disant adieu."

Our author adds,—

' Aucune ressource ne restait à la princesse. Son père, sa mère, son frère, étaient morts; son fils l'avait abandonnée; il n'y avait plus de famille pour Clémence. C'est ainsi qu'elle dut repasser en prisonnière ce même fleuve de Loire qu'elle avait traversé deux fois dans sa jeunesse pour le service de son époux! C'est ainsi qu'elle dut voir encore une fois les collines qui environnent Montrond! Il lui fallut entrer dans cette tombe vivante. "Elle y a été gardée très long-temps en prison," dit Mademoiselle, "et à présent on lui donne seulement la liberté de se promener dans la cour, toujours gardée par des gens que M. le Prince tient auprès d'elle."

Scarcely had Clémence reached the melancholy keep from which, as she prognosticated, she was never to be released, before the gorgeous sultan, who had gratified Condé by her exile, bestowed on him another signal mark of his condescending favour by a progress to Chantilly. This visit is famous in the annals of gastronomy. It was on the second day that the *Maitre d'hôtel*, Vatel, committed suicide from vexation at the non-arrival of the sea-fish for the royal banquet. Madame de Sevigné's account of this noble martyrdom was not long since quoted in this Journal.* As our readers may remember, the fish arrived, after all, before the heroic Vatel's blood had ceased to flow. His professional *dévouement* was commended, and the turbot was served up.

* See Quarterly Review, vol. liv, p. 122.

In 1672 Louis, upon no assignable pretext, declared war against Holland, and himself headed an invading army of 100,000 men, while both Condé and Turenne were invited to attend on his person. The only detached service with which the prince was intrusted was the siege of Wesel. On his taking an important outwork, he received a petition from some ladies of distinction who were in the town, begging leave to withdraw into Holland. He replied 'that he had no notion of depriving his victory of its finest ornament.' And it is said that the distress of these dames contributed to the speedy surrender of the place. Mad. de Sevigné has a more agreeable anecdote of this campaign. A visionary waited on him in the camp with an offer to communicate the secret of making gold. 'Mon ami,' said Condé, 'je te remercie ; mais, si tu sais une invention pour nous faire passer l'Issel sans être assommés, tu me feras grand plaisir, car je n'en sais point !'

When the passage of the Issel was abandoned, that of the Rhine was, as we all know, effected in splendid style. 'On nous représente,' says Mad. de Sevigné, 'M. le Prince dans son bateau, donnant ses ordres partout, avec ce sang-froid et cette valeur divine qu'on lui connaît.' But this was a disastrous day for Condé. A musket-shot shattered the wrist of his left hand, and rendered him incapable of taking any part in the rest of the campaign. Almost at the same moment his sister's son, the last of an illustrious race, was killed close to him. The wounded prince and the corpse were conveyed into the same hut ; and that same evening arrived an envoy from Poland, to offer the crown of that country to the heir of Longueville !

Condé accompanied the army also in the indecisive campaign of 1673 ; and in 1674 he had once more the chief command, and fought with all the ardour of youth his last great battle, that of Senneff, against the young Prince of Orange (our William III.), who then gave proof of ability scarcely less remarkable than Condé's own at Rocroy. The French had the decided advantage in the end of the day—but no harder struggle is on record, nor perhaps, considering the numbers of those engaged, a bloodier one. The killed on both sides amounted to 27,000 men. Condé, who had been in the hottest *mêlée*, as of old—been extricated from under his third horse all bathed in blood—and remained in the saddle for seventeen hours—pursued the Dutch next morning to *Faith*, and renewed the attack—but the terrible carnage of Senneff had discouraged his people not less than their enemy. Two Swiss regiments refused to advance—and the second day closed with no result but great additional slaughter. During the night the Dutch effected their retreat to a new position—but morning found the

the greater part of the French disbanded. As the Emperor had now joined the Dutch alliance, Louis might well be deeply displeased with Condé for having vainly sacrificed so many lives—but he received him with his usual courtesy. The Prince, almost lame with gout and bruises, was climbing slowly the great staircase of Versailles. Louis condescended to appear on the landing-place. “Sire,” s’écria-t-il de loin, “je demande pardon à votre Majesté si je la fais attendre.” “Mon cousin,” répondit Louis XIV., “ne vous pressez pas; quand on est aussi chargé de lauriers, on ne saurait marcher si vite!”

In 1675 Condé resumed his command in Flanders; but the death of Turenne, apparently on the eve of a great victory, at Stollhaufen, gave the Imperialists fresh courage, and so dispirited the French on that more important frontier, that the Prince’s presence there to replace his old rival was judged necessary. He undertook this new service with reluctance, for he felt that his physical powers were fast sinking, and was not aware of the plan which had been formed by his predecessor. ‘Je voudrais bien,’ said he to one of his attendants, ‘avoir causé seulement deux heures avec l’ombre de M. de Turenne, pour prendre la suite de ses desseins.’ He limited his ambition to prevent further disaster—and by his skilful manœuvres at last compelled the enemy to raise the siege of Hagenau, and repass the Rhine; and thus ended the last campaign of Condé. His retreat was heard of with universal regret. ‘We shall have nothing but misfortunes,’ said an old soldier, ‘now that Turenne is at St. Denis and Condé at Chantilly.’

The rest of his life was spent almost entirely at Chantilly. His friends often urged him to undertake a narrative of his active years, but in vain. He was very willing, however, to talk over past scenes—and did so with a charming frankness and simplicity. ‘Homme rempli de gloire et de modestie,’ says La Bruyère.—‘On lui a entendu dire, *Je fuyais*, avec la même grace qu’il disait, *Nous les battîmes*.’

‘Simple lui-même, il n’aimait point le faste dans les autres. Un jour que le Duc de Candale, étant chez lui, affectait de ne jamais parler du Duc d’Epernon son père sans ajouter le mot de *monsieur*, le prince impatienté se mit à crier, “Monsieur mon écuyer, dites à monsieur mon cocher de mettre messieurs mes chevaux à mon carrosse!”’—p. 431.

He delighted to assemble round him, in his retreat, the men of letters who were now giving splendour to the age of Louis XIV.; and we have numerous testimonies to the extent of knowledge and the elegant taste which he brought to his intercourse with Molière, Racine, and the rest of that brotherhood. Lord Mahon, however, sees more cruelty than wit in his compliment to a poet-
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aster who had brought him an epitaph on the great comedian.—‘I wish to God,’ said Condé, ‘it had been Molière that brought me yours.’ His great out-of-doors amusement was gardening:—

‘Long-temps après lui on découvrait encore dans les ornemens de Chantilly les traces du héros qui les dirigeait. “Son goût naturel,” dit son arrière petit-fils, “pour le jardinage se trouvait un peu plus à l’aise que quand il cultivait des pots d’œillets dans sa prison de Vincennes!” La beauté et la symétrie du grand et du petit château; les bocages, les berceaux, les allées, les jardins, ces eaux si claires, si limpides, si abondantes; ce canal que Condé se plaisait à creuser; ce nombre prodigieux de jets-d’eau qui se faisaient entendre nuit et jour, et qui entretenaient la fraîcheur de l’air; cette forêt immense, si bien percée, si bien alignée—tel est le portrait qu’on nous fait de Chantilly avant la Révolution. Depuis, la plupart de ces merveilles de l’Art ont disparu. Mais la Nature ne cède pas aussi facilement à la violence de l’homme, et sait plus promptement réparer ses ravages; de nos jours (en Septembre 1841) j’ai encore pu admirer cette forêt vaste et sauvage; ces eaux limpides et jaillissantes; ces verts peupliers d’Arbèle qui ont pris racine dans les débris du Grand Château, et qui maintenant les entourent de leur ombrage; ces sentiers de pelouse, et ces haies d’aubépine; ce Petit Château, encore debout, et encore plein des souvenirs de Condé; ces jardins restaurés avec soin, et où les plus beaux orangers, les fleurs les plus brillantes, répandent de nouveau leurs parfums.’—p. 432.

Condé’s descendant, in the ‘*Essai Historique*,’ states that from early youth to the age of sixty-four he lived in oblivion of all the duties of religion. He never was seen in a church—his conversation was often grossly blasphemous—and when in Holland he made great efforts to attach Spinoza to his personal service. In 1679, however, a strong impression was made on him by the pious death and warnings of his sister, who had atoned for the sins of her youth by an old age of penitence; and shortly afterwards, upon a similar parting with another female friend of his early days, he sent for Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Nicole. Their dealings with him appear to have produced effects satisfactory to their own minds; and the news of Condé’s conversion fell like a thunderbolt among the infidels of the court. Voltaire, in the ‘*Siècle*,’ and elsewhere, betrays his soreness on this subject. ‘*L’esprit du Prince*,’ says he, ‘s’affaiblissait avec son corps, et il ne resta rien du grand Condé les deux dernières années de sa vie.’ But he produces not a shadow of proof for this assertion; and the minute account we have of the closing scene from Gourville, who drew up the Prince’s testament the day before he died, and was by his bedside to the last moment, in Lord Mahon’s opinion completely refutes it.

The Prince, so harsh a husband, was, it appears, remarkably affectionate and attentive on all occasions to the wives of his son
D’Enghien

D'Enghien and his grandson the young Duke de Bourbon.* The latter was seized with smallpox when with the court at Fontainebleau in December 1686. The moment he heard of her illness the old man, in spite of his infirmities, travelled rapidly to Fontainebleau: but the fatigue of the winter journey proved fatal. Being urged to retire to Paris, he said, 'Je sens que je dois faire un plus longue journée,' and immediately summoned his confessor.

Having tenderly bid adieu to his family and the numerous officers who knelt with them in his chamber, he expired at seven in the evening of the 11th of December. The English Ambassador, Lord Arran, thus writes on the 14th—and one circumstance that he mentions will remind our readers of the death-bed loyalty of Talleyrand:—"Le roi avait envoyé demander comment le prince se portait depuis son dernier accès. Lorsque le gentilhomme chargé de ce message entra dans sa chambre, le prince avait déjà perdu la parole; cependant il prit la main du gentilhomme, et la posa sur son cœur, voulant faire entendre qu'il remerciait le roi de cette preuve d'intérêt. Jamais personne ne mourut avec moins de faiblesse; il resta dans son bon sens jusqu'à son dernier soupir."

The funeral oration of Condé is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Bossuet. He was buried at Vallery, by his father and grandfather, but the heart was deposited in the Jesuits' Church of the Rue St. Antoine. The great-grandson states that, on conveying to the same place the heart of a kinsman, he had occasion to see the cases which preserved there the hearts of many of his ancestors, and that he and all with him observed that that of the great Condé was double the size of any of the rest.

This large heart dictated one article of the testament which it is pleasing to recollect. Condé bequeathed 50,000 crowns to be distributed among the poor and the sick of the French districts that had suffered most damage during his rebellious campaigns. But he died without exhibiting the least sign of repenting or relenting as to his unhappy wife. On the contrary, there was found among his papers a sealed letter to the king, in which, recommending his children to his Majesty's protection, he besought him never to recall the *lettre du cachet* by which the princess was confined to Châteauroux. The mere fact of this cruel legacy seems to us sufficient evidence that Condé did not believe her to be insane; but Madlle. de Montpensier, in relating the circumstance, has language equally irreconcilable with that theory:—"J'aurais voulu qu'il n'eut pas prié le roi que madame sa femme demeurât toujours à Châteauroux. J'en suis très-fâchée." Her

* It was at M. de Bourbon's wedding that Condé first appeared with powder, and in the new style of dress introduced by Louis XIV.; till then he had kept his beard and the old Spanish costume—à la *Fambyck*.

son, however, took no step in her favour. We have no account whatever of her end, except that she died in April, 1694. Her remains were torn from the grave by the mob of Châteauroux during the insanity of 1793, and Lord Mahon's researches as to her epitaph only ascertained that the marble on which it was inscribed had been sold to a builder.

When we reviewed the later volumes of our author's 'History of England,' we took the liberty of finding fault with him for giving his admirable characters of various eminent persons before the course of his narrative had embraced their actions. On the present occasion his Lordship begins and closes without any attempt whatever to sum up the qualities either of Condé or of Clémence. We are sorry for this, but not quite so vain as to try what he has chosen to avoid; and if formal characters may be dispensed with in any biographical work, it is certainly in one where the facts have been compiled and collected with the care and fairness, and commented on, as they occur, with the good sense and good feeling of Lord Mahon.

ART. V.—*The Bible in Spain.* By George Borrow. London. 1842. 2 vols. 12mo.

MR. Borrow's book on the 'Gipsies of Spain,' published a couple of years ago, was so much and so well reviewed (though not, to our shame be it said, in our own Journal), that we cannot suppose his name is new to any of our readers. Its literary merits were considerable—but balanced by equal demerits. Nothing more vivid and picturesque than many of its descriptions of scenery and sketches of adventure: nothing more weak and confused than every attempt either at a chain of reasoning, or even a consecutive narrative of events that it included. It was evidently the work of a man of uncommon and highly interesting character and endowments; but as clearly he was quite raw as an original author. The glimpses of a most curious and novel subject that he opened were, however, so very striking, that, on the whole, that book deserved well to make a powerful impression, and could not but excite great hopes that his more practised pen would hereafter produce many things of higher consequence. The present volumes will, we apprehend, go far to justify such anticipations. In point of composition, generally, Mr. Borrow has made a signal advance; but the grand point is, that he seems to have considered and studied himself in the interval; wisely resolved on steadily avoiding in future the species of efforts in which he had been felt to fail; and on sedulously cultivating and improving the peculiar talents which were as
universally

universally acknowledged to be brilliantly displayed in numerous detached passages of his 'Gipsies.'

His personal history appears to have been a most strange one—fuller of adventure than anything we are at all familiar with even in modern romance. It is a pity that he has been withheld, by whatever and however commendable feelings, from giving a distinct account of it, at least in its leading features; but we have only hints and allusions, widely scattered and often obscure. He must pardon us, therefore, if in stating our notion of what his life has been, we should fall into some little mistakes.

We infer, then, from various *obiter dicta* of our author, that he is a native of Norfolk—in which county, in very early days, his curiosity and sympathy were powerfully excited by the Gipsy race; insomuch that he attached himself to the society of some members of the fraternity, and so won on their confidence that they initiated him in their dialect, of which, by degrees, he became quite master, and also communicated to him much of their secret practical lore, especially as regards the training and management of horses. From Norfolk the young gentleman appears to have gone to Edinburgh, for the purpose of studying in its university. He, we gather, while thus resident in Scotland, not only studied Latin and Greek and Hebrew with diligence, but made frequent excursions into the Highlands, and, being enthusiastically delighted with the region and the legends of its people, added one more to the very short list of *Saxons* that have ever acquired any tolerable skill in its ancient language. Whether or not Mr. Borrow also studied medicine at Edinburgh, with a view to the practice of that profession, we do not venture to guess—but that he had attended some of the medical and surgical classes in the university cannot be doubted.

Of the course of his life after the period of adolescence we know scarcely anything, except what is to be inferred from the one fact that he chose to devote himself to the service of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and from the numerous localities which he alludes to as having been visited by him in that occupation, and the most of them, he it observed, so visited that he acquired the free use, in speaking and in writing, of their various dialects. Mr. Borrow, incidentally and unaffectedly (as we conceive), represents himself as able to serve the Society by translating the Scriptures, and expounding them in conversation (he nowhere hints at preaching), in the Persian, the Arabic, the German, the Dutch, the Russian, the Polish; in Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese; and in the varieties of the Gipsy dialect actually in use over almost every part of Europe. Of his complete skill in the Scandinavian languages we cannot doubt, because he published some ten years ago a copious body of
translations

translations from their popular minstrelsies, done in a style not at all to be confounded with that of certain clever versifiers, who get a literal version made of a ballad in some obscure dialect into plain French, or English, or German prose, and then turn it into flowing English rhymes worthy of the anthology of the *Annals*. His Norse ditties have the unforgeable stamp of authenticity on every line. Had he condescended to take the other course, they would have been more popular among fine ladies and lazy gentlemen—but they would not have been true and real; and uncouthness, and harshness, and barbarity of thought and phrase, and rhyme too, were all with him real features which it would have been a sort of crime to depart from. We are informed that Mr. Borrow's accurate knowledge not only of the Gaelic but of the Welsh has been shown in the composition of another series of metrical translations from these dialects, which, however, the poor reception of the Norse volume discouraged him from printing. Finally, it appears that his anxiety about the Gipsies has induced him to study the Sanscrit, of which great tongue he considers their original dialect to be a mutilated and degraded offshoot; but whether Mr. Borrow has ever been in India, or acquired the use of any of its living languages, does not distinctly appear. We rather think, however, such is the fact. Now, be it observed, Mr. Borrow is at this time under forty years of age—a man in the very prime of life and vigour, though, indeed, his wanderings and watchings have left one broad mark behind them. Tall, strong, athletic, with a clear olive complexion, and eyes full of the fire of genius and enterprise, his hair is already white as Mont Blanc.

How early and entirely the Reformation was checked and extinguished in the Spanish Peninsula is well known to every English reader. During many generations the word of God had been altogether denied to the people in their vernacular speech; when the 'heavy blow and great discouragement' given to the whole ecclesiastical system, both in Spain and in Portugal, by the political revolutions of recent times, seemed to offer an opportunity too favourable to be neglected by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Accordingly, in November, 1835, Mr. Borrow was despatched to Lisbon, with instructions to travel over whatever parts of the Peninsula he should find most accessible. He carried with him large quantities of Bibles and Testaments in Portuguese; authority to superintend the printing of a Spanish Bible at Madrid, provided the government there would sanction such a proceeding; and so soon as this edition should be completed, he was to undertake personally its distribution in the provinces. Mr. Borrow spent the best part of five years in this service; and the book before us is not a regular narrative of
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its progress, but a set of fragmentary sketches, intended to convey a general notion of the sort of persons and adventures encountered by him, while endeavouring to circulate the Bible in the Peninsula, which had rested on his own memory as most peculiar and characteristic.

We are afraid that, if Mr. Borrow had given us a plain prosaic history, and summed up its results in a statistical form, we should have found but little reason for congratulating the Bible Society on the success of their missionary's endeavours. Here and there we do find a glimpse of something like hope. A few, a very few persons, both in Spain and in Portugal, appear to have had their curiosity warmly excited, and to have received copies of the Scriptures in their own languages with not only pleasure and gratitude, but in such a way as might fairly indicate a resolution to study them with a view to the serious comparison of the popular doctrines and practices of the popish system with the word of inspiration. But, in general, the persons willing to purchase, or even to accept of Bibles, seem to have been *liberals* in religion as well as in politics; who desired to have the books offered by Mr. Borrow from feelings akin to those which must have been uppermost with Napoleon, when, in drawing out a catalogue of books for his cabin-library on the voyage to Egypt, he gave one section to Mythology, and included therein the Old Testament. All the courtesy and kindness which Mr. Borrow often experienced at the hands of the rural curates only leaves us with the melancholy conviction that Blanco White did not exaggerate in his 'Doblado's Letters' the vast spread of infidelity among the Spanish priesthood. But certainly Mr. Borrow gives some anecdotes about the religion of the Spanish clergy for which even 'Doblado' had not prepared us. If we are to rely on these pages—and assuredly, though we occasionally demur to their authority, we never question the entire veraciousness of their author—there are at this moment priests, and even bishops, in Spain, who adhere in secret to Judaism—nay, to Mahometanism!

But it is not our wish to go into any examination or discussion either of the prudence of the Bible Society on this occasion, or of the actual state of the Spanish Church. Our business is literary. We conceive that Mr. Borrow has in these pages come out as an English author of high mark. Considering the book merely as one of adventures, it seems to us about the most extraordinary one that has appeared in our own, or indeed in any other language, for a very long time past. Indeed we are more frequently reminded of Gil Blas, in the narratives of this pious single-hearted man, than in the perusal of almost any modern novelist's pages.

We intend to quote largely; but we hope to quote enough to give

give our readers an adequate notion of Mr. Borrow's style and method of observing, and thinking, and writing, without interfering with the interest of his book as a whole. In this view, we shall take one, and that the first of his peninsular expeditions—which began at Lisbon, and, carrying him through Badajoz and Talavera to Madrid, ended at Seville; thus leaving untouched the greater part of his first volume and the whole of the second. We begin with a sketch near Mafra. He is conversing with his guide about the beautiful environs.

'I asked the boy whether he or his parents were acquainted with the Scripture and ever read it; he did not, however, seem to understand me. I must here observe that the boy was fifteen years of age, that he was in many respects very intelligent, and had some knowledge of the Latin language; nevertheless he knew not the Scripture even by name, and I have no doubt, from what I subsequently observed, that at least two-thirds of his countrymen are on that important point no wiser than himself. At the doors of village inns, at the hearths of the rustics, in the fields where they labour, at the stone fountains by the wayside where they water their cattle, I have questioned the lower class of the children of Portugal about the Scripture, the Bible, the Old and New Testament, and in no one instance have they known what I was alluding to, or could return me a rational answer, though on all other matters their replies were sensible enough; indeed, nothing surprised me more than the free and unembarrassed manner in which the Portuguese peasantry sustain a conversation, and the purity of the language in which they express their thoughts, and yet few of them can read or write; whereas the peasantry of England, whose education is in general much superior, are in their conversation coarse and dull almost to brutality, and absurdly ungrammatical in their language, though the English tongue is upon the whole more simple in its structure than the Portuguese.'—pp. 19, 20.

The following passage is from Mr. Borrow's account of his journey through Portugal to the Spanish frontier.

'Monte Moro is the head of a range of hills which cross this part of the Alemtejo, and from hence they fork east and south-east, towards the former of which directions lies the direct road to Elvas, Badajoz, and Madrid; and towards the latter that to Evora. A beautiful mountain, covered to the top with cork-trees, is the third of the chain, which skirts the way in the direction of Elvas. It is called Monte Almo; a brook brawls at its base, and as I passed it the sun was shining gloriously on the green herbage on which flocks of goats were feeding, with their bells ringing merrily, so that the *tout ensemble* resembled a fairy scene; and that nothing might be wanted to complete the picture, I here met a man, a goatherd, beneath an azinheira, whose appearance recalled to my mind the Brute Carle, mentioned in the Danish ballad of Swayne Vonved:—

“A wild

“A wild swine on his shoulders he kept,
 And upon his bosom a black bear slept;
 And about his fingers, with hair o’erhung,
 The squirrel sported and weasel clung.”

‘ Upon the shoulder of the goatherd was a beast, which he told me was a lontra, or otter, which he had lately caught in the neighbouring brook; it had a string round its neck, which was attached to his arm. At his left side was a bag, from the top of which peered the heads of two or three singular-looking animals, and at his right was squatted the sullen cub of a wolf, which he was endeavouring to tame; his whole appearance was to the last degree savage and wild. After a little conversation such as those who meet on the road frequently hold, I asked him if he could read, but he made me no answer. I then inquired if he knew anything of God or Jesus Christ; he looked me fixedly in the face for a moment, and then turned his countenance towards the sun, which was beginning to sink in the west, nodded to it, and then again looked fixedly upon me. I believe that I understood the mute reply, which probably was, that it was God who made that glorious light which illumines and gladdens all creation; and, gratified with that belief, I left him and hastened after my companions, who were by this time a considerable way in advance.

‘ I have always found in the disposition of the children of the fields a more determined tendency to religion and piety than amongst the inhabitants of towns and cities, and the reason is obvious,—they are less acquainted with the works of man’s hands than with those of God; their occupations, too, which are simple, and requiring less of ingenuity and skill than those which engage the attention of the other portion of their fellow-creatures, are less favourable to the engendering of self-conceit and sufficiency, so utterly at variance with that lowliness of spirit which constitutes the best foundation of piety. The sneerers and scoffers at religion do not spring from amongst the simple children of nature, but are the excrescences of over-wrought refinement; and though their baneful influence has indeed penetrated to the country and corrupted man there, the source and fountain-head was amongst crowded houses, where nature is scarcely known. I am not one of those who look for perfection amongst the rural population of any country; perfection is not to be found amongst the children of the fall, wherever their abodes may happen to be; but, until the heart discredits the existence of a God, there is still hope for the soul of the possessor, however stained with crime he may be, for even Simon the magician was converted; but when the heart is once steeled with infidelity, infidelity confirmed by carnal wisdom, an exuberance of the grace of God is required to melt it which is seldom manifested. We read in the blessed book that the Pharisee and the wizard became receptacles of grace, but where is there mention made of the conversion of the sneering Sadducee?”—pp. 40-43.

Our next extract gives a night-scene at Evora, where our missionary had taken up his quarters in the midst of a motley company of smugglers of the border—a wild scene, wild people,
 and

and strange and affecting glimpses of wild superstitions harboured in rude but kind hearts.

'The night was very stormy, and at about nine we heard a galloping towards the door, and then a loud knocking: it was opened, and in rushed a wild-looking man, mounted on a donkey: he wore a ragged jacket of sheep-skin, called in Spanish *zamarra*, with breeches of the same as far down as his knees; his legs were bare. Around his sombrero, or shadowy hat, was tied a large quantity of the herb which in English is called rosemary, in Spanish *romero*, and in the rustic language of Portugal *alecristim*; which last is a word of Scandinavian origin (*ellegren*), signifying the elfin-plant, and was probably carried into the south by the Vandals. The man seemed frantic with terror, and said that the witches had been pursuing him and hovering over his head for the last two leagues. He came from the Spanish frontier with meal and other articles; he said that his wife was following him and would soon arrive, and in about a quarter of an hour she made her appearance, dripping with rain, and also mounted on a donkey.

'I asked my friends the contrabandistas why he wore the rosemary in his hat; whereupon they told me that it was good against witches and the mischances on the road. I had no time to argue against this superstition, for, as the chaise was to be ready at five the next morning, I wished to make the most of the short time which I could devote to sleep.

'I rose at four, and, after having taken some refreshment, I descended and found the strange man and his wife sleeping in the chimney-corner by the fire, which was still burning; they soon awoke and began preparing their breakfast, which consisted of salt sardinas, broiled upon the embers. In the mean time the woman sang snatches of the beautiful hymn, very common in Spain, which commences thus:—

"Once of old upon a mountain, shepherds overcome with sleep,
Near to Bethlem's holy tower, kept at dead of night their sheep;
Round about the trunk they nodded of a huge ignited oak,
Whence the crackling flame ascending, bright and clear, the darkness broke."

'On hearing that I was about to depart, she said, "You shall have some of my husband's rosemary, which will keep you from danger, and prevent any misfortune occurring." I was foolish enough to permit her to put some of it in my hat.'—pp. 65-68.

Riding among the mountains near Estremos, Mr. Borrow is called to a halt by his first peninsular specimen of Druidical remains. How genuine is the spirit of his commentary!

'After proceeding about a league and a half, a blast came booming from the north, rolling before it immense clouds of dust; happily it did not blow in our faces, or it would have been difficult to proceed, so great was its violence. We had left the road in order to take advantage of one of those short cuts, which, though passable for a horse or a mule, are far too rough to permit any species of carriage to travel along them. We were

were in the midst of sands, brushwood, and huge pieces of rock, which thickly studded the ground. These are the stones which form the sierras of Spain and Portugal; those singular mountains which rise in naked horridness, like the ribs of some mighty carcase from which the flesh has been torn. Many of these stones, or rocks, grew out of the earth, and many lay on its surface unattached, perhaps wrested from their bed by the waters of the deluge. Whilst toiling along these wild wastes, I observed, a little way to my left, a pile of stones of rather a singular appearance, and rode up to it. It was a druidical altar, and the most perfect and beautiful one of the kind which I had ever seen. It was circular, and consisted of stones immensely large and heavy at the bottom, which towards the top became thinner and thinner, having been fashioned by the hand of art to something of the shape of scollop-shells. These were surmounted by a very large flat stone, which slanted down towards the south, where was a door. Three or four individuals might have taken shelter within the interior, in which was growing a small thorn-tree.

‘I gazed with reverence and awe upon the pile where the first colonists of Europe offered their worship to the unknown God. The temples of the mighty and skilful Roman, comparatively of modern date, have crumbled to dust in its neighbourhood. The churches of the Arian Goth, his successor in power, have sunk beneath the earth, and are not to be found; and the mosques of the Moor, the conqueror of the Goth, where and what are they? Upon the rock, masses of hoary and vanishing ruin. Not so the Druid’s stone; there it stands on the hill of winds, as strong and as freshly new as the day, perhaps thirty centuries back, when it was first raised by means which are a mystery. Earthquakes have heaved it, but its cope-stone has not fallen; rain floods have deluged it, but failed to sweep it from its station; the burning sun has flashed upon it, but neither split nor crumbled it; and Time, stern old Time, has rubbed it with his iron tooth, and with what effect let those who view it declare. There it stands; and he who wishes to study the literature, the learning, and the history of the ancient Celt and Cymbrian, may gaze on its broad covering, and glean from that blank stone the whole known amount. The Roman has left behind him his deathless writings, his history, and his songs; the Goth his liturgy, his traditions, and the germs of noble institutions; the Moor his chivalry, his discoveries in medicine, and the foundations of modern commerce; and where is the memorial of the Druidic races? Yonder: that pile of eternal stone!’—*p.* 118-121.

On reaching Elvas Mr. Borrow was curious to examine the fortifications; but the officer in command denied admission. Our author’s commentary is too bold to be omitted—for boldness of thought and language is the broadest stamp of the man. We demur to his character of the wines of Portugal; but perhaps he is no wine-bibber at all. What he says of our own popularity in Portugal is, we believe, too true; and perhaps in what he says of the feeling towards us in France he is not so far wrong neither. He is not speaking of Paris nor of Boulogne.

‘He

'He presently appeared, and inquired whether I was an Englishman; to which having replied in the affirmative, he said, "In that case, sir, you cannot enter: indeed, it is not the custom to permit any foreigners to visit the fort." I answered that it was perfectly indifferent to me whether I visited it or not; and, having taken a survey of Badajoz from the eastern side of the hill, descended by the way I came.

'This is one of the beneficial results of protecting a nation and squandering blood and treasure in its defence. The English, who have never been at war with Portugal, who have fought for its independence on land and sea, and always with success, who have forced themselves by a treaty of commerce to drink its coarse and filthy wines, which no other nation cares to taste, are the most unpopular people who visit Portugal. The French have ravaged the country with fire and sword, and shed the blood of its sons like water; the French buy not its fruits and loathe its wines, yet there is no bad spirit in Portugal towards the French. The reason of this is no mystery: it is the nature not of the Portuguese only, but of corrupt and unregenerate man, to dislike his benefactors, who, by conferring benefits upon him, mortify in the most generous manner his miserable vanity.

'There is no country in which the English are so popular as in France; but, though the French have been frequently roughly handled by the English, and have seen their capital occupied by an English army, they have never been subjected to the supposed ignominy of receiving assistance from them.'—pp. 143, 144.

Soon after passing the Spanish line Mr. Borrow fell into company with a party of his old friends the gipsies. One of them, the Antonio familiar to the readers of his former work, offers to be his guide onward, and the ancient hankering for *Romani* society is too strong for the temptation. The missionary accepts the offer; and we have him pursuing his way for more than a week, mounted on a spare pony (*Egypticè gras*), from the Gitano camp—lodging, whether in field, forest, village, town, or city, exactly where Antonio would naturally have lodged had there been no stranger with him. There can be no sort of doubt that throughout his travels Mr. Borrow has usually passed with gipsies for one in part at least of their own blood. It was so at Moscow—where the Prima Donna of the celebrated Singing Company was at once ready to hail him as a kinsman. It is so everywhere in Spain; and most queer are some of the results to the supposed 'London Caloro.'

'Towards evening we drew near to a large town or village. "That is Merida," said Antonio, "formerly a mighty city of the Corahai. We shall stay here to-night, and perhaps for a day or two, for I have some business of Egypt to transact in this place. Now, brother, step aside with the horse, and wait for me beneath yonder wall. I must go before and see in what condition matters stand." I dismounted, and sat down on a stone beneath the ruined wall to which Antonio had motioned

me: the sun went down, and the air was exceedingly keen: I drew close around me an old tattered gipsy cloak with which my companion had provided me, and, being somewhat fatigued, fell into a doze which lasted for nearly an hour.

"Is your worship the London Caloro?" said a strange voice close beside me. I started, and beheld the face of a woman peering under my hat. Notwithstanding the dusk, I could see that the features were hideously ugly and almost black: they belonged, in fact, to a gipsy crone, at least seventy years of age, leaning upon a staff. "Is your worship the London Caloro?" repeated she. "I am he whom you seek," said I; "where is Antonio?" "*Curelando, curelando, bari-bustres curelos terela,*"* said the crone: "come with me, Caloro of my garlochín, come with me to my little ker; he will be there anon." I followed the crone, who led the way into the town, which was ruinous and seemingly half deserted; we went up the street, from which she turned into a narrow and dark lane, and presently opened the gate of a large dilapidated house. "Come in," said she. "And the gras?" I demanded. "Bring the gras in too, my chabo, bring the gras in too; there is room for the gras in my little stable." We entered a large court, across which we proceeded till we came to a wide doorway. "Go in, my child of Egypt," said the hag; "go in: that is my little stable." "The place is as dark as pitch," said I, "and may be a well for what I know; bring a light, or I will not enter." "Give me the solabarri (bridle)," said the hag, "and I will lead your horse in, my chabo of Egypt; yes, and tether him to my little manger." She led the horse through the doorway, and I heard her busy in the darkness; presently the horse shook himself: "*Grasti terelamos,*" said the hag, who now made her appearance with the bridle in her hand; "the horse has shaken himself: he is not harmed by his day's journey. Now let us go in, my Caloro, into my little room."

"We entered the house and found ourselves in a vast room, which would have been quite dark but for a faint glow which appeared at the farther end; it proceeded from a brasero, beside which were squatted two dusky figures. "These are Callees," said the hag; "one is my daughter, and the other is her chabi; sit down, my London Caloro, and let us hear you speak." I looked about for a chair, but could see none: at a short distance, however, I perceived the end of a broken pillar lying on the floor; this I rolled to the brasero and sat down upon it. "This is a fine house, mother of the gipsies," said I; "rather cold and damp, though: it appears large enough to be a barrack." "Plenty of houses in Merida, my London Caloro, some of them just as they were left by the Corahanoes. Ah! a fine people are the Corahanoes; I often wish myself in their chim once more." "How is this, mother?" said I; "have you been in the land of the Moors?" "Twice have I been in their country, my Caloro—twice have I been in the land of the Corahai. The first time is more than fifty years ago: I was then with the Sese (Spaniards), for my husband was a soldier of the Crallia (King) of Spain, and Oran at that time belonged to Spain." "You

* 'Doing business, doing business;—he has much business to do.'

were not then with the real Moors," said I, "but only with the Spaniards who occupied part of their country?" "I have been with the real Moors, my London Caloro. About forty years ago I was with my ro in Ceuta, for he was still a soldier of the king; and he said to me one day, 'I am tired of this place, where there is no bread and less water; I will escape and turn Corahano: this night I will kill my sergeant, and flee to the camp of the Moor.' 'Do so,' said I, 'my chabo; and as soon as may be I will follow you and become a Corahani.' That same night he killed his sergeant, who five years before had called him Calo and cursed him; then running to the wall he dropped from it, and, amidst many shots, he escaped to the land of the Corahai: as for myself, I remained in the presidio of Ceuta as a sutler, selling wine and repaⁿi to the hundunares. Two years passed by, and I neither saw nor heard from my ro. One day there came a strange man to my cachimani (wine-shop); he was dressed like a Corahano, and yet he did not look like one; he looked more like a callardo (black), and yet he was not a callardo either, though he was almost black; and as I looked upon him I thought he looked something like the Errate (Gipsies); and he said to me, 'Zincali; chachipé!' and then he whispered to me in queer language, which I could scarcely understand, 'Your ro is waiting; come with me, my little sister, and I will take you unto him.' 'Where is he?' said I; and he pointed to the west, to the land of the Corahai, and said, 'He is yonder away; come with me, little sister, the ro is waiting.' For a moment I was afraid, but I bethought me of my husband, and I wished to be amongst the Corahai. The sentinel challenged us at the gate, but I gave him repaⁿi, and he let us pass. About a league from the town, beneath a cerro (hill), we found four men and women, all very black like the strange man, and they all saluted me and called me little sister, and they gave me other clothes, and I looked like a Corahani, and away we marched for many days amidst deserts and small villages, and more than once it seemed to me that I was amongst the Errate, for their ways were the same: the men would hokkawar (cheat) with mules and asses, and the women told baji; and after many days we came before a large town, and the black man said, 'Go in there, little sister, and there you will find your ro;' and I went to the gate, and an armed Corahano stood within the gate, and I looked in his face, and lo! it was my ro.

"Well, brother, to be short, my ro was killed in the wars, before a town to which the king of the Corahai laid siege, and I became a piuli (widow), and I returned to the village of the renegades, as it was called, and supported myself as well as I could; and one day, as I was sitting weeping, the black man, whom I had never seen since the day he brought me to my ro, again stood before me, and said, 'Come with me, little sister, come with me; the ro is at hand:' and I went with him, and beyond the gate in the desert was the same party of black men and women which I had seen before. 'Where is my ro?' said I. 'Here he is, little sister,' said the black man, 'here he is; from this day I am the ro, and you the romi; come, let us go, for there is business to be done.' And I went with him, and he was my ro; and we lived amongst the deserts, and hokkawar'd and chored and told baji; and I

said to myself, 'This is good : sure I am amongst the Errate, in a better chim than my own.' And I had three chai by the black man ; two of them died, but the youngest, who is the Calli who sits by the brasero, was spared : it came to pass that once in the winter-time our company attempted to pass a wide and deep river, and the boat overset, and all our people were drowned, all but myself and my chabi, whom I bore in my bosom. I had now no friends amongst the Corahai, and I wandered about the despoblados, howling and lamenting till I became half lili (mad), and in this manner I found my way to the coast, where I made friends with the captain of a ship, and returned to this land of Spain. And now I am here, I often wish myself back again amongst the Corahai."—p. 165.

Our 'London Caloro' is now, we understand, a married man : but in 1835 he was open to a tender proposition.

'In the afternoon I was seated with the gipsy mother in the hall ; the two Callees were absent telling fortunes. "Are you married, my London Caloro?" said the old woman to me. "Are you a ro?"

'*Myself*.—Wherefore do you ask, O Dai de los Cales ?

'*Gipsy Mother*.—It is high time that the lacha of the chabi were taken from her, and that she had a ro. You can do no better than take her for romi, my London Caloro.

'*Myself*.—I am a stranger in this land, O mother of the gipsies, and scarcely know how to provide for myself, much less for a romi.

'*Gipsy Mother*.—She wants no one to provide for her, my London Caloro ; she can at any time provide for herself and her ro. She can hokkawar, tell baji, and there are few to equal her at stealing á pastesas. Were she once at Madrilati, she would make much treasure ; in this foros she is nahi (lost), for there is nothing to be gained ; but in the foros baro it would be another matter ; she would go dressed in lachipi and sonacai (silk and gold), whilst you would ride about on your black-tailed gra ; and when you had got much treasure, you might return hither and live like a Crallis, and all the Errate of the Chim del Manro should bow down their heads to you. What say you, my London Caloro ?

'*Myself*.—Your plan is a plausible one, mother ; but I am, as you are aware, of another chim, and have no inclination to pass my life in this country.

'*Gipsy Mother*.—Then return to your own country, my Caloro ; the chabi can cross the pani. Would she not do business in London with the rest of the Caloré ? Or why not go to the land of the Corahai ?

'*Myself*.—And what should we do in the land of the Corahai ? It is a poor and wild country, I believe.

'*Gipsy Mother*.—Aromali ! I almost think that I am speaking to a lilipendi (simpleton). Are there not horses to chore ? Yes, I trow, better ones than in this land, and asses and mules. In the land of the Corahai you must hokkawar and chore even as you must here, or in your own country, or else you are no Caloro. Can you not join yourselves with the black people who live in the despoblados ?

Yes,

Yes, surely; and glad they would be to have among them the Errate from Spain and London. I am seventy years of age, but I wish not to die in this chim, but yonder, far away, where both my roms are sleeping. Take the chabi, therefore, and go to Madrilati to win the parné, and, when you have got it, return, and we will give a banquet to all the Busné (Christians) in Merida, and in their food I will mix drow, and they shall eat and burst like poisoned sheep And when they have eaten we will leave them, and away to the land of the Moor.'—pp. 178-181.

Mr. Borrow, we suppose, had nothing for it but to hint that he was engaged to be the Ro of some Chiabi among the East-Anglian Errate. He passes over his method of escape, however, with a lyrical obscurity; and we soon find him in the open country again with his elegant companion Antonio. To be sure, the learned and devout agent of the Bible Society seems a little out of his place in some of the subsequent scenes of this journey. For example:—

'We dismounted, and entered what I now saw was a forest, leading the animals cautiously amongst the trees and brushwood. In about five minutes we reached a small open space, at the farther side of which, at the foot of a large cork-tree, a fire was burning, and by it stood or sat two or three figures; one of them now exclaimed "Quien vive?" "I know that voice," said Antonio, and rapidly advanced: presently I heard an Ola! and a laugh. On reaching the fire, I found two dark lads, and a still darker woman of about forty; the latter seated on what appeared to be horse or mule furniture. I likewise saw a horse and two donkeys tethered to the neighbouring trees. It was in fact a gipsy bivouac. "Come forward, brother, and show yourself," said Antonio; "you are amongst friends; these are the very people whom I expected to find at Trujillo, and in whose house we should have slept." "And what," said I, "could have induced them to leave their house and come into this dark forest, in the midst of wind and rain, to pass the night?" "They come on business of Egypt, brother, doubtless," replied Antonio; "Calla boca!" "My ro is prisoner at the village yonder," said the woman; "he is prisoner for choring a mailla (*donkey*); we are come to see what we can do in his behalf; and where can we lodge better than in this forest, where there is nothing to pay?" One of the striplings now gave us barley for our animals in a large bag, into which we successively introduced their heads, allowing the famished creatures to regale themselves till we conceived that they had satisfied their hunger. There was a puchero simmering at the fire, half full of bacon, garbanzos, and other provisions; this was emptied into a large wooden platter, and out of this Antonio and myself supped; the other gipsies refused to join us, giving us to understand that they had eaten before our arrival; they all, however, did justice to the leathern bottle of Antonio. . . .

'The sun was just appearing as I awoke. I made several efforts before I could rise from the ground; my limbs were quite stiff, and my hair was covered with rime; for the rain had ceased, and a rather severe
frost

frost set in. I looked around me, but could see neither Antonio nor the gipsies; the animals of the latter had likewise disappeared, so had the horse which I had hitherto rode; the mule, however, of Antonio still remained fastened to the tree; this latter circumstance quieted some apprehensions which were beginning to arise in my mind. "They are gone on some business of Egypt," I said to myself, "and will return anon." I gathered together the embers of the fire, and, heaping upon them sticks and branches, soon succeeded in calling forth a blaze, beside which I again placed the puchero, with what remained of the provision of last night. I waited for a considerable time in expectation of the return of my companions, but, as they did not appear, I sat down and breakfasted. Before I had well finished I heard the noise of a horse approaching rapidly, and presently Antonio made his appearance amongst the trees, with some agitation in his countenance. He sprang from the horse, and instantly proceeded to untie the mule. "Mount, brother, mount!" said he, pointing to the horse; "I went with the Callee and her chabés to the village where the ro is in trouble; the chinobaro, however, seized them at once with their cattle, and would have laid hands also on me, but I set spurs to the grasti, gave him the bridle, and was soon far away. Mount, brother, mount, or we shall have the whole rustic canaille upon us in a twinkling."—p. 191.

By-and-by they come in sight of Jaraicejo: but the missionary's friend declines to enter the town in company.

"Brother, we had best pass through that town singly. I will go in advance; follow slowly, and when there purchase bread and barley; you have nothing to fear. I will await you on the despoblado." Without waiting for my answer he hastened forward, and was speedily out of sight. I followed slowly behind, and entered the gate of the town, an old dilapidated place, consisting of little more than one street. Along this street I was advancing, when a man with a dirty foraging cap on his head, and holding a gun in his hand, came running up to me: "Who are you?" said he, in rather rough accents; "from whence do you come?" "From Badajoz and Trujillo," I replied; "why do you ask?" "I am one of the national guard," said the man, "and am placed here to inspect strangers. I am told that a gipsy fellow just now rode through the town; it is well for him that I had stepped into my house. Do you come in his company?" "Do I look a person," said I, "likely to keep company with gipsies?"

The national measured me from top to toe, and then looked me full in the face with an expression which seemed to say, "Likely enough." In fact, my appearance was by no means calculated to prepossess people in my favour. Upon my head I wore an old Andalusian hat, which, from its condition, appeared to have been trodden under foot; a rusty cloak, which had perhaps served half a dozen generations, unwrapped my body. My nether garments were by no means of the finest description, and as far as could be seen were covered with mud, with which my face was likewise plentifully bespattered; and upon my chin was a beard of a week's growth.

"Have

“Have you a passport?” at length demanded the national. I remembered having read that the best way to win a Spaniard’s heart is to treat him with ceremonious civility. I therefore dismounted, and, taking off my hat, made a low bow to the constitutional soldier, saying, “Señor nacional, you must know that I am an English gentleman, travelling in this country for my pleasure. I bear a passport, which, on inspecting, you will find to be perfectly regular: it was given me by the great Lord Palmerston, minister of England, whom you of course have heard of here; at the bottom you will see his own handwriting; look at it and rejoice; perhaps you will never have another opportunity. As I put unbounded confidence in the honour of every gentleman, I leave the passport in your hands whilst I repair to the posada to refresh myself. When you have inspected it, you will perhaps oblige me so far as to bring it to me. Cavalier, I kiss your hands.” I then made him another low bow, which he returned with one still lower, and, leaving him now staring at the passport and now at myself, I went into a posada, to which I was directed by a beggar whom I met.

‘I fed the horse, and procured some bread and barley, as the gipsy had directed me; I likewise purchased three fine partridges of a fowler, who was drinking wine in the posada. He was satisfied with the price I gave him, and offered to treat me with a copita, to which I made no objection. As we sat discoursing at the table, the national entered with the passport in his hand, and sat down by us.

‘*National*.—Caballero! I return you your passport; it is quite in form: I rejoice to have made your acquaintance; no doubt you can give me some information respecting the war.

‘*Myself*.—I shall be very happy to afford so polite and honourable a gentleman any information in my power.

‘*National*.—What is England doing? If she pleased, she could put down the war in three months.

‘*Myself*.—*No tenga usted cuidado, Señor nacional*. You have heard of the legion which my Lord Palmerston has sent over? Leave the matter in their hands.

‘*National*.—It appears to me that this Caballero Balmerson must be a very honest man.

‘*Myself*.—There can be no doubt of it.

‘*National*.—I have heard that he is a great general.

‘*Myself*.—In some things neither Napoleon nor the sawyer* would stand a chance with him. *Es mucho hombre*.

‘*National*.—I am glad to hear it. Does he intend to head the legion?

‘*Myself*.—I believe not; but he has sent over, to head the fighting men, a friend of his, who is thought to be nearly as much versed in military matters as himself.

‘*National*.—*Lo me alegro mucho*. I see that the war will soon be over. Caballero, I thank you for your politeness, and for the information which you have afforded me. The despoblado out yonder has a particularly evil name; be on your guard, Caballero. I am sorry that gipsy was

* ‘El Serrador, a Carlist partisan, about this period much talked of.’

permitted

permitted to pass; should you meet him and not like his looks, shoot him at once, stab him, or ride him down. He is a well-known thief, contrabandista, and murderer, and has committed more assassinations than he has fingers on his hands. Stay; before I go I should wish to see once more the signature of the Caballero Balmerson.

'I showed him the signature, which he looked upon with profound reverence, uncovering his head for a moment; we then embraced and parted.

'I mounted the horse and rode from the town, at first proceeding very slowly; I had no sooner, however, reached the moor than I put the animal to his speedy trot, and proceeded at a tremendous rate for some time, expecting every moment to overtake the gipsy. I, however, saw nothing of him, nor did I meet with a single human being. The road along which I sped was narrow and sandy, winding amidst thickets of broom and brushwood, with which the despoblado was overgrown, and which in some places were as high as a man's head. Across the moor, in the direction in which I was proceeding, rose a lofty eminence, naked and bare. The moor extended for at least three leagues; I had nearly crossed it, and reached the foot of the ascent. I was becoming very uneasy, conceiving that I might have passed the gipsy amongst the thickets, when I suddenly heard his well-known O-la! and his black savage head and staring eyes suddenly appeared from amidst a clump of broom. "You have tarried long, brother," said he; "I almost thought you had played me false."—pp. 191-203.

Antonio found presently that he had no chance of escape except in quitting the high road altogether. Our living Polyglott therefore proceeds in solitary state. But near Talavera he is overtaken by another horseman, a grave, well-clad man of middle age, with whom he jogs on for a few minutes. The stranger speaks good Castilian; but in a moment of excitement an exclamation escapes him which betrays the *Moresco*. Mr. Borrow caps him in Arabic.

'The man walked on about ten paces, in the same manner as he had previously done; all of a sudden he turned, and, taking the bridle of the burra gently in his hand, stopped her. I had now a full view of his face and figure, and those huge features and Herculean form still occasionally revisit me in my dreams. I see him standing in the moonshine, staring me in the face with his deep calm eyes. At last he said,—

"*Es usted tambien de nosotros.*"

Mr. Borrow could scarcely answer before the man signified that he knew him to be English. They explain to their mutual satisfaction.

'It was late at night when we arrived at Talavera. We went to a large gloomy house, which my companion informed me was the principal posada of the town. We entered the kitchen, at the extremity of which a large fire was blazing. "Pepita," said my companion to a handsome girl, who advanced smiling towards us; "a brasero and a private apartment: this cavalier is a friend of mine, and we shall sup together."

We

We were shown to an apartment in which were two alcoves containing beds. After supper, which consisted of the very best, by the order of my companion, we sat over the brasero and commenced talking.

Myself.—Of course you have conversed with Englishmen before, else you could not have recognised me by the tone of my voice.

Abarbenel.—I was a young lad when the war of independence broke out, and there came to the village in which our family lived an English officer in order to teach discipline to the new levies. He was quartered in my father's house, where he conceived a great affection for me. On his departure, with the consent of my father, I attended him through both the Castilles, partly as companion, partly as domestic. I was with him nearly a year, when he was suddenly summoned to return to his own country. He would fain have taken me with him, but to that my father would by no means consent. It is now five-and-twenty years since I last saw an Englishman; but you have seen how I recognised you even in the dark night.

Myself.—And what kind of life do you pursue, and by what means do you obtain support?

Abarbenel.—I experience no difficulty. I live much in the same way as I believe my forefathers lived; certainly as my father did, for his course has been mine. At his death I took possession of the herencia, for I was his only child. It was not requisite that I should follow any business, for my wealth was great; yet, to avoid remark, I have occasionally dealt in wool; but lazily, lazily—as I had no stimulus for exertion. I was, however, successful in many instances, strangely so; much more than many others who toiled day and night, and whose whole soul was in the trade.

Myself.—Have you any children? Are you married?

Abarbenel.—I have no children, though I am married. I have a wife and an amiga, or I should rather say two wives, for I am wedded to both. I however call one my amiga, for appearance sake, for I wish to live in quiet, and am unwilling to offend the prejudices of the surrounding people.

Myself.—You say you are wealthy. In what does your wealth consist?

Abarbenel.—In gold and silver, and stones of price; for I have inherited all the hoards of my forefathers. The greater part is buried underground; indeed, I have never examined the tenth part of it. I have coins of silver and gold older than the times of Ferdinand the Accursed and Jezebel; I have also large sums employed in usury. We keep ourselves close, however, and pretend to be poor, miserably so; but on certain occasions, at our festivals, when our gates are barred, and our savage dogs are let loose in the court, we eat our food off services such as the Queen of Spain cannot boast of, and wash our feet in ewers of silver, fashioned and wrought before the Americas were discovered, though our garments are at all times coarse, and our food for the most part of the plainest description.

Myself.—Are there more of you than yourself and your two wives?

Abarbenel.—There are my two servants, who are likewise of us;
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the one is a youth, and is about to leave, being betrothed to one at some distance; the other is old: he is now upon the road, following me with a mule and car.

'*Myself*.—And whither are you bound at present?

'*Abarbenel*.—To Toledo, where I ply my trade occasionally. I love to wander about, though I seldom stray far from home. Since I left the Englishman my feet have never once stepped beyond the bounds of New Castille. I love to visit Toledo, and to think of the times which have long since departed; I should establish myself there, were there not so many accursed ones, who look upon me with an evil eye.

'*Myself*.—Are you known for what you are? Do the authorities molest you?

'*Abarbenel*.—People of course suspect me to be what I am; but as I conform outwardly in most respects to their ways, they do not interfere with me. True it is that sometimes when I enter the church to hear the mass, they glare at me over the left shoulder, as much as to say—"What do you here?" And sometimes they cross themselves as I pass by; but as they go no further, I do not trouble myself on that account. With respect to the authorities, they are not bad friends of mine. Many of the higher class have borrowed money from me on usury, so that I have them to a certain extent in my power; and as for the low alguazils and corchetes, they would do anything to oblige me in consideration of a few dollars which I occasionally give them; so that matters upon the whole go on remarkably well. Of old, indeed, it was far otherwise; yet, I know not how it was, though other families suffered much, ours always enjoyed a tolerable share of tranquillity. The truth is, that our family has always known how to guide itself wonderfully. I may say there is much of the wisdom of the snake amongst us. We have always possessed friends; and with respect to enemies, it is by no means safe to meddle with us; for it is a rule of our house never to forgive an injury, and to spare neither trouble nor expense in bringing ruin and destruction upon the heads of our evil doers.

'*Myself*.—Do the priests interfere with you?

'*Abarbenel*.—They let me alone, especially in our own neighbourhood. Shortly after the death of my father, one hot-headed individual endeavoured to do me an evil turn, but I soon requited him, causing him to be imprisoned on a charge of blasphemy, and in prison he remained a long time, till he went mad and died.

'*Myself*.—Have you a head in Spain, in whom is vested the chief authority?

'*Abarbenel*.—Not exactly. There are, however, certain holy families who enjoy much consideration; my own is one of these—the chiefest, I may say. My grandsire was a particularly holy man; and I have heard my father say that one night an archbishop came to his house secretly, merely to have the satisfaction of kissing his head.

'*Myself*.—How can that be? what reverence could an archbishop entertain for one like yourself or your grandsire?

'*Abarbenel*.—More than you imagine. He was one of us, at least his father was, and he could never forget what he had learned with
reverence

reverence in his infancy. He said he had tried to forget it, but he could not; that the *ruah* was continually upon him, and that even from his childhood he had borne its terrors with a troubled mind, till at last he could bear himself no longer; so he went to my grandsire, with whom he remained one whole night; he then returned to his diocese, where he shortly afterwards died, in much renown for sanctity.

'*Myself*.—What you say surprises me. Have you reason to suppose that many of you are to be found amongst the priesthood?

'*Abarbenel*.—Not to suppose, but to know it. There are many such as I amongst the priesthood, and not amongst the inferior priesthood either; some of the most learned and famed of them in Spain have been of us, or of our blood at least, and many of them at this day think as I do. There is one particular festival of the year at which four dignified ecclesiastics are sure to visit me; and then, when all is made close and secure, and the fitting ceremonies have been gone through, they sit down upon the floor and curse.

'*Myself*.—Are you numerous in the large towns?

'*Abarbenel*.—By no means; our places of abode are seldom the large towns; we prefer the villages, and rarely enter the large towns but on business. Indeed, we are not a numerous people, and there are few provinces of Spain which contain more than twenty families. None of us are poor, and those among us who serve do so more from choice than necessity, for by serving each other we acquire different trades. Not unfrequently the time of service is that of courtship also, and the servants eventually marry the daughters of the house.'

'We continued in discourse the greater part of the night; the next morning I prepared to depart. My companion, however, advised me to remain where I was for that day. "And if you respect my counsel," said he, "you will not proceed farther in this manner. To-night the diligence will arrive from Estremadura, on its way to Madrid. Deposit yourself therein: it is the safest and most speedy mode of travelling. As for your Caballeria, I will myself purchase her."—pp. 226-235.

Mr. Borrow follows the sensible advice that concluded this very extraordinary conversation. On reaching Madrid (February, 1836) he takes lodgings in the house of a fat old woman from Valladolid, whose son, a tailor, is one of the most profligate little fellows wearing the uniform of the national guard. We must give a bit of one of his dialogues with this high-reaching knight of the thimble; and a short but pithy description of one of the Madrid lions seen by our author under Baltasar's auspices.

'*Myself*.—Of course none but persons of liberal opinions are to be found amongst the nationals?

'*Baltasar*.—Would it were so! There are some amongst us, Don Jorge, who are no better than they should be: they are few, however, and for the most part well known. There is no pleasant life, for when they mount guard with the rest they are scouted, and not unfrequently cudgelled.

gelled. The law compels all of a certain age either to serve in the army or to become national soldiers, on which account some of these Godos are to be found amongst us.

'*Myself*.—Are there many in Madrid of the Carlist opinion?

'*Baltasar*.—Not among the young people; the greater part of the Madrilenian Carlists capable of bearing arms departed long ago to join the ranks of the factious in the Basque provinces. Those who remain are for the most part grey-beards and priests, good for nothing but to assemble in private coffee-houses, and to prate treason together. Let them prate, Don Jorge; let them prate; the destinies of Spain do not depend on the wishes of ojalateros and pasteleros, but on the hands of stout gallant nationals like myself and friends, Don Jorge.

'*Myself*.—I am sorry to learn from your lady mother that you are strangely dissipated.

'*Baltasar*.—Ho, ho, Don Jorge! she has told you that, has she? what would you have, Don Jorge? I am young, and young blood will have its course. I am called Baltasar the Gay by all the other nationals, and it is on account of my gaiety and the liberality of my opinions that I am so popular among them. When I mount guard, I invariably carry my guitar with me, and then there is sure to be a function at the guard-house. We send for wine, Don Jorge, and the nationals become wild, Don Jorge, dancing and drinking through the night, whilst Baltasarito strums the guitar, and sings them songs of Germania:—

"Una romi sin pachi

Le peno á su chindomar," &c. &c.

This is Gitáno, Don Jorge; I learnt it from the toreros of Andalusia, who all speak Gitáno, and are mostly of gipsy blood. I learnt it from them; they are all friends of mine, Montes Sevilla and Poquito Pan. I never miss a function of bulls, Don Jorge. Baltasar is sure to be there with his amiga. Don Jorge, there are no bull-functions in the winter, or I would carry you to one, but happily to-morrow there is an execution, a function de la horca; and there we will go, Don Jorge.'

'We did go to see this execution, which I shall long remember. The criminals were two young men, brothers: they suffered for a most atrocious murder, having in the dead of night broke open the house of an aged man, whom they put to death, and whose property they stole. Criminals in Spain are not hanged as they are in England, or guillotined as in France, but strangled upon a wooden stage. They sit down on a kind of chair with a post behind, to which is affixed an iron collar with a screw; this iron collar is made to clasp the neck of the prisoner, and on a certain signal it is drawn tighter and tighter by means of the screw, until life becomes extinct. After we had waited amongst the assembled multitude a considerable time, the first of the culprits appeared: he was mounted on an ass, without saddle or stirrups, his legs being allowed to dangle nearly to the ground. He was dressed in yellow sulphur-coloured robes, with a high-peaked conical red hat on his head, which was shaven. Between his hands he held a parchment, on which was written something, I believe the confession of faith. Two priests led the animal by
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the bridle; two others walked on either side chanting litanies, amongst which I distinguished the words of heavenly peace and tranquillity, for the culprit had been reconciled to the church, had confessed and received absolution, and had been promised admission to heaven. He did not exhibit the least symptom of fear, but dismounted from the animal and was led, not supported, up the scaffold, where he was placed on the chair, and the fatal collar put round his neck. One of the priests then in a loud voice commenced saying the Belief, and the culprit repeated the words after him. On a sudden, the executioner, who stood behind, commenced turning the screw, which was of prodigious force, and the wretched man was almost instantly a corpse; but, as the screw went round, the priest began to shout "*Pax et misericordia et tranquillitas!*" and still, as he shouted, his voice became louder and louder, till the lofty walls of Madrid rang with it: then stooping down, he placed his mouth close to the culprit's ear, still shouting, just as if he would pursue the spirit through its course to eternity, cheering it on its way. The effect was tremendous. I myself was so excited that I involuntarily shouted "*Misericordia!*" and so did many others. God was not thought of; Christ was not thought of; only the priest was thought of, for he seemed at that moment to be the first being in existence, and to have the power of opening and shutting the gates of heaven or of hell, just as he should think proper. A striking instance of the successful working of the Popish system, whose grand aim has ever been to keep people's minds as far as possible from God, and to centre their hopes and fears in the priesthood. The execution of the second culprit was precisely similar; he ascended the scaffold a few minutes after his brother had breathed his last.—p. 246.

Our readers will be pleased to have this much-travelled gentleman's general impressions of the Spanish capital.

'I have visited most of the principal capitals of the world, but upon the whole none has ever so interested me as this city of Madrid, in which I now found myself. I will not dwell upon its streets, its edifices, its public squares, its fountains, though some of these are remarkable enough: but Petersburg has finer streets, Paris and Edinburgh more stately edifices, London far nobler squares, whilst Shiraz can boast of more costly fountains, though not cooler waters. But the population! Within a mud wall, scarcely one league and a half in circuit, are contained two hundred thousand human beings, certainly forming the most extraordinary vital mass to be found in the entire world; and be it always remembered that this mass is strictly Spanish. The population of Constantinople is extraordinary enough, but to form it twenty nations have contributed—Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Poles, Jews, the latter, by the by, of Spanish origin, and speaking amongst themselves the old Spanish language; but the huge population of Madrid, with the exception of a sprinkling of foreigners, chiefly French tailors, glove-makers, and peruquiers, is strictly Spanish, though a considerable portion are not natives of the place. Here are no colonies of Germans, as at Saint Petersburg; no English factories, as at Lisbon; no multitudes of insolent

lent Yankees lounging through the streets, as at the Havannah, with an air which seems to say the land is our own whenever we choose to take it; but a population which, however strange and wild, and composed of various elements, is Spanish, and will remain so as long as the city itself shall exist. Hail, ye aguadores of Asturia! who, in your dress of coarse duffel and leathern skull-caps, are seen seated in hundreds by the fountain-sides, upon your empty water-casks, or staggering with them filled to the topmost stories of lofty houses. Hail, ye caleseros of Valencia! who, lolling lazily against your vehicles, rasp tobacco for your paper cigars whilst waiting for a fare. Hail to you, beggars of La Mancha! men and women, who, wrapped in coarse blankets, demand charity indifferently at the gate of the palace or the prison. Hail to you, valets from the mountains, mayordomos and secretaries from Biscay and Guipuscoa, toreros from Andalusia, riposteros from Galicia, shopkeepers from Catalonia! Hail to ye, Castilians, Estremenians, and Aragonese, of whatever calling! And lastly, genuine sons of the capital, rabble of Madrid, ye twenty thousand manolos, whose terrible knives, on the second morning of May, worked such grim havoc amongst the legions of Murat!

‘And the higher orders—the ladies and gentlemen, the cavaliers and señoras; shall I pass them by in silence? The truth is, I have little to say about them; I mingled but little in their society, and what I saw of them by no means tended to exalt them in my imagination. I am not one of those who, wherever they go, make it a constant practice to disparage the higher orders, and to exalt the populace at their expense. There are many capitals in which the high aristocracy, the lords and ladies, the sons and daughters of nobility, constitute the most remarkable and the most interesting part of the population. This is the case at Vienna, and more especially at London. Who can rival the English aristocrat in lofty stature, in dignified bearing, in strength of hand, and valour of heart? Who rides a nobler horse? Who has a firmer seat? And who more lovely than his wife, or sister, or daughter? But with respect to the Spanish aristocracy, I believe the less that is said of them on the points to which I have just alluded the better. I confess, however, that I know little about them. Le Sage has described them as they were nearly two centuries ago. His description is anything but captivating, and I do not think that they have improved since the period of the immortal Frenchman. I would sooner talk of the lower class, not only of Madrid, but of all Spain. The Spaniard of the lower class has much more interest for me, whether manolo, labourer, or muleteer. He is not a common being; he is an extraordinary man. He has not, it is true, the amiability and generosity of the Russian mujik, who will give his only rouble rather than the stranger shall want; nor his placid courage, which renders him insensible to fear, and, at the command of his Tsar, sends him singing to certain death. There is more hardness and less self-devotion in the disposition of the Spaniard: he possesses, however a spirit of proud independence, which it is impossible but to admire. He is ignorant, of course; but it is singular that I have invariably found amongst the low and slightly educated classes far more liberality

liberality of sentiment than amongst the upper. It has long been the fashion to talk of the bigotry of the Spaniards, and their mean jealousy of foreigners. This is true to a certain extent; but it chiefly holds good with respect to the upper classes. If foreign valour or talent has never received its proper meed in Spain, the great body of the Spaniards are certainly not in fault. I have heard Wellington calumniated in this proud scene of his triumphs, but never by the old soldiers of Aragon and the Asturias, who assisted to vanquish the French at Salamanca and the Pyrenees. I have heard the manner of riding of an English jockey criticised, but it was by the idiotic heir of Medina Celi, and not by a picador of the Madrilénian bull-ring.'—pp. 246—256.

At Madrid Mr. Borrow applied for assistance in his printing business to our minister, Mr. Villiers (now Lord Clarendon), and from him and his secretary, Mr. Southerne, he received all the support and countenance he could have hoped or expected. The character and manners of the missionary made, we have no doubt, a very favourable impression on those accomplished functionaries, and through their recommendation he at last received a hint that (though a formal licence was out of the question) his operations should be winked at. He printed his Bible accordingly, and he also wrote and printed a translation of St. Luke's Gospel into the Gipsy dialect of Spain—a copy of which we have now before us—we believe the first book that ever was printed in any Gipsy dialect whatever.* But Mr. Borrow had arrived in Madrid at a very interesting period, and we cannot but extract at some length from the chapter in which he paints from the life the revolution of La Granja and the fate of Quesada.

'The Granja, or Grange, is a royal country-seat, situated amongst pine-forests, on the other side of the Guadarama hills, about twelve leagues distant from Madrid. To this place the queen regent Christina had retired, in order to be aloof from the discontent of the capital, and to enjoy rural air and amusements in this celebrated retreat, a monument of the taste and magnificence of the first Bourbon who ascended the throne of Spain. She was not, however, permitted to remain long in tranquillity; her own guards were disaffected, and more inclined to the principles of the constitution of 1823 than to those of absolute monarchy, which the Moderados were attempting to revive again in the government of Spain. Early one morning a party of these soldiers, headed by a certain sergeant Garcia, entered her apartment, and proposed that she should subscribe her hand to this constitution, and swear solemnly to abide by it. Christina, however, who was a woman of considerable spirit, refused to comply with this proposal, and ordered them to withdraw. A scene of violence and tumult ensued; but, the regent still continuing firm, the soldiers at length led her down to one of the courts of the palace, where stood her well-known paramour Muños,

* Embéo e Majaró Lucas; Brotoboro Randado andré la Chiipe Griega, acaña Chibado andré o Romano, ô Chiipe es Zincales de Sesé. 1837. 12mo.

bound and blindfolded. "Swear to the constitution, you she-rogue," vociferated the swarthy sergeant. "Never!" said the spirited daughter of the Neapolitan Bourbons. "Then your cortejo shall die!" replied the sergeant. "Ho! ho! my lads; get ready your arms, and send four bullets through the fellow's brain." Muños was forthwith led to the wall, and compelled to kneel down; the soldiers levelled their muskets, and another moment would have consigned the unfortunate wight to eternity, when Christina, forgetting everything but the feelings of her woman's heart, suddenly started forward with a shriek, exclaiming, "Hold, hold! I sign, I sign!"

The day after this event I entered the Puerta del Sol at about noon. There is always a crowd there about this hour, but it is generally a very quiet, motionless crowd, consisting of listless idlers calmly smoking their cigars, or listening to or retailing the—in general—very dull news of the capital; but on the day of which I am speaking the mass was no longer inert. There was much gesticulation and vociferation, and several people were running about shouting "*Viva la constitution!*"—a cry which, a few days previously, would have been visited on the utterer with death, the city having for some weeks past been subjected to the rigour of martial law. I occasionally heard the words "*La Granja! La Granja!*" which words were sure to be succeeded by the shout of "*Viva la constitution!*" Opposite the Casa de Postas were drawn up in a line about a dozen mounted dragoons, some of whom were continually waving their caps in the air and joining the common cry, in which they were encouraged by their commander, a handsome young officer, who flourished his sword, and more than once cried out, with great glee, "Long live the constitutional queen! Long live the constitution!"

The crowd was rapidly increasing, and several nationals made their appearance in their uniforms, but without their arms, of which they had been deprived, as I have already stated. "What has become of the Moderado government?" said I to Baltasar, whom I suddenly observed amongst the crowd, dressed, as when I had first seen him, in his old regimental great coat and foraging cap; "have the ministers been deposed, and others put in their place?"

"Not yet, Don Jorge," said the little soldier-tailor; "not yet; the scoundrels still hold out, relying on the brute bull Quesada and a few infantry, who still continue true to them; but there is no fear, Don Jorge; the queen is ours, thanks to the courage of my friend Garcia; and if the brute bull should make his appearance—ho! ho! Don Jorge, you shall see something—I am prepared for him, ho! ho!" and thereupon he half opened his great coat, and showed me a small gun which he bore beneath it in a sling, and then, moving away with a wink and a nod, disappeared amongst the crowd.

Presently I perceived a small body of soldiers advancing up the Calle Mayor, or principal street, which runs from the Puerta del Sol, in the direction of the palace: they might be about twenty in number, and an officer marched at their head with a drawn sword: the men appeared to have been collected in a hurry, many of them being in fatigue-dress,
with

with foraging caps on their heads. On they came, slowly marching; neither their officer nor themselves paying the slightest attention to the cries of "Long live the Constitution!" save and except by an occasional surly side-glance: on they marched with contracted brows and set teeth, till they came in front of the cavalry, where they halted and drew up in a rank.

"Those men mean mischief," said I to my friend D——, of the *Morning Chronicle*;—but what can those cavalry fellows behind them mean, who are evidently of the other opinion by their shouting; why don't they, charge at once this handful of foot people and overturn them? Once down, the crowd would wrest from them their muskets in a moment. You are a Liberal; why do you not go to that silly young man who commands the horse, and give him a word of counsel in time?"

D—— turned upon me his broad red good-humoured English countenance, with a peculiarly arch look, as much as to say (whatever you think most applicable, gentle reader): then taking me by the arm, "Let us get," said he, "out of this crowd, and mount to some window, where I can write down what is about to take place, for I agree with you that mischief is meant." Just opposite the post-office was a large house, in the topmost story of which we beheld a paper displayed, importing that apartments were to let; whereupon we instantly ascended the common stair, and, having agreed with the mistress of the *étage* for the use of the front room for the day, we bolted the door, and the reporter, producing his pocket-book and pencil, prepared to take notes of the coming events, which were already casting their shadow before.

"What most extraordinary men are these reporters of the English newspapers! Surely, if there be any class of individuals who are entitled to the appellation of cosmopolites, it is these; who pursue their avocation in all countries indifferently, and accommodate themselves at will to the manners of all classes of society: their fluency of style as writers is only surpassed by their facility of language in conversation, and their attainments in classical and polite literature only by their profound knowledge of the world, acquired by an early introduction into its bustling scenes. The activity, energy, and courage which they occasionally display in the pursuit of information are truly remarkable. I saw them, during the three days at Paris, mingled with canaille and gamins behind the barriers, whilst the mitraille was flying in all directions, and the desperate cuirassiers were dashing their fierce horses against those seemingly feeble bulwarks. There stood they, dotting down their observations in their pocket-books as unconcernedly as if reporting the proceedings of a reform meeting in Finsbury Square; whilst in Spain, several of them accompanied the Carlist and Christino guerillas in some of their most desperate raids, exposing themselves to the danger of hostile bullets, the inclemency of winter, and the fierce heat of the summer sun.

"We had scarcely been five minutes at the window when we heard the clattering of horses' feet hastening down the *Calle de Carretas*. As the sounds became louder and louder, the cries of the crowd below diminished, and a species of panic seemed to have fallen upon all; once or

twice, however, I could distinguish the words Quesada! Quesada! The foot soldiers stood calm and motionless; but the cavalry, with the young officer who commanded them, displayed both confusion and fear, exchanging with each other some hurried words. All of a sudden that part of the crowd which stood near the mouth of the Calle de Carretas fell back in great disorder, leaving a considerable space unoccupied, and the next moment Quesada, in complete general's uniform, and mounted on a bright bay thorough-bred English horse, with a drawn sword in his hand, dashed at full gallop into the area, in much the same manner as I have seen a Manchegan bull rush into the amphitheatre when the gates of his pen are suddenly flung open.

He was closely followed by two mounted officers, and at a short distance by as many dragoons. In almost less time than is sufficient to relate it, several individuals in the crowd were knocked down and lay sprawling beneath the horses of Quesada and his two friends, for, as to the dragoons, they halted as soon as they had entered the Puerta del Sol. It was a fine sight to see three men, by dint of valour and good horsemanship, strike terror into at least as many thousands. I saw Quesada spur his horse repeatedly into the dense masses of the crowd, and then extricate himself in the most masterly manner. The rabble were completely awed and gave way, retiring by the Calle del Comercio and the street of Alcala. All at once, Quesada singled out two nationals who were attempting to escape, and, setting spurs to his horse, turned them in a moment and drove them in another direction, striking them in a contemptuous manner with the flat of his sabre. He was crying out "Long live the absolute queen!" when, just beneath me, amidst a portion of the crowd which had still maintained its ground, perhaps from not having the means of escaping, I saw a small gun glitter for a moment, then there was a sharp report, and a bullet had nearly sent Quesada to his long account, passing so near to the countenance of the general as to graze his hat. I had an indistinct view for a moment of a well-known foraging cap* just about the spot from whence the gun had been discharged, then there was a rush of the crowd, and the shooter, whoever he was, escaped discovery amidst the confusion which arose.

* As for Quesada, he seemed to treat the danger from which he had escaped with the utmost contempt. He glared about him fiercely for a moment, then, leaving the two nationals, who sneaked away like whipped hounds, he went up to the young officer who commanded the cavalry, and who had been active in raising the cry of the Constitution, and to him he addressed a few words with an air of stern menace; the youth evidently quailed before him, and, probably in obedience to his orders, resigned the command of the party, and rode slowly away with a discomfited air; whereupon Quesada dismounted and walked slowly backwards and forwards before the Casa de Postas with a mien which seemed to bid defiance to mankind.

* This was the glorious day of Quesada's existence, his glorious and last day. I call it the day of his glory, for he certainly never before

* Mr. Borrow means the little tailor's cap.

appeared under such brilliant circumstances, and he never lived to see another sun set. No action of any conqueror or hero on record is to be compared with this closing scene of the life of Quesada; for who, by his single desperate courage and impetuosity, ever before stopped a revolution in full course? Quesada did: he stopped the revolution at Madrid for one entire day, and brought back the uproarious and hostile mob of a huge city to perfect order and quiet. His burst into the Puerta del Sol was the most tremendous and successful piece of daring ever witnessed. I admired so much the spirit of the "brute bull," that I frequently, during his wild onset, shouted "Viva Quesada!" for I wished him well. Not that I am of *any* political party or system. No, no! I have lived too long with Rommany Chals and Petulengres* to be of any politics save gipsy politics: and it is well known that, during elections, the children of Roma side with both parties so long as the event is doubtful, promising success to each; and then, when the fight is done, and the battle won, invariably range themselves in the ranks of the victorious. But I repeat that I wished well to Quesada, witnessing, as I did, his stout heart and good horsemanship. Tranquillity was restored to Madrid throughout the remainder of the day; the handful of infantry bivouacked in the Puerta del Sol. No more cries of "Long live the Constitution" were heard; and the revolution in the capital seemed to have been effectually put down. It is probable, indeed, that, had the chiefs of the moderado party but continued true to themselves for forty-eight hours longer, their cause would have triumphed, and the revolutionary soldiers at the Granja would have been glad to restore the Queen Regent to liberty, and to have come to terms, as it was well known that several regiments who still continued loyal were marching upon Madrid. The moderados, however, were *not* true to themselves: that very night their hearts failed them, and they fled in various directions—Isturitz and Galiano to France, and the Duke of Rivas to Gibraltar: the panic of his colleagues even infected Quesada, who, disguised as a civilian, took to flight. He was not, however, so successful as the rest, but was recognised at a village about three leagues from Madrid, and cast into the prison by some friends of the constitution. Intelligence of his capture was instantly transmitted to the capital, and a vast mob of the nationals, some on foot, some on horseback, and others in cabriolets, instantly set out. "The nationals are coming," said a paisano to Quesada. "Then," said he, "I am lost;" and forthwith prepared himself for death.

The catastrophe is indicated with the skill of a real ballad-poet:—

'There is a celebrated 'coffee-house in the Calle d'Alcala capable of holding several hundred individuals. On the evening of the day in question I was seated there, sipping a cup of the brown beverage, when I heard a prodigious noise and clamour in the street: it proceeded from the nationals, who were returning from their expedition. In a few

* This Gipsy word, it seems, is half-Sanscrit, and signifies 'Lords of the Horse-shoe.' Mr. Borrow adds, 'it is one of the private cognominations of "The Smiths," an English gipsy clan.' Their school of politics is an extensive one.

minutes I saw a body of them enter the coffee-house marching arm in arm, two by two, stamping on the ground with their feet in a kind of measure, and repeating in loud chorus as they walked round the spacious apartment, the following grisly stanza:—

“Que es lo que abaja por aquel cerro? Ta ra ra.

Son los huesos de Quesada, que los trae un perro—Ta ra ra.”

[What comes a-clattering down the street?

’Tis the bones of Quesada.—Dog’s meat! dog’s meat!]

‘A huge bowl of coffee was then called for, which was placed upon a table, around which gathered the national soldiers. There was silence for a moment, which was interrupted by a voice roaring out “*El pa-mucho!*” A blue kerchief was forthwith produced: it was untied, and a gory hand and three or four dis severed fingers made their appearance; and with these the contents of the bowl were stirred up. “Cups! cups!” cried the nationals. “Ho, ho, Don Jorge!” cried Baltasarito, “pray do me the favour to drink upon this glorious occasion.”—p. 301.

So much for Madrid and its Patriots in February, 1836. We perceive that we have filled our allotted space, and must therefore conclude abruptly with a page from Mr. Borrow’s account of his first visit to Seville. It appears that the world contains one character more who has wandered as oddly as himself.

‘I had returned from a walk in the country, on a glorious sunshiny morning of the Andalusian winter, and was directing my steps towards my lodging; as I was passing by the portal of a large gloomy house near the gate of Xeres, two individuals dressed in zamarras emerged from the archway, and were about to cross my path, when one, looking in my face, suddenly started back, exclaiming, in the purest and most melodious French—“What do I see? If my eyes do not deceive me—it is himself. Yes, the very same as I saw him first at Bayonne; then long subsequently beneath the brick wall at Novogorod; then beside the Bosphorus; and last at—at—oh, my respectable and cherished friend, where was it that I had last the felicity of seeing your well-remembered and most remarkable physiognomy?”

‘*Myself*.—It was in the south of Ireland, if I mistake not. Was it not there that I introduced you to the sorcerer who tamed the savage horses by a single whisper into their ear? But tell me what brings you to Spain and Andalusia, the last place where I should have expected to find you?

‘*Baron Taylor*.—And wherefore, my most respectable B*****? Is not Spain the land of the arts, and is not Andalusia of all Spain that portion which has produced the noblest monuments of artistic excellence and inspiration? Come with me, and I will show you a Murillo, such as But first allow me to introduce you to your compatriot. My dear Monsieur W., turning to his companion (an English gentleman, from whom I subsequently experienced unbounded kindness at Seville), allow me to introduce to you my most cherished and respectable friend, one who is better acquainted with gipsy ways than the Chef des Bohemiens à Triana, one who is an expert whisperer and horse-sorcerer,

‘sorcerer, and who, to his honour I say it, can wield hammer and tongs, and handle a horse-shoe, with the best of the smiths amongst the Alpujarras.’

‘In the course of my travels I have formed various friendships, but no one has more interested me than Baron Taylor. To accomplishments of the highest order he unites a kindness of heart rarely to be met with. His manners are naturally to the highest degree courtly, yet he nevertheless possesses a disposition so pliable that he finds no difficulty in accommodating himself to all kinds of company. There is a mystery about him, which, wherever he goes, serves not a little to increase the sensation naturally created by his appearance and manner. Who he is no one pretends to assert with downright positiveness: it is whispered, however, that he is a scion of royalty; and who can gaze for a moment upon that most graceful figure, that most intelligent but singularly moulded countenance, and those large and expressive eyes, without feeling as equally convinced that he is of no common lineage as that he is no common man? He has been employed by the illustrious house to which he is said to be related, in more than one delicate and important mission, both in the East and the West. He was now collecting masterpieces of the Spanish school of painting, which were destined to adorn the saloons of the Tuileries. Whenever he descries me, whether in the street or the desert, the brilliant hall or amongst Bedouin haimas, at Novogorod or Stambul, he flings up his arms, and exclaims, “O ciel! I have again the felicity of seeing my cherished and most respectable B * * * * *.”—p. 318.

We hope that we ourselves shall soon see again in print our ‘cherished and most respectable Borrow;’ and meantime congratulate him sincerely on a work which must vastly increase and extend his reputation—which bespeaks everywhere a noble and generous heart—a large and vigorous nature, capable of sympathising with everything but what is bad—religious feelings deep and intense, but neither gloomy nor narrow—a true eye for the picturesque, and a fund of real racy humour.

ART. VI.—*Discourses on the Prophecies relating to Antichrist in the Writings of Daniel and St. Paul; preached before the University of Dublin at the Donnellan Lecture, 1838.* By James Henthorn Todd, B.D., M.R.I.A., Fellow of Trinity College, and Treasurer of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Printed at the University Press. Dublin. 1840.

IN placing Dr. Todd's lectures at the head of this article, we have no intention of minutely examining his course of argument. The subject of Scripture prophecy is scarcely fitted for the pages of a Review; but the work exhibits a depth of learning and

and research which may well command the attention of theological students, with a spirit of candour and forbearance most important to be preserved in all religious controversy, but especially at the present day. The writer, not only one of the most learned men of whom the University of Dublin can boast, but an earnest and consistent defender of the Church of England and opponent of Popery, has protested in it against the popular application to Popery of the Scripture prophecies of Antichrist; and it must have required as much courage as honesty to risk such a protest at a period of excitement like the present, and in a country, the circumstances of which must render the suggestion peculiarly startling to a large body within the church.

The argument from prophecy has long been adopted as one of the strongest and easiest modes of condemning the errors of Popery. It has been drawn out by high authorities, and presents, at the first sight, a singular array of probabilities; and confidence in the strength of this position having perhaps led to a neglect of others, the mere thought that it is untenable must naturally alarm those who are thus threatened with being left defenceless in the face of a formidable antagonist. It must probably take some little time for this alarm to subside, and with it the misrepresentations to which it has given rise. But after calm consideration the question will take its place on the wide neutral ground of private opinion, carefully fenced off from the great summaries of Christian faith which contain the truths necessary to salvation, and from the outlines of doctrine which the Church has drawn up for her own teachers—that ground on which doubt may be admitted without sin, and even opposite conclusions may meet in peace. Meantime, in the same spirit which those who differ from the author of the Lectures, ought, as Christians, to exercise towards him, he, we are assured, will permit us to differ in some points from himself.

In one point we entirely agree with Dr. Todd.

‘The labours and learning of our Protestant theologians have been expended in the vain attempt to reconcile a large and mysterious branch of prophecy to a preconceived interpretation, the offspring of controversial rancour and polemical debate; the sacred text has been handled in the belligerent spirit that counts all artifices lawful, all means of victory justifiable and right; historical facts have been misrepresented, the words of Scripture have been allegorized and irreverently explained away; and in the attempt to exaggerate the Papal errors, in order to bring them more apparently within the terms of the prediction, their true character has been overlooked, and the legitimate arguments, which can alone silence or convince the advocates of them, have been forgotten or abandoned.’—*Lect. v. p. 28.*

What

What these arguments are Dr. Todd has alluded to in a quotation from an admirable work to which we gladly refer.*

'The Papacy,' says Mr. Palmer, 'is a grievous evil to the Christian Church. The continuance of errors and corruptions, the decay of wholesome discipline, the divided state of Christendom, are all, in a great measure, attributable to the usurpations and ambition of the Roman see. But God forbid that we should rest our arguments against the errors of Rome on so sandy a foundation as these modern interpretations of the prophecies. We have a much simpler and surer way in proving that those errors are unauthorized by the word of God, and inconsistent with it; that they are mere human inventions, and productive of consequences practically which are injurious to Christian faith and piety.'

If it is asked why prophecy must be a sandy foundation of argument against Rome, one answer may be drawn from the very nature of prophecy. The Church is placed by Providence to find its way through a valley of darkness, beset with temptations and enemies. That she may not be fascinated by the one nor dismayed by the other—that when evils are gathering near, her faith may not be shaken—that she may be able throughout to recognize one great overruling hand stretched over and protecting her, and behold all things subdued to one will—for these, and it may be, for other reasons, God has been pleased to provide her, as it were, with a faint chart and outline of her own history. She bears a lamp which throws a light dimly before her (for she must walk by a light within—the light of faith), but less dimly at her side, and strongly on her track behind. As each fearful shape in her destiny comes and glares close upon her, she may discern sufficient to be assured that it has been in some degree anticipated in the description previously given. But that which presses close on the senses can seldom be seen in its true proportion and magnitude. To assume these, it must be contemplated in a certain focus, at a given distance; and not till it is past, and has fallen into the ranks of by-gone events, is it possible to compare it accurately with the words of that prophecy, which sees all things in their relations to the whole course of time, and as linked together by a chain of causation thoroughly discernible only by that Eye, to which the past, present, and future are all alike co-existent.

Again, in strict analogy, as the prophecy of reason in the natural world enables us to penetrate so far only into the future as to discern its general outline, without enabling us to fix the limits of either times, or localities, or circumstances—to foresee, for instance, that evil will spring from evil, and good from good, and

* Supplement to the Treatise on the Church by the Rev. W. Palmer, Worcester College, Oxford, pp. 23, 24.

to determine this unerringly, though the dates, and seasons, and modes, and degrees of retribution are kept in another hand—in the same manner, and, it may be, for the same reason, the prophecy of revelation is content to call up the shadows of coming events without definitely portraying them. The shadow is sufficient to warn, or to encourage, or to console: the definite pourtraiture would overawe or overjoy, and would stifle that freedom of moral action which can move only in an atmosphere of uncertainty.

Again, in the events themselves of the world there is a striking similarity of appearance. All things move in a circle. Human nature is throughout the same, and produces and reproduces the same forms in succession; and if a difference is observable in these forms, it is rather in their magnitude and degree than in their kind. The human will is struggling against the rule of its maker in the first century as in the nineteenth. Human reason is systematizing and scrutinizing among the Gnostics as in the Socinians. Human ambition is the same, whether it assumes the disguise of a monk, of a pope, of a demagogue, or of a Jesuit. The laws within which it works are the same, except that as the world becomes old they seem to grow old with it, to be permitted to lose their strength, and to give way beneath the repeated attacks made on them by rebellious man. And it is the same in the various resuscitations of good which at intervals occur in the world. The final evil may be worse than the first: the last good more perfect than the earlier; but the evil and the good themselves must appear in somewhat the same shape—

— ‘Thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :
A third is like the former’—

and the line, lengthened as it is, ‘stretches to the crack of doom.’ And thus the voice of prophecy must be uncertain, when it is brought to decide on a particular event; unless, indeed, that event be so marked out that it cannot be repeated. It may pronounce, satisfactorily and indisputably, on the arrival of the Christian dispensation, because but one fulfilment of this could take place, and the facts of the fulfilment have been so constructed as to render mistake to an honest mind morally impossible. And the appearance of ‘*the great and final Antichrist*’ also can have but one perfect fulfilment; but this is marked out by the date ‘in the last days,’ and which are the last days can scarcely be known until they are come to an end.

It therefore involves no opinion that Popery is not Antichrist, even if a writer remonstrates against the use of prophecy to substantiate the charge. Nor does it impugn the soundness of Dr.

Todd’s

Todd's advice, to differ from him, in some degree, on the application of such prophecies to Popery. In one respect, few but must agree with him—that one and the final stage of the Antichristian power is still to come—its appearance in the last days, in the form of an individual being, and with all those remarkable circumstances of success, cruelty, and sudden destruction, which are to precede the coming of our Lord. But if the spirit of the Antichrist, which will arise in the last days, is the same evil spirit which has been working in the heart of man and in the Church, since the beginning—if it is, then, to be new only in the completer success of its struggles, and in the fuller development of its powers, we may expect to find the same spirit throwing out imperfect and abortive shapes of a similar character in many other periods of the world. Their outward forms may differ; but a comparative anatomist will discover the same principle of growth and action even in the most varied organization. What sprung up in the first centuries in a heresy or fanaticism, may have thriven later on another soil in the form of an ecclesiastical usurpation. And when this body was becoming old and weak, the same soul may have entered into one of its chief members, and raised up successive growths of ascetic enthusiasm, each widened and strengthened in its powers of evil, and adapted to the exigencies of circumstances; from a simple monasticism passing into the Mendicant Orders, and from the Mendicant Orders into Jesuitism. And when these became paralyzed and unserviceable, it might leave them apparently dead, and enter, where it was sure to find a ready welcome, into the licentious self-willed bodies, which rationalism and democracy create; occupying them only for a time, until their own violence should destroy them, and scope be given for the resuscitation of some system more perfectly organized, more durable, and more powerful. In this point of view, with which history fully accords, there would be no difficulty in reconciling those passages of Scripture, which seem to speak of one Antichrist, and of many: of an Antichrist working even in the times of the Apostles, and of one which should not be revealed till the last days; and the repeated application of one and the same prophecy to a number of successive events, each as it advances more perfectly and minutely realizing it, would be in harmony with a general law, which may be traced through many other parts of the prophetic system.

The assumption that Popery is Antichrist will thus resolve itself into an opinion that, as a system, it bears upon its face certain marks which indicate, if they do not fully develope, the features which will be stamped on the final manifestation of the Man of Sin—that it takes its place as one of the forms into which

which the spirit of Antichrist is to throw himself, and may be perhaps the womb from which he will be ultimately evolved.

And such a view may be entertained as a private opinion, without hazarding the evil consequences which have ensued from endeavouring to force the words of prophecy into too close and literal correspondence with the facts of Popery. And this leads to another important use of such a view. It enables us to carry on the melancholy struggle against Popery in a spirit of charity and meekness. We are no longer arrayed against a body, every limb of which is contemplated as part of a deadly power, alien from God and foe to man: but against a temper of mind and habit of thought, which, to a certain extent, exists in all of us, more or less fatally developed. It is not the individual person, or the teacher, or the nation, whom we oppose and condemn, but vice and error in the abstract; and at the very moment that we feel bound to pronounce the condemnation, as if we were sitting on a seat of judgment, we may in heart be kneeling side by side with the condemned before the same bar of Heaven, accusing ourselves of the same offences. If anything can disarm controversy of its bitterness, it must be this humbling confession; and it is the more needful at a time when the controversy cannot be carried on *against the system of Popery* with soft words and palliating apologies.

No one can have honestly engaged in the Popish controversy without feeling that he is grappling with a most powerful and subtle antagonist. It is easy to multiply hard words, and to hold up to reproach its grosser forms of corruption; and to attack it with bold generalizations and contradictions. But Popery laughs to scorn such opponents; and makes use of them only to draw her own members more closely to herself, or to entangle the rash and thoughtless aggressor in her own net of sophisms. He seizes on some vulgar popular superstition, and Popery meets him with the popular errors which prevail under every creed; and demands to be tried by the character of her educated classes. He fixes on doctrinal errors even among them, and she refuses to be committed by anything but the authorized expositions of her Church. These are produced; and in the mass of multiplying and conflicting decisions, of which her teaching is composed, and in the varying and even contradictory opinions which are artfully permitted respecting the rightful expositors of Church doctrines, and the degrees of confidence to be reposed in them, it is easy to appeal from Pope to Pope, and to array Council against Council, each culprit escaping in turn under the wing of the other, until all vanish and are lost. Even when he grasps at last some definite authorized declaration which cannot be repudiated (and

(and of these there are not many), and proceeds to condemn it by Scripture, Popery also has its scriptural texts and interpretations. The controversy is forced at once into a labyrinth of comments, allegories, verbal disputations, and grammatical subtleties. Instead of finding himself on an open plain, with his antagonist exposed at every point; from parable and prophecy, and history, and metaphor, there start up on every side a host of enemies—all the doubts, and problems, and evasions, which lie hid in the essence of language; and dismayed at the surprise he is sure to be bewildered and repelled, perhaps finally drawn over to the very system which he had proposed to destroy. Even when he adopts the true and safest mode of attack by taking his ground upon antiquity and history, he will be deceived indeed if he thinks that Popery will fall an easy prey. Popery also has its antiquity, and its history. It is covered with the hoar of centuries, and resolutely clings to it. It has possession and prescription; and would be, and is, already venerated upon the very title (spurious indeed, but hard to be exposed) on which the English Church (a novelty, as Popery boasts, and as ignorant men believe) denounces her as an usurper. Her antagonist brings into court his vouchers and documents, the testimonies of ancient fathers; but every one has passed through the hands of Popery herself, and very many have been perplexed by her forgeries and erasures. He rests his argument on their silence and omissions;—and these are but negative and weak against any, the smallest amount, of positive assertion. He produces dogmatic language, but this may be made to appear vague and uncertain by figures of speech, by rhetorical exaggerations, by the very freedom and boldness with which truth was proclaimed before the presence of error compelled more caution and precision. And before any document whatever can be employed by him as genuine, all the mysteries and subtleties of criticism may be spun round him, till he is tied hand and foot, and unable to use his weapons except with a doubt and reserve, which destroy all their force. At the very last, upon principles of reason which can scarcely be denied without undermining the foundation of truth, he may be driven from each point of doctrine, thrown back upon his own ignorance, the necessity of a guide, the authority of the Church, and compelled to risk the whole battle upon the single question of the Papal supremacy. And the moment he reaches this, the adversary is prepared to throw in upon him a vast reserve of temptations, and politic suggestions, of schemes for rationalizing and centralizing, visions of grandeur and power, fears and doubts of the stability of divine truth without some aid from man, suspicions and jealousies arising from aggressions of the State upon the Church; until it is scarcely possible

possible to fix a clear unbiased eye upon the plain lines of history, or even to wish to persevere in denouncing a system, which, with all its corruptions (and corruptions it is thought must be borne with in any dispensation by man), has been and promises to be so splendid, so enduring, so expedient.

There are many who will think it dangerous to represent the controversy in this light of difficulty and peril. But nothing can be gained, and everything may be lost, by closing the eye against its real nature. One of the last things to be done in the controversy with Popery is to approach it as a thing purely evil. It is because Popery contains much of good that it has become so evil; its good has been its vitality and its strength, its truths have nurtured its falsehoods; and he who refuses to acknowledge this will betray his own incapacity for judging it; and when the fallacy of his first principle is exposed by the discovery of some good, where he believed that none existed, doubt and suspicion will be thrown upon all his views. Let us acknowledge, therefore, that Rome comes before us with many apparent pretensions to respect. She is the descendant of a primitive and once venerable branch of the Church Catholic, a branch dignified of old by its immediate connexion with apostolical teaching; to common and even to Christian eyes, which trace a Providential hand in the rise and fall of all the kingdoms of the earth, illustrious by the associations of ancient empire; and consecrated by the blood of martyrs, and by the memory of days—days indeed far, far distant—when, amidst the treachery and defection of nearly the whole of the nations, Rome, almost solitary and unaided, stood firm in the maintenance of truth, and gathered round her the reverence and affection of the greatest fathers of the Church. It was Rome that first politically developed the internal organization of the Church, and marshalled it to resist at once the sword of barbarian invaders and the sceptre of barbarian princes. It was Rome of old, that when thick darkness fell upon Europe, kept alive the lamp of the Gospel, employing, indeed, to shelter it, human art and human corruptions, but sheltering it still. It was Rome that, upon the ruins of a fractured empire, once more laid down lines, unsafe indeed but tempting and frequented, by which nation communicated with nation, and Europe became a Christendom. Even her most grievous corruptions were made providentially the means of preserving truth buried beneath them, as dung will guard roots during winter. It may be they were designedly permitted to answer this very purpose. It does not justify the permission, or extenuate the guilt of suffering human faithlessness to contrive unholy means for saving what, in the utmost perils, a Higher arm
has

has undertaken to defend. But it must never be forgotten that a power which would rule the world must rule in the pretence, and generally will begin to rule with a real desire, of maintaining goodness and truth. The first deflection from right is 'doing evil that good may come.' And in this way the true spiritual authority of the Church was maintained by a claim to secular dominion. The one faith was guarded against sceptics by the assertion of infallibility, and the fires of the Inquisition. The great mystery of the Sacraments was upheld by the sensualism of Transubstantiation, and by the multiplication of charms and sorceries. The belief in a world unseen was cherished by doctrines of angels, and by the superstitions of Heathenism transmuted into dreams bearing Christian names. To save sinners from despair Popery invented her theory of absolution, and her worship of the Virgin. And to warn them against sin she drew forth her pictures of purgatory. Like Uzzah, she touched the ark with an unhallowed hand, but she touched at first to save it from falling; and a Christian mind will not forget the motive, even while it recognises the justice with which such an act of faithlessness is to be denounced and punished.

And these accidental and providential benefits were drawn by the hand of Providence out even of the essential germ of evil in the Papacy,—its lust of power and claim to empire. Others, infinite in number, but not to be confounded with these, sprung forth at the same time from the other germ of good which lay so closely entwined with it. All that Christianity effected of good under the rule of Popery we are invited to attribute to Popery; she claims it to herself, and it is difficult to disentangle the Catholic and Christian from the purely Papal element in that complicated system. But one test may be applied. Whatever wise organization, whatever holy discipline, whatever work of charity, of piety, or of learning; whatever principles of Christian communion, whatever sober-minded resistance to secular aggression, whatever missionary exertions, or civil purifications of society may be adopted and attempted by any distinct branch of the Catholic Church, say by the Church of England at this day, without compromising its Catholic principles, these, when they are found in Popery, sprung not from Popery, but from Christianity. It was the Christianity, not the Popery of Rome, which framed holy institutions for the relief of the poor, for the creation of religious families out of the fragments and atoms of domestic society, for the solace of the old, for the correction of the penitent, for a refuge to the weary, for supplying duties—the duties of charity, study, and devotion—to those whose occupation had failed them in the world; and we may frame them too, frame them

without

without those false and unchristian contrivances which did indeed emanate from Popery, and caused their corruption and their ruin. It was the Christianity, not the Popery of Rome, which raised our glorious cathedrals; Popery would have pulled them to the ground—would have suffered them to lie unfinished or to decay, rather than abandon its extortions on the funds by which they were created. It was the Christianity, not the Popery of Rome, which Christianized the heathen—to which we owe—and never let us deny that we owe—the restoration of our own Christianity in this land. Popery would have suffered then, as she suffers now, the whole heathen world to lie in darkness, without making an effort to save it, unless her own aggrandizement were secured by it. Look to her own confession, to her own records of her present missionary exertions, and they will be found almost exclusively confined to places where the Gospel already has been preached, and by the Church of England. It is against the Church of England, not for the relief of heathens, that her missionary system is maintained.* It was the Christianity of Rome, not its Popery, which spread peace, and cultivation, and civilization over the deserts of European society, by charities of life, by a disinterested defence of the oppressed, by a sober and chastening influence over turbulent barons, by an enlightened mediation between contending parties, by fostering art, and by exercising science; while the moment that the Papal element of mischief intervened, the bonds of society were broken; subjects were arrayed against kings and kings against each other; the wealth of nations was swallowed up and withdrawn by foreigners; books were to be closed, science discouraged, art degraded into materialism and sensualism, the very tongues of men denaturalized or struck dumb, and their ears closed against instruction: lest, in awakening the reason, there should be awakened also a spirit of rebellion, and though Christianity might stand, the Papacy should fall.

Without this discrimination in the workings of Popery it will scarcely be possible to contemplate the history of the Church before the sixteenth century, and its history since, without some misgivings and secret longings to be enabled to speak of Popery more favourably than our ancestors have done, or even to assimilate our present system more closely to it. But with this discrimination we shall see that if the Church of England seems in any point to have failed, or fallen, or to be about to fall,—if its spiritual power seems partially paralyzed—if its tone of piety and holiness be deteriorated,—this lamentable effect has followed not from a separation from Popery, but from a neglect of our own Chris-

* For a verification of this singular fact, see the remarkable work entitled '*Annales de la Propagation de la Foi.*'

tianity;

'sorcerer, and who, to his honour I say it, can wield hammer and tongs, and handle a horse-shoe, with the best of the smiths amongst the Alpujarras.'

'In the course of my travels I have formed various friendships, but no one has more interested me than Baron Taylor. To accomplishments of the highest order he unites a kindness of heart rarely to be met with. His manners are naturally to the highest degree courtly, yet he nevertheless possesses a disposition so pliable that he finds no difficulty in accommodating himself to all kinds of company. There is a mystery about him, which, wherever he goes, serves not a little to increase the sensation naturally created by his appearance and manner. Who he is no one pretends to assert with downright positiveness: it is whispered, however, that he is a scion of royalty; and who can gaze for a moment upon that most graceful figure, that most intelligent but singularly moulded countenance, and those large and expressive eyes, without feeling as equally convinced that he is of no common lineage as that he is no common man? He has been employed by the illustrious house to which he is said to be related, in more than one delicate and important mission, both in the East and the West. He was now collecting masterpieces of the Spanish school of painting, which were destined to adorn the saloons of the Tuileries. Whenever he descries me, whether in the street or the desert, the brilliant hall or amongst Bedouin haimas, at Novogorod or Stambul, he flings up his arms, and exclaims, "O ciel! I have again the felicity of seeing my cherished and most respectable B * * * *"—p. 318.

We hope that we ourselves shall soon see again in print our 'cherished and most respectable Borrow;' and meantime congratulate him sincerely on a work which must vastly increase and extend his reputation—which bespeaks everywhere a noble and generous heart—a large and vigorous nature, capable of sympathising with everything but what is bad—religious feelings deep and intense, but neither gloomy nor narrow—a true eye for the picturesque, and a fund of real racy humour.

ART. VI.—*Discourses on the Prophecies relating to Antichrist in the Writings of Daniel and St. Paul; preached before the University of Dublin at the Donnellan Lecture, 1838.* By James Henthorn Todd, B.D., M.R.I.A., Fellow of Trinity College, and Treasurer of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Printed at the University Press. Dublin. 1840.

IN placing Dr. Todd's lectures at the head of this article, we have no intention of minutely examining his course of argument. The subject of Scripture prophecy is scarcely fitted for the pages of a Review; but the work exhibits a depth of learning and

and research which may well command the attention of theological students, with a spirit of candour and forbearance most important to be preserved in all religious controversy, but especially at the present day. The writer, not only one of the most learned men of whom the University of Dublin can boast, but an earnest and consistent defender of the Church of England and opponent of Popery, has protested in it against the popular application to Popery of the Scripture prophecies of Antichrist; and it must have required as much courage as honesty to risk such a protest at a period of excitement like the present, and in a country, the circumstances of which must render the suggestion peculiarly startling to a large body within the church.

The argument from prophecy has long been adopted as one of the strongest and easiest modes of condemning the errors of Popery. It has been drawn out by high authorities, and presents, at the first sight, a singular array of probabilities; and confidence in the strength of this position having perhaps led to a neglect of others, the mere thought that it is untenable must naturally alarm those who are thus threatened with being left defenceless in the face of a formidable antagonist. It must probably take some little time for this alarm to subside, and with it the misrepresentations to which it has given rise. But after calm consideration the question will take its place on the wide neutral ground of private opinion, carefully fenced off from the great summaries of Christian faith which contain the truths necessary to salvation, and from the outlines of doctrine which the Church has drawn up for her own teachers—that ground on which doubt may be admitted without sin, and even opposite conclusions may meet in peace. Meantime, in the same spirit which those who differ from the author of the Lectures, ought, as Christians, to exercise towards him, he, we are assured, will permit us to differ in some points from himself.

In one point we entirely agree with Dr. Todd.

‘The labours and learning of our Protestant theologians have been expended in the vain attempt to reconcile a large and mysterious branch of prophecy to a preconceived interpretation, the offspring of controversial rancour and polemical debate; the sacred text has been handled in the belligerent spirit that counts all artifices lawful, all means of victory justifiable and right; historical facts have been misrepresented, the words of Scripture have been allegorized and irreverently explained away; and in the attempt to exaggerate the Papal errors, in order to bring them more apparently within the terms of the prediction, their true character has been overlooked, and the legitimate arguments, which can alone silence or convince the advocates of them, have been forgotten or abandoned.’—Lect. v. p. 28.

What

What these arguments are Dr. Todd has alluded to in a quotation from an admirable work to which we gladly refer.*

'The Papacy,' says Mr. Palmer, 'is a grievous evil to the Christian Church. The continuance of errors and corruptions, the decay of wholesome discipline, the divided state of Christendom, are all, in a great measure, attributable to the usurpations and ambition of the Roman see. But God forbid that we should rest our arguments against the errors of Rome on so sandy a foundation as these modern interpretations of the prophecies. We have a much simpler and surer way in proving that those errors are unauthorized by the word of God, and inconsistent with it; that they are mere human inventions, and productive of consequences practically which are injurious to Christian faith and piety.'

If it is asked why prophecy must be a sandy foundation of argument against Rome, one answer may be drawn from the very nature of prophecy. The Church is placed by Providence to find its way through a valley of darkness, beset with temptations and enemies. That she may not be fascinated by the one nor dismayed by the other—that when evils are gathering near, her faith may not be shaken—that she may be able throughout to recognize one great overruling hand stretched over and protecting her, and behold all things subdued to one will—for these, and it may be, for other reasons, God has been pleased to provide her, as it were, with a faint chart and outline of her own history. She bears a lamp which throws a light dimly before her (for she must walk by a light within—the light of faith), but less dimly at her side, and strongly on her track behind. As each fearful shape in her destiny comes and glares close upon her, she may discern sufficient to be assured that it has been in some degree anticipated in the description previously given. But that which presses close on the senses can seldom be seen in its true proportion and magnitude. To assume these, it must be contemplated in a certain focus, at a given distance; and not till it is past, and has fallen into the ranks of by-gone events, is it possible to compare it accurately with the words of that prophecy, which sees all things in their relations to the whole course of time, and as linked together by a chain of causation thoroughly discernible only by that Eye, to which the past, present, and future are all alike co-existent.

Again, in strict analogy, as the prophecy of reason in the natural world enables us to penetrate so far only into the future as to discern its general outline, without enabling us to fix the limits of either times, or localities, or circumstances—to foresee, for instance, that evil will spring from evil, and good from good, and

* Supplement to the *Treatise on the Church* by the Rev. W. Palmer, Worcester College, Oxford, pp. 23, 24.

to determine this unerringly, though the dates, and seasons, and modes, and degrees of retribution are kept in another hand—in the same manner, and, it may be, for the same reason, the prophecy of revelation is content to call up the shadows of coming events without definitely portraying them. The shadow is sufficient to warn, or to encourage, or to console: the definite portraiture would overawe or overjoy, and would stifle that freedom of moral action which can move only in an atmosphere of uncertainty.

Again, in the events themselves of the world there is a striking similarity of appearance. All things move in a circle. Human nature is throughout the same, and produces and reproduces the same forms in succession; and if a difference is observable in these forms, it is rather in their magnitude and degree than in their kind. The human will is struggling against the rule of its maker in the first century as in the nineteenth. Human reason is systematizing and scrutinizing among the Gnostics as in the Socinians. Human ambition is the same, whether it assumes the disguise of a monk, of a pope, of a demagogue, or of a Jesuit. The laws within which it works are the same, except that as the world becomes old they seem to grow old with it, to be permitted to lose their strength, and to give way beneath the repeated attacks made on them by rebellious man. And it is the same in the various resuscitations of good which at intervals occur in the world. The final evil may be worse than the first: the last good more perfect than the earlier; but the evil and the good themselves must appear in somewhat the same shape—

—————‘Thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :
A third is like the former’—

and the line, lengthened as it is, ‘stretches to the crack of doom.’ And thus the voice of prophecy must be uncertain, when it is brought to decide on a particular event; unless, indeed, that event be so marked out that it cannot be repeated. It may pronounce, satisfactorily and indisputably, on the arrival of the Christian dispensation, because but one fulfilment of this could take place, and the facts of the fulfilment have been so constructed as to render mistake to an honest mind morally impossible. And the appearance of ‘*the great and final Antichrist*’ also can have but one perfect fulfilment; but this is marked out by the date ‘in the last days,’ and which are the last days can scarcely be known until they are come to an end.

It therefore involves no opinion that Popery is not Antichrist, even if a writer remonstrates against the use of prophecy to substantiate the charge. Nor does it impugn the soundness of Dr.

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Todd's advice, to differ from him, in some degree, on the application of such prophecies to Popery. In one respect, few but must agree with him—that one and the final stage of the Antichristian power is still to come—its appearance in the last days, in the form of an individual being, and with all those remarkable circumstances of success, cruelty, and sudden destruction, which are to precede the coming of our Lord. But if the spirit of the Antichrist, which will arise in the last days, is the same evil spirit which has been working in the heart of man and in the Church, since the beginning—if it is, then, to be new only in the completer success of its struggles, and in the fuller development of its powers, we may expect to find the same spirit throwing out imperfect and abortive shapes of a similar character in many other periods of the world. Their outward forms may differ; but a comparative anatomist will discover the same principle of growth and action even in the most varied organization. What sprang up in the first centuries in a heresy or fanaticism, may have thriven later on another soil in the form of an ecclesiastical usurpation. And when this body was becoming old and weak, the same soul may have entered into one of its chief members, and raised up successive growths of ascetic enthusiasm, each widened and strengthened in its powers of evil, and adapted to the exigencies of circumstances; from a simple monasticism passing into the Mendicant Orders, and from the Mendicant Orders into Jesuitism. And when these became paralyzed and unserviceable, it might leave them apparently dead, and enter, where it was sure to find a ready welcome, into the licentious self-willed bodies, which rationalism and democracy create; occupying them only for a time, until their own violence should destroy them, and scope be given for the resuscitation of some system more perfectly organized, more durable, and more powerful. In this point of view, with which history fully accords, there would be no difficulty in reconciling those passages of Scripture, which seem to speak of one Antichrist, and of many: of an Antichrist working even in the times of the Apostles, and of one which should not be revealed till the last days; and the repeated application of one and the same prophecy to a number of successive events, each as it advances more perfectly and minutely realizing it, would be in harmony with a general law, which may be traced through many other parts of the prophetic system.

The assumption that Popery is Antichrist will thus resolve itself into an opinion that, as a system, it bears upon its face certain marks which indicate, if they do not fully develope, the features which will be stamped on the final manifestation of the Man of Sin—that it takes its place as one of the forms into which

which the spirit of Antichrist is to throw himself, and may be perhaps the womb from which he will be ultimately evolved.

And such a view may be entertained as a private opinion, without hazarding the evil consequences which have ensued from endeavouring to force the words of prophecy into too close and literal correspondence with the facts of Popery. And this leads to another important use of such a view. It enables us to carry on the melancholy struggle against Popery in a spirit of charity and meekness. We are no longer arrayed against a body, every limb of which is contemplated as part of a deadly power, alien from God and foe to man: but against a temper of mind and habit of thought, which, to a certain extent, exists in all of us, more or less fatally developed. It is not the individual person, or the teacher, or the nation, whom we oppose and condemn, but vice and error in the abstract; and at the very moment that we feel bound to pronounce the condemnation, as if we were sitting on a seat of judgment, we may in heart be kneeling side by side with the condemned before the same bar of Heaven, accusing ourselves of the same offences. If anything can disarm controversy of its bitterness, it must be this humbling confession; and it is the more needful at a time when the controversy cannot be carried on *against the system of Popery* with soft words and palliating apologies.

No one can have honestly engaged in the Popish controversy without feeling that he is grappling with a most powerful and subtle antagonist. It is easy to multiply hard words, and to hold up to reproach its grosser forms of corruption; and to attack it with bold generalizations and contradictions. But Popery laughs to scorn such opponents; and makes use of them only to draw her own members more closely to herself, or to entangle the rash and thoughtless aggressor in her own net of sophisms. He seizes on some vulgar popular superstition, and Popery meets him with the popular errors which prevail under every creed; and demands to be tried by the character of her educated classes. He fixes on doctrinal errors even among them, and she refuses to be committed by anything but the authorized expositions of her Church. These are produced; and in the mass of multiplying and conflicting decisions, of which her teaching is composed, and in the varying and even contradictory opinions which are artfully permitted respecting the rightful expositors of Church doctrines, and the degrees of confidence to be reposed in them, it is easy to appeal from Pope to Pope, and to array Council against Council, each culprit escaping in turn under the wing of the other, until all vanish and are lost. Even when he grasps at last some definite authorized declaration which cannot be repudiated
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(and of these there are not many), and proceeds to condemn it by Scripture, Popery also has its scriptural texts and interpretations. The controversy is forced at once into a labyrinth of comments, allegories, verbal disputations, and grammatical subtleties. Instead of finding himself on an open plain, with his antagonist exposed at every point; from parable and prophecy, and history, and metaphor, there start up on every side a host of enemies—all the doubts, and problems, and evasions, which lie hid in the essence of language; and dismayed at the surprise he is sure to be bewildered and repelled, perhaps finally drawn over to the very system which he had proposed to destroy. Even when he adopts the true and safest mode of attack by taking his ground upon antiquity and history, he will be deceived indeed if he thinks that Popery will fall an easy prey. Popery also has its antiquity, and its history. It is covered with the hoar of centuries, and resolutely clings to it. It has possession and prescription; and would be, and is, already venerated upon the very title (spurious indeed, but hard to be exposed) on which the English Church (a novelty, as Popery boasts, and as ignorant men believe) denounces her as an usurper. Her antagonist brings into court his vouchers and documents, the testimonies of ancient fathers; but every one has passed through the hands of Popery herself, and very many have been perplexed by her forgeries and erasures. He rests his argument on their silence and omissions;—and these are but negative and weak against any, the smallest amount, of positive assertion. He produces dogmatic language, but this may be made to appear vague and uncertain by figures of speech, by rhetorical exaggerations, by the very freedom and boldness with which truth was proclaimed before the presence of error compelled more caution and precision. And before any document whatever can be employed by him as genuine, all the mysteries and subtleties of criticism may be spun round him, till he is tied hand and foot, and unable to use his weapons except with a doubt and reserve, which destroy all their force. At the very last, upon principles of reason which can scarcely be denied without undermining the foundation of truth, he may be driven from each point of doctrine, thrown back upon his own ignorance, the necessity of a guide, the authority of the Church, and compelled to risk the whole battle upon the single question of the Papal supremacy. And the moment he reaches this, the adversary is prepared to throw in upon him a vast reserve of temptations, and politic suggestions, of schemes for rationalizing and centralizing, visions of grandeur and power, fears and doubts of the stability of divine truth without some aid from man, suspicions and jealousies arising from aggressions of the State upon the Church; until it is scarcely possible

possible to fix a clear unbiased eye upon the plain lines of history, or even to wish to persevere in denouncing a system, which, with all its corruptions (and corruptions it is thought must be borne with in any dispensation by man), has been and promises to be so splendid, so enduring, so expedient.

There are many who will think it dangerous to represent the controversy in this light of difficulty and peril. But nothing can be gained, and everything may be lost, by closing the eye against its real nature. One of the last things to be done in the controversy with Popery is to approach it as a thing purely evil. It is because Popery contains much of good that it has become so evil; its good has been its vitality and its strength, its truths have nurtured its falsehoods; and he who refuses to acknowledge this will betray his own incapacity for judging it; and when the fallacy of his first principle is exposed by the discovery of some good, where he believed that none existed, doubt and suspicion will be thrown upon all his views. Let us acknowledge, therefore, that Rome comes before us with many apparent pretensions to respect. She is the descendant of a primitive and once venerable branch of the Church Catholic, a branch dignified of old by its immediate connexion with apostolical teaching; to common and even to Christian eyes, which trace a Providential hand in the rise and fall of all the kingdoms of the earth, illustrious by the associations of ancient empire; and consecrated by the blood of martyrs, and by the memory of days—days indeed far, far distant—when, amidst the treachery and defection of nearly the whole of the nations, Rome, almost solitary and unaided, stood firm in the maintenance of truth, and gathered round her the reverence and affection of the greatest fathers of the Church. It was Rome that first politically developed the internal organization of the Church, and marshalled it to resist at once the sword of barbarian invaders and the sceptre of barbarian princes. It was Rome of old, that when thick darkness fell upon Europe, kept alive the lamp of the Gospel, employing, indeed, to shelter it, human art and human corruptions, but sheltering it still. It was Rome that, upon the ruins of a fractured empire, once more laid down lines, unsafe indeed but tempting and frequented, by which nation communicated with nation, and Europe became a Christendom. Even her most grievous corruptions were made providentially the means of preserving truth buried beneath them, as dung will guard roots during winter. It may be they were designedly permitted to answer this very purpose. It does not justify the permission, or extenuate the guilt of suffering human faithlessness to contrive unholy means for saving what, in the utmost perils, a Higher arm has

has undertaken to defend. But it must never be forgotten that a power which would rule the world must rule in the pretence, and generally will begin to rule with a real desire, of maintaining goodness and truth. The first deflection from right is 'doing evil that good may come.' And in this way the true spiritual authority of the Church was maintained by a claim to secular dominion. The one faith was guarded against sceptics by the assertion of infallibility, and the fires of the Inquisition. The great mystery of the Sacraments was upheld by the sensualism of Transubstantiation, and by the multiplication of charms and sorceries. The belief in a world unseen was cherished by doctrines of angels, and by the superstitions of Heathenism transmuted into dreams bearing Christian names. To save sinners from despair Popery invented her theory of absolution, and her worship of the Virgin. And to warn them against sin she drew forth her pictures of purgatory. Like Uzzah, she touched the ark with an unhallowed hand, but she touched at first to save it from falling; and a Christian mind will not forget the motive, even while it recognises the justice with which such an act of faithlessness is to be denounced and punished.

And these accidental and providential benefits were drawn by the hand of Providence out even of the essential germ of evil in the Papacy,—its lust of power and claim to empire. Others, infinite in number, but not to be confounded with these, sprung forth at the same time from the other germ of good which lay so closely entwined with it. All that Christianity effected of good under the rule of Popery we are invited to attribute to Popery; she claims it to herself, and it is difficult to disentangle the Catholic and Christian from the purely Papal element in that complicated system. But one test may be applied. Whatever wise organization, whatever holy discipline, whatever work of charity, of piety, or of learning; whatever principles of Christian communion, whatever sober-minded resistance to secular aggression, whatever missionary exertions, or civil purifications of society may be adopted and attempted by any distinct branch of the Catholic Church, say by the Church of England at this day, without compromising its Catholic principles, these, when they are found in Popery, sprung not from Popery, but from Christianity. It was the Christianity, not the Popery of Rome, which framed holy institutions for the relief of the poor, for the creation of religious families out of the fragments and atoms of domestic society, for the solace of the old, for the correction of the penitent, for a refuge to the weary, for supplying duties—the duties of charity, study, and devotion—to those whose occupation had failed them in the world; and we may frame them too, frame them
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Without this discrimination in the workings of Popery it will scarcely be possible to contemplate the history of the Church before the sixteenth century, and its history since, without some misgivings and secret longings to be enabled to speak of Popery more favourably than our ancestors have done, or even to assimilate our present system more closely to it. But with this discrimination we shall see that if the Church of England seems in any point to have failed, or fallen, or to be about to fall,—if its spiritual power seems partially paralyzed—if its tone of piety and holiness be deteriorated,—this lamentable effect has followed not from a separation from Popery, but from a neglect of our own Chris-

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tianity; and by awakening and purifying, and developing our Christianity, not by assimilating ourselves with Popery, the Church of England is to be placed once more in its high position.

What, then, is the essentially evil principle which constitutes Popery, as distinct from that Catholic spirit which it held, as it were, in solution, and by which it has been preserved from utter destruction? *It is the principle of centralization and unity in the Church, carried to a height far beyond the limits affixed by its great Founder, and gathering the whole of Christendom round one local and visible point for the purpose of giving to its movements the greater energy, permanence, and power: in other words, it is the creation of one œcumenical bishop to supplant the college of bishops, and for the purpose of spreading and upholding a spiritual empire upon earth.*

Why such a principle should prove so fatal to genuine religion, that even Gregory the Great should not hesitate to describe it as Antichrist itself, and in what way it runs out in every direction into antagonism with true Catholic Christianity, is the question on which it is now proposed to offer a few remarks, suggested by the history of Popery itself.

One remarkable feature, then, of Christianity is, that it is a dispensation of divine blessings committed to and administered by frail and corruptible men. They are intrusted with the publication of truths, which in their own wilfulness they may suppress or pervert. They are armed with powers, which they may and do abuse. They are laid under laws, which even before the eyes of the lawgiver they violate, and for the time with impunity. They have a work given them to accomplish, with Omnipotence itself pledged to assist them, and yet at every step they are thwarted and baffled not only by the intractability of materials and by defects in their own machinery, but by a mysterious external power which seems to sport with their perplexities, and to delight in destroying as fast as they complete. The same system is exhibited in the Jewish dispensation, as in the patriarchal era before it, and in the first creation of man. There is a garden to be tilled, a worship to be maintained, a truth to be held up to the world, a perfect society to be created; but the work is to be executed by man. The Lord and Master has retired for a time and left it to his servants, and his servants prove unfaithful, and the work seems almost ruined. It is the natural condition of a state of probation and discipline that the supreme, overruling, perfect power should be withdrawn from sight, and that nothing should be seen but an inferior and defective authority seemingly inadequate to its end.

Against this, the actual system of God's dealings with man,
provable

provable from Scripture and confirmed by the analogy of the natural world, as well as by the expectations of a true reason, the faithlessness and impatience of men are perpetually rebelling. We long to see every work which we attempt perfected by a wish. Hence failures, disappointments, obstacles, delays, compromises, and collisions seem as incompatible with omnipotence as they are painful to self-will. And to indulge the restless desire for perfection, Popery invents a theory, which, exactly in proportion as it is realized, subverts the divine system of the world and substitutes another. It is essentially an attempt to place the rule of the visible world under a *visible* Divine authority; to bring down, as it were, if the words may be used without irreverence, the Almighty from Heaven and from the darkness in which for the present He has wrapped himself, and to enthrone Him upon earth before the eyes of man. For this purpose it creates one paramount will, and places it in an individual mind. It strives to give to this will every attribute of Deity: ubiquity, by universal dominion; omniscience, by infallibility; infinity, by removing or concealing all definite bounds to its authority; an empire not only over man by the claim to the temporal sword, but over the world of matter by its ritual of charms and exorcisms, and over the spiritual by its doctrines of purgatory and canonization. Even the peculiar and incommunicable powers of knowing the thoughts of the heart, of forgiving sins, not ministerially but absolutely, and of repealing the positive commandments of God, it assumes, or strives to assume, more or less, by the popular belief which it admits of confession, absolution, and dispensations.

Proceeding upon this theory of an uncontrolled and uncontrollable dominion, it permits no resistance to its will. God places before man good and evil, and calls on him to choose the good, but leaves him free at the same time to choose the evil. Popery allows no choice: it compels submission, and where submission cannot be forced, it destroys. God demands and values only a free-will offering of the heart, and suffers, or rather orders, all to quit his service who will not serve him with an inward loyalty. Popery looks only for the unrestrained exercise of its own power; and where this is acknowledged and secured by an external obedience, it leaves all within to the licence of self-will. God has constructed a machinery in his Church which works, like all other mechanism in this world, imperfectly and irregularly, is liable to become disordered, falls at times to decay, is clogged and counteracted by external influences, and is compelled, as it were, to shift and adapt itself to the immutability of other laws. But the machinery designed by Popery is for its end perfect and unerring. Whatever practical difficulties occur in working it—in theory, no allowance

allowance is made either for resistance or failure. The perfect unity of the Church is an object both with Christianity and Popery; but Christianity is content with the seemingly imperfect communion of many distinct branches; Popery insists on reducing them rigidly all under one head. Christianity enforces a subordination of governors in the Church under its bishops; but it leaves some degree of authority and freedom to the inferior orders, though at the risk of occasional disobedience. Popery merges them all in episcopacy, and then merges episcopacy in one bishop, that no breach of discipline may be possible. Christianity dispenses its blessings through its regular priesthood; and a regular priesthood, like every other fixed and permanent institution, is often unsuitable to the wants of critical emergencies. But the functions of the priesthood have been ordained above, and true Catholic Christianity cannot be tempted to supersede them at whatever prospect of immediate advantage. Popery has no such scruples: it will carry on a guerilla warfare by monks, and friars, and jesuits, where the regular troops of the church would refuse or be unable to act. It will grant letters of marque to a pirate, rather than fail to annoy an enemy. Domestic obligations lie in her way: she loosens them in a moment for the purpose of enlisting restless spirits in her militia of monastic orders. Rules of monasticism bind them up in too rigid forms for active service; and to give flexibility and ease to their movements, she modifies and tampers with their vows and obligations. That she may have her officers everywhere under her eye, she lays down as a fundamental law the necessity of distinguishing them by open and even by indelible marks. She would brand them with the tonsure and attire them in uniform. But a body of police in plain clothes is often useful, and, therefore, Jesuitism is permitted to appear under any disguise. The hand of God in the world is exhibited in every act as moving under restraint, as fixing laws and adhering to them rigidly, as preferring even a seeming failure in a work to a transgression of the fundamental rules within which it has prescribed its own action. But Popery owns no such limitations: it creates laws, and the next moment dispenses with them; imposes obligations, and with the same hand contrives escapes from them;—

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis,—

anything rather than submit to a delay or interference with its purpose.

Under the same head will occur the contrast between Christianity and Popery in the imperative tone of their morality. Christianity is unwilling even to receive external votaries who are not internally its servants in holiness of life. It has indeed mercy,

and indulgence, and encouragement, even for the worst of offenders, on repentance and amendment; but it never swerves from the strict and rigid rule of moral obligation. And by this very rigidity it is deprived of much of its attractions. Minds are alarmed and repelled. It offers no concession to human appetite. It permits no indulgence of a mischievous fancy. Its theory even of absolution is stern and forbidding. But its gate has been made by a higher power strait, and its way narrow; and in straitness and narrowness they are preserved. But Popery sees the difficulty of holding mankind in restraint and obedience under such conditions, and she at once smooths her face, throws open her arms, and invites all mankind to salvation along an easier way. 'Salvation made easy,' the title of one of their popular books, is the true secret and theory of the morals of Popery, especially as fully developed in the casuistry and the confessionals of Jesuitism. She introduces a new body of mediators to propitiate the mercy of God, while for another important purpose they hinder the sinner's personal approach to his throne. She makes these mediators purely human, that they may be approached with less of awe. They are individualized, that they may be placed still more on a level of familiarity with the suppliant. Even in human nature man may be thought too stern, and, therefore, the female character is introduced; and to set female mediation before the mind in the most tender, delicate, pliable, and resistless of all its forms, the Virgin Mother is the object principally selected, to which their worship is directed, and on which their hopes are fixed. Popery knows that no worship is so easy or so agreeable as the idolatry which creates a Divine being out of a stock or a stone; combining at once the pleasure of bowing down before a superior power, and that of feeling at the same time our own superiority to it. And this is the secret of the Popish Mariolatry. With one hand they elevate the Virgin to a level even with God himself; they parody for her the Psalms, the Te Deum, even the Athanasian Creed; they make her the queen of Heaven and mistress of the universe; give to her (we dare not enter more into such horrible blasphemies) the right of a mother to command her son; invest her with absolute omnipotence, while, with a vain endeavour to save the words from blasphemy, they make her prayers the condition of it: and with the other hand they depict her in all the sweetness and softness of feminine beauty and delicacy; incapable of a harsh thought; forgiving sin, at a single word of prayer; her whole delight and occupation the pleasurable enjoyment of those who honour her; her bosom the centre and source of mercy and divine indulgence.* Upon the same prin-

* To expose the whole of this frightful theory is beyond our purpose, and could scarcely be attempted without irreverence in these pages. A reader who wishes to see
 ciple,

ciple, while Christianity makes one baptism for the remission of sins. Popery, like Puritanism, makes many. Whatever be the language of its good writers, or the belief of the educated classes, in the popular view confession and absolution—a confession and absolution, it is to be remembered, hurried over in a few minutes—act as another baptism; the whole soul is purified again, all past sins are forgiven, and, to employ the language of many a murderer just previous to his dying on the scaffold, he becomes ‘innocent as a new-born babe.’ Its rule of penance and almsgiving, and indulgences, acts in the same manner to make the licence to sin purchasable by money, or at least by outward acts which few would hesitate to perform. A profligate will face unshrinkingly the prospect of distant suffering, and bear even in the thought of Hell everything but its eternity and despair; and Popery, to meet his weakness, converts Hell into purgatory. He pleads for continuing in sin till the last moment of life, and for procrastinating repentance till his deathbed; and Popery provides its final baptism of extreme unction, by which, in the popular belief, the greatest sinner may be saved, even in the agonies of death. And he would be willing that religion should be observed, and become religious himself if it can be effected through the labour of others without any trouble of his own; and Popery throws him for dependence on the prayers and sacrifices of his priest.

It is not said that these principles are carried to their extreme point, either in the authorized decrees of the Romish Church, or in the private opinions of educated individuals; but, more or less, they form an essential part of the Romish theory, and among the lower classes in uneducated countries they are permitted and encouraged in their fullest enormity.

There is another series of remarkable contrasts between Christianity and Popery in all that part of its system which relates to the maintenance and inculcation of religious truth.

In Christianity, as in nature, truth—religious truth—is the basis and palladium of everything: it is the beginning and end of all education. Without knowledge, man can do nothing; and without religious knowledge, all other knowledge must be vain and fruitless, or rather must wither away like a tree severed from its roots. For this reason the first condition which Christianity requires of its followers is to embrace a certain code of religious doctrines. As the human mind in a state of ignorance and imperfection is not capable of receiving many, their number is limited to a collection of a few simple facts relating to the dealings

it fully developed may find it in many popular Romish works, and especially in those of A. Liguori, canonised as a saint by Rome within the last few years, after a formal examination and approbation of his writings by the Romish Church.

of God with man, as they are summed up in the Creeds. As the imposition of any conditions previous to the admission of mankind within the pale of salvation is an exercise of power which can belong only to God, Christianity draws her line exactly where God himself has drawn it. She takes the articles of faith, which, in Apostolical practice, were held necessary to salvation; and will not venture either to add to or take from them, either to narrow or to widen by her own act the gates of the kingdom of Heaven. But when Christians are once within those gates, Christianity recognizes the existence of the logical faculty in man—that faculty by which he compares principle with principle—and argues, syllogizes, and performs all the operations of the understanding—as distinct from the power by which he embraces the first general principles of his knowledge, without proof or the possibility of proof. It proceeds to make him apply the general truths which he has embraced in the Creed, and to trace, confirm, and illustrate them in a multitude of applications and deductions which are wrapped up in them. The Church takes him to Scripture, that he may there read the same history as in the Creed—only expanded, enforced, multiplied, developed, exhibited in a thousand forms of history, parable, poetry, type, and moral teaching. From thence she opens to him the book of nature, and there bids him see the same facts hidden deeper indeed beneath the surface, and involved in shadows and enigmas, but still, to a purified eye, legible and intelligible; and when the curious and restless spirit of man would pass beyond these limits, and attempt to penetrate the secret things which God has hidden, Christianity takes her stand before the forbidden tree, and prohibits his approach.

But what is the intellectual system of Popery? Instead of the reception of truth, its fundamental axiom and primary condition of salvation is the submission of the reason to authority. A mind that will never rebel, which surrenders itself blindfold to be led away passively in any direction and to any point, is its first demand. Truth, indeed, it must profess to offer to the mind, otherwise it would abandon the very profession of Christianity. But it has shown no reverence for the Creed: it has not scrupled to alter and enlarge the amount of knowledge which our Lord and Master prescribed as necessary to salvation. It has done still more: it has so removed the limits and landmarks of the knowledge required, by demanding assent to all the decrees of the Church, past or future, that the reason, having no fixed amount of truth to master and retain, is compelled to take refuge in a very different habit and principle,—the principle of mere submission; like a servant, whom his master orders, not to perform some certain amount of work, but to be ready to perform whatever

ever may be ordered, and who therefore stands listlessly waiting till the order is given, feeling that in the willingness to obey his master's commands are followed, even though nothing is actually done. On the same principle Popery makes no demand on the logical faculty in man; she does not insist on proving, to those who can receive proof, the truths which she inculcates: she discourages the use of the Bible, and warns from exploring Nature; she regards science, not merely as Christianity regards it, when abused and let loose from proper restraints, with alarm and repugnance, but as in itself dangerous and evil; and when, unable to chain down curiosity, she allows it to expatiate at all, she permits it to run wildly into any extravagance, and to trespass on the most secret things, because, having herself removed the line between necessary and unnecessary knowledge which God has drawn, she cannot clearly draw another herself; and can only insist more peremptorily on the absolute recognition of her own doctrines, in proportion as they seem more opposed to the conclusions of simple reason.

Thus far the Antichristian character of Popery is shown in its general neglect of truth, and of the human understanding. But in another point it is exhibited still more fatally. Any one acquainted with the state of society in countries where it prevails, and with the habits of mind which, previous to the Reformation, grew up under it, and at the Reformation burst out against it, know that it has always exhibited a remarkable tendency to produce infidelity and scepticism. Something of this may be caused by the natural jealousy and suspicion which are awakened against a leader, who refuses to encourage, or endeavours to destroy, the faculty of the understanding in his subjects. And to this it is generally attributed. But the infidel character of Popery is of far deeper growth, and well deserves examination.

Christianity demands faith; but it also makes evidence, and the possession of proof, essential to the full perfection of faith in cultivated minds—that we may not only believe ourselves, but be able to give reasons for our belief to others. But it is chiefly evidence of a peculiar kind—evidence not so much to the internal consistency of doctrines, as to the character of the witness who promulgates them, and to the fact that they were received from God. It does not consider that every person is capable of examining and pronouncing on particular doctrines which make part of any special science; but it does recognize in all men the possession of certain general principles, by which they are able to pronounce on matters of fact, and to estimate the honesty and general credibility of a witness. When a physician gives evidence in a court of justice, on the subject of a disease or
a medicine,

a medicine, a juror may be wholly incompetent to pronounce on the correctness of his opinion; he may know nothing of physic; but he is competent, from the fundamental laws of human reason, to decide whether the witness seems trustworthy in stating a matter of fact. When Christianity stands before man as a witness to the fact of its having received a commission to deliver a definite revelation, and to offer certain privileges and blessings to man, it does bear upon it marks of trustworthiness, not only intelligible to uneducated minds, but more and more satisfactory to the logician, in proportion as they are sifted and examined. All these are destroyed or subverted by the theory of Popery; and in it, therefore, the exercise of the logical faculty must tend to infidelity.

Christianity appears as a witness bound only to deliver a message, and personally uninterested in its reception: Popery as a claimant of dominion, jealous of her own authority, and a persecutor in support of it. Christianity would deliver its message with a scrupulous and anxious observance of its limits, neither adding nor taking away what it holds only as a trust from a higher authority: Popery professes to hold the same trust, but does not hesitate to tamper with and alter it; and to claim even the power of enlarging it from sources known only to herself. Christianity imposes limits on its own authority and jurisdiction over the reason: Popery will allow of none. Christianity, while upholding its own spiritual independence and supremacy, acknowledges and submits to another power—the State, as also in its peculiar province holding a commission from God, and in that province commanding even ecclesiastical obedience: Popery repudiates or subverts every authority but her own. In this way, in a Christian nation, Christianity obtains the support of a second witness besides itself, in the person of the State—a witness valuable and commanding respect in proportion to its independence, and peculiarly intelligible and impressive to common minds placed most under the influence of sense. And the testimony of the State to Christianity, where the Church acknowledges its divine authority, is of a remarkable nature: it is not a compulsory testimony of fear; for the Church, by its own principles, cannot raise an arm against it: it is not the testimony of a master to a slave; for the Church is firmly fixed to refuse obedience the moment it commands what is wrong. The State is jealous of its power, and would claim absolute control over all things: the Church claims to herself a province—a province most important of all—of educating the mind, and regulating the hearts of its subjects, and within this will not allow the State to pass. And yet the State submits to this divided empire. Surely there is acknowledgment here of a power more than human,

human, not created by the State, but placed within it by a Higher hand; an acknowledgment which cannot be made according to the theory of Popery, in which, if the State honours the Church, it does so as a dependent subject placed at the mercy of the Church; and if it attacks the Church, it is supported by the essential interest of a people,—their patriotism and national existence. When does the lion witness most to the presence of a Divine unearthly power overruling it?—when it crouches before Daniel in its own den, or when it falls fighting against the spears of the hunters in the wilderness?

Again, Christianity contents itself with enunciating truths delivered to it by God, many of them seemingly opposed to each other, and incapable of being harmonized by the human understanding. And by the very firmness with which she adheres to doctrines which by their seeming opposition could not have emanated from herself, she proves that they were received from without. Popery rationalizes and strives to reconcile them till one principle is lost in the other, and thus destroys the great proof of their originating in a revelation from God. Christianity binds herself down to stand in the old ways and to walk in the old paths: Popery assumes a licence of moving wherever she chooses. Christianity humbly recognizes her own imperfection, and the imperfection of the world in which she dwells, and prepares for disappointment, and submits patiently to opposition, knowing that the time is not come for the final triumph of truth; and that truth, like its great Author, must be led captive, and mocked, and even be driven from the world, before it can gain the victory: Popery stands upon the earth flushed with pride, and the claim to conquest—measuring its virtue by success, and pointing for the evidence of its truth, not to its bearing the cross, but to its wearing the crown. Christianity is content for its purpose to wield the arms and the machinery put into its hand by God, however weak they may appear at first, and unsuited to their end: Popery seizes on any weapon which promises to effect its purposes, and throws aside any, however sanctified by antiquity, which does not please it. In this way it has virtually suppressed episcopacy, put away the Bible, supplanted priests by friars, tampered with one sacrament and instituted others; created vows, dispensed with oaths, loaded its ritual with forms, and converted its churches into theatres and its priests into actors. It has acted as weak man must act, who wishes to rule over his fellows, and has no other means of ruling but his own hand and arm, and his own craft. And in all this it has forfeited the marks of its character as an honest, humble, faithful servant, and witness, and ambassador of God upon earth.

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But this is not the whole. There are evidences of the matter of fact that the truths of Christianity are an external revelation from God: which Popery, to say the least, seriously undermines. Christianity bases its belief that its truths did come from God, first, on the declaration of our Lord: in this Popery agrees. But Christianity derives the declaration of our Lord, in the first stage, through twelve witnesses, the body or college of the Apostles. It does this, not only as a matter of fact, but in accordance with the whole system of Providence, and the necessities of human nature, which require that to our fallible minds, and in this dense atmosphere of the world, light should become visible to us through a reflecting medium, which breaks up the one single ray into many lines. Unity may be the law of Heaven, but unity, preserved in plurality, must be the law of earth. This law, Popery, in exact proportion to the perfectness of its theory, sets aside and destroys. Its very first principle tends to merge the college of the Apostles in the one Apostle, St. Peter; and in proportion as his supremacy is asserted, in the same proportion the strength of the Apostolical testimony diminishes from twelve to one. But what the Apostles taught, Christianity professes to learn in the same manner from the testimony of many distinct independent churches: it keeps its witnesses separate, before it brings them into court. Popery fuses them together. Either the Papal supremacy was recognized in the first centuries, in which case the many voices of the Church, whether gathered together in councils, or speaking separately in the most remote countries, are in fact but one: they are as many copies of one manuscript, many versions of one story, all traced to a single authority, and therefore bearing only the value of a single voice; or, if the Papal supremacy, being a doctrine of such infinite importance, was not known by the apostles or their followers, then revelation may be enlarged and altered from time to time; and instead of resting firmly on the foundation and simple fact of one faith delivered once for all, the mind is thrown loose into a field of conjecture and uncertainty; and having nothing definite fixed for its reception, ends in believing nothing definite—that is, in believing nothing.

Once more. Christianity would confirm its own declaration of doctrine by appeals to a written law—the Bible: and Popery sets aside the Bible: it puts in accounts, but refuses to exhibit its vouchers; it delivers its judgments, but does not even profess to be bound by statutes which may be read by all. Christianity proves not only its interpretation of Scripture, but the authority and authenticity of Scripture itself, and the apostolical character of her own privileges and principles, by reference to ancient records: Popery, at once, not only throws a slur upon them wherever they

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make against herself, but destroys the validity of all such documents by her Expurgatory Index; she comes into court with a confession, or rather boast, of forgery. She compels every one who reads the Fathers to distrust all that appears in her favour, and to receive all which has been still permitted to remain against her with increased conviction of its truth.

The Catholic Church, in the mere administration of her Sacraments, does assert the most awful miraculous powers—with pretensions which, if not authorized by God, must be a frightful blasphemy, and which nevertheless she has been permitted publicly to proclaim, and to proclaim most strongly and most firmly by the mouths of her best, and wisest, and meekest children for 1800 years. But she submits the test of these powers to the experience of each individual who fulfils the conditions required; and they have affirmed her claim exactly in proportion as they have fulfilled the conditions. Popery goes far beyond: she also claims these powers, but she adds to them others of the same mysterious internal nature which are wholly beyond the living experience of any one. When she asserts her command over the realms of purgatory, no one can test this; and therefore she employs other alleged miracles, such as visions and apparitions, to confirm it. When she would exhibit her chief and most awful miracle of transubstantiation, the fact itself is placed beyond the reach of all experience; and here also new miracles (which it is irreverent even to allude to) are necessary to supply the proof.

So, when the Church claims and exercises these powers, she stands in the character of a servant, a weak and sinful servant, acting only under the will of an omnipotent Master. Within the circle of his commands she declares that she is safe and strong; without it that her strength is gone. Her own weakness and His might are testified in the most expressive form by her rigid administration of His sacraments. But Popery far oversteps this line. Not content with giving her blessings and asking blessings through her ordinary prayers—a power which, though in itself miraculous, yet involves no scepticism, because it asserts no precise promise of a special answer in a definite form—she multiplies her sacraments till they become charms. The blessing promised by God upon the use of water in baptism is extended to holy water and holy wells; and the prayers for the sick which the Church uses are absorbed in the office of extreme unction, and extreme unction is permitted to be transferred by the popular feeling from the cure of the body to the salvation of the soul. All the little acts of life which a good Christian may well commence with prayer, and may hope for a general blessing on his prayer, are in Popery to be blessed by a peculiar form which becomes

becomes almost a work of sorcery. Christians prefer to be buried in consecrated ground; Popery blesses a piece of clay to put into the coffins of the dead, that they may be protected from the vicinity of heretics in their last repose. A Christian would pay honour and respect to all that had been associated with the memory of good and holy men; Popery transmutes these remains into relics and into charms. And in proportion as this is done the credibility of miracles dies away. There is a want of that stern confinement of the power within certain fixed limits, which gives to the assertion of them the character of strict regard to truth. There is the greater probability of failure, because they must and can be only tentative; and tentativeness implies frequent disappointment. The very claim to such a power without bounds arouses suspicion; and its adaptation to the irregular desires and fancies of man in his natural and corrupt state seems more like a contrivance of human policy, than a stern and uncompromising manifestation of Divine Truth.

And thus, with respect to those Scripture miracles which designated our Lord and his Apostles as the dispensers of a new development of the one grand revelation of God to man.—The effect of the theory of Popery on these may be estimated by the effect produced by the miracles of the Egyptian priests when placed side by side with those of Moses; or of the wonders wrought in the Apostolic age by sorcerers and magicians, when placed by the side of the works of our Lord and the Apostles. So Popery places its modern miracles by the side of the miracles of Scripture, and uses them for the same purpose. Not content with asserting the existence of a supernatural power, which may break forth and manifest itself in the Church in the later times under circumstances which defy analysis and proof—and of which proof is not required, because nothing is to be built upon them—Popery makes its miracles a main foundation of its logical defence. It adduces them as evidence of doctrinal tenets, and particularly of those tenets which are challenged as novelties. And a necessary consequence of this was, and still is, the encouragement of forgeries.

How far the doctrine of pious frauds is doctrinally recognized in the Romish Church need not be determined; the practical temptation held out to them cannot be doubted. A congregation is to be gathered round a particular church, and a miracle is produced as wrought in it by some relic or image. A new religious order is to be raised up, and the rival fraternities vie in the miraculous endowments of their founders. A doctrinal controversy prevails, and the decision is left to some miraculous interposition from Heaven. A war against our own Church is to be carried on,

on, and no argument so commonly appealed to as the miracles of Rome. The very fact so often boasted of, that before these miracles are attested by the Papal See, they undergo a most rigid examination—or, in the words of Milner, that 'it is a miracle to prove a miracle at Rome'—assumes the principle. In the Catholic Church no new miracle is required to be proved. It may be doubted by some, denied by others, accepted with the necessary qualifications by others. Even if proved to be false, the Church is in no way affected. Can this be said of the Romish miracles? Does not every fresh weight given to modern miracles encourage the fiction of them, every fiction risk detection, and every detection cover with suspicion all other miracles of a similar class and adduced for similar purposes, even the miracles of the Gospel?

Nor is the infidel tendency of Popery to be overlooked in regard to the mode in which it undermines the evidence of the senses, and thus of all miracles whatever, by the doctrine of transubstantiation. In Christianity, as in nature and in sound philosophy, the senses are the foundation of all *logical* belief in matters of external fact. Touch this stone and the whole superstructure rocks, if it does not fall. There are indeed higher truths hidden deep in the recesses of our nature, which ought not to be affected by the shock. But the life of man dwells chiefly in the sensible world. In this his thoughts are busy, and his affections centred; and though a philosopher or moralist may have some deep sure-hidden refuge where he may retreat from the hurricane of scepticism, the common people cannot find their way to it, and, if their homes fall, are buried under the ruins. For this reason the sceptical philosopher, from the Greek Sophist to the modern Hume, commences with attacking the evidence of the senses; and Popery does the same. Not content, like Christianity, with declaring the unseen existence of things *beyond* the senses, she asserts the sensible presence of things *contradictory* to the senses: he who once believes transubstantiation may believe anything, however contrary to experience; and he who has once been led to believe anything will end soon in believing nothing. Ask an Irish peasant if his priest can turn him into an animal; he answers yes. Does he require to see the change wrought, in order to believe it? By no means. He believes a greater change without seeing it—in the consecrated wafer. This may appear grossly absurd to English ears, but it is the practical reasoning of Irish Popery among the lower classes;—and he who reasons deeper must reason only farther in the same direction, till either the whole external world vacillates and melts away before his senses, or he recoils upon his first principle, and, like
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the infidelity of the sixteenth century, from a belief in a fact contrary to sense, he runs into the wild extravagance of disbelieving all beyond sense.

And there is still another view in which the infidel tendency of Popery contrasts strongly with Christianity on this subject of the evidence of the senses.

Christianity is remarkable for its wonderful tenderness and compassion to human nature on this very point. It recognizes the soul of man as imprisoned in a body. It addresses itself to all men; to the young, the ignorant, the sinner, the poor, who are immersed most deeply in the body, and can scarcely be reached excepting through it. The Church would, therefore, heal their souls by touching their bodies; and thus, whenever a sign is needed for her believing children, she gives them as far as possible one that is sensible. It is of the utmost importance that they should know that they have passed into the kingdom of Heaven, and are entitled to its privileges and must act upon its laws; and she refers them not exclusively to an internal emotion which may vanish and leave no trace, nor to a logical proof which may even baffle or delude them, but to an external sign, the sign of washing by water. It is of equal importance that they should be assured of their continuance in favour with Heaven, of their close proximity to their Lord, of their still being the recipients of his grace. And another sign is appointed in the other holy sacrament. And it is of equal importance that they should be able to recognize the persons by whom these sacraments may be validly dispensed—that they should not be left to distinguish them by some internal judgment or feeling, or some hidden quality of mind; and Christianity commands the selection of her ministers by the visible external sign of imposition of hands. She does not exclude internal proofs, but she lays a great weight of testimony on the outward sign. Popery invalidates or destroys it: like Puritanism it drives the unhappy questionist to seek for his proof in the hidden recesses of the mind; in *the intention or goodness of the priest*, which can never be ascertained by man. And it so clogs the validity of the sacrament with other conditions, which can never be scrutinized, that no Roman Catholic can ever be sure that he has received it. Try the fact. Place a member of the Church of England and a member of the Church of Rome in a court of justice to prove their title to the name and the privileges of a Christian, and what jury would dare to decide in favour of the unhappy Romanist? How could they ascertain the intention of the priest, how satisfy themselves of his internal fitness, how discover if all the minute regulations prescribed by the Romish Church for the celebration of either sacrament,

ment, and without which they become invalid (*non conficitur sacramentum*), had been duly performed? * Surely there is something awful in this tampering with the ordinances of God; in this scepticism and doubt into which men must be thrown by the over-curious, over-ambitious effort to make all things surer and more clear than they are purposely left by Providence.

Once more. When Christianity appeared, it appeared not as a subversion and derangement of the existing course of civil government, but as a secret, gentle spirit, preserving its forms, complying with its laws, and, in all lawful things, bringing men rather into obedience to their rulers than their rulers into obedience to itself. Its kingdom was not of this world. The hand which gave it its own commission had before this marked out the bounds of the nations, had placed kings upon their thrones, had constituted civil society, and in the very necessities of that society had created and consecrated a witness to divine truth. If kings were to become the nursing fathers and queens the nursing mothers of the Church—if they recognized her as a minister from Heaven, having a peculiar province and charged with the highest gifts, it was still as sovereigns, still as retaining their own province, and their own commission from the same authority. They knelt at the altar, but they did not abandon the throne—just as the Church knelt before the throne, reserving to herself still the empire of the altar and the pulpit. If one fact in ecclesiastical history is clear it is—that the Church moulded herself on the existing divisions of the State, as by an acknowledged apostolical law. She was commanded, indeed, to diffuse herself into every province and kingdom, in each of these to cast her children into a new form, not superseding, but improving and adding to their existing civil organization: they were to be members of the State still, but members of the Church also, the new relation no way interfering with the duties which previously existed. And those who study the history of civil society will not dispute the wisdom of such a rule, prohibiting the intrusion of the spiritual power on the privileges of the State, or of another equally wise, prohibiting the spiritual power of one State from interfering with the regulations of another.

Man, in every form of society, must have many members in one body, and the unity of the body must be preserved, not by one visible head or universal monarch, but by one that is invisible. There is a society of nations as well as a society of individuals: there must be an independent being and character in each, in

* See the whole chapter '*De Defectibus in Celebratione Missarum occurrentibus*' in the '*Roman Missal*'; but the subject is not one which could be properly entered into in these pages more minutely.

order to establish the relations on which depend the virtues and duties, the mutual influences, and aids, and corrections, the many chances of safety and refuge for truth and justice when perilled upon any one plank, which are to be found in the great political incorporations of mankind, just as in the intercourse of families, and in the associations of single beings. To secure this, Nature herself has framed the habitable globe—here throwing up her mountain ridges, there pouring in her rivers, there spreading out her sands and deserts, there studding islands, and embaying oceans, that the globe itself, as it were, may be chrystallized in compartments for the reception of man, and may mould him into the definite forms best suited for the dispensations of Providence. The disturbance of these by foreign conquest and interference has been the black spot in history. It has not only deluged the earth with blood, but has disorganized the internal economy of Nations; has broken up and destroyed the primary bonds of society; has paralyzed the movements of mankind by casting them into unmanageable masses; has stunted the growth of that varied developement of human nature which gives it command without and perfection within; and has stifled the free circulation of thought, which never flashes out into light but in passing through two opposite media. And a system of which the essential feature is foreign interference with national life is rather to be ranked with the aggressive ambition of which war and bloodshed are the fruit, and the spirit of evil the root, than with that blessed communion of Christianity which would ensure unity, peace, and concord among all nations. Unity, indeed, Christianity would seek; and to give unity, peace, and concord to all mankind is one of its chief appointed functions. But it would attain this by a different process than the creation of an universal monarchy, incapable of realization, and, if realized, pregnant with evil. It would plant in every nation a body of its ministers, to be the priest and prophet of that nation, to undertake the duties which in every country must be assigned to one class of the community—duties of worship, of education, of spiritual example and control. A Church is no new element in the organization of nations; it had its being from the first in every civil society; and all that Christianity would do is to make it Christian, instead of idolatrous or pagan. It would employ its priests and prophets, not as an extrinsic intrusive power forced into a nation by a foreign hand, but as a part of the nation itself, attached to its soil, bound by its laws, interested in its welfare, subject to its lords, in all but that especial province assigned to itself by Heaven. It knows that in all but this province a church thus constituted must be weak and powerless, exposed to the jealousy
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and oppression of that power which rules the body, and in human eyes liable to be crushed and overwhelmed. But such is the condition of good in every part of the world: it is a glimmering, flickering flame, open to all the blasts of heaven—and yet it lives, through faith; it cannot die or be extinguished, till its faith is gone; its life is not lost till men seek to save it, and to save it by some contrivance of their own. Let a church humbly and loyally devote itself to that honest service of its sovereign which must be identical with its service to its Maker; let it abstain scrupulously from all attempts to trespass on the province of the civil power; when the civil power would tyrannize let it submit, rebuking those who would urge it to call down fire from Heaven, and healing those who would take its life; and there is a Providence above which turns the hearts of kings, and will preserve it through all its trials. But let it rest on a human arm; let it claim powers which have not been assigned to it; let it endeavour, in its own defence, to arm subjects against their kings, or kings against their subjects; let it enlist a foreign arm to fight its battles; or abandon its allegiance and its patriotism to gather round some external centre in order to overawe its oppressors, and its fate is sealed. It has chosen an arm of flesh to contend with an arm of flesh—has taken the sword instead of the word, and by the sword it will perish.

And this sword, in the history of the Church, has been Popery. We may endeavour to make idle distinctions between a temporal and a spiritual power, and affect to separate one from the other—as, logically, we may sever the body from the soul—but practically there is no such division. He that rules the soul may also rule the body; and he who claims a spiritual power in order to defend the Church against a temporal power by other means than faith, patience, and lawful submission, must become a temporal power himself. If he attempts to battle with flesh and blood, he must assume the form of flesh and blood; and such has been the form of Popery, and such its history: a struggle for honour and precedence, for investitures and provisions, for Peter's pence and lucrative endowments, for the disposal of armies and the collection of taxes—for anything but that simple, single privilege appointed by God himself to the Christian Church, of witnessing to his truth upon earth, and, when the persecutor insists, of sealing that witness with her blood.

If, then, it be thought that, by this distinction and distribution of national branches of the Church, the unity and catholicity of the Church is impaired as a whole, the answer is, that unity is of various kinds, and each kind applicable to its own class of subjects; and the unity of spiritual beings is
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not to be produced in the same way as the unity of material objects. Unity of belief in all fundamental doctrines—unity of discipline in all things apostolically ordained—unity of headship in the acknowledgment of one invisible King, filling one body with one Spirit—unity of duty in witnessing to one truth, joining in essentially one worship, and upholding one and the same code of fundamental morality—unity of authority, by deriving all grace and ministerial power, through various but analogous channels, from one and the same source—and unity of heart and Spirit, evinced and preserved by meeting together at the same altars, and communicating in all brotherly acts: surely this is *unity* sufficient to realise the most perfect picture of Christian charity—to realise it more completely and more strikingly by the communion of Greek and Jew, of Englishman and Roman, each preserving their local ties and distinctive peculiarities, than if they were fused into one people, under one visible monarch, and gathered round one visible centre. The diversity in accidents commends and magnifies the identity in essentials. And this unity of the Christian Church, located in distinct but not separate branches throughout the world, would bring with it really and effectively the union of its civil kingdoms. Even at this day we have learnt, from bitter experience, that there is no bond for the peace and love of nations so sure as communion in one Church; but it would be an union without jealousy, without encroachment, without disloyalty, without war and bloodshed, without the miserable intrigues and chicanery which creep in wherever foreign interference is attempted or permitted, and which constitute, it is lamentable to think, the history of Popery.

One more point we must briefly touch upon, in which the system of Popery stands out in strange contrast to that of Christianity—its Judaism.

It is a retrograde movement in that progressive development of Revelation, which, from the germ of the first prophecy given to man in Eden, has been gradually unfolded through the stages of the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, the Prophetic, and the Christian dispensation. Planted first in the bosom of a family, from thence it expanded in the tribe; then spread out in a nation; then shot forth its leaves and branches more fully, as the nation itself rose up in the maturity of its organization; and finally burst forth in the fulness of its form to gather every country and race under the shadow of a Catholic Church. But Popery would stunt this last developement, and would retain or restore the system of a by-gone stage in an imperfect revelation. In the stage of Judaism, revelation was confined to a single nation; Rome would confine it also. Judaism would therefore have one fixed local centre, which, in a Catholic

Catholic Church to be spread throughout the world, is no more possible. Popery fixes her local centre also. As planted in a single nation, Judaism was placed under its one high priest—so each diocese in the Catholic Church is placed under its single bishop; but in the aggregation of many bishoprics and many nations Popery would retain the practice, even where the analogy ceases, by the reduction of all bishops to one. Judaism was addressed to human nature not yet spiritualized by a new creation; it had, therefore, its carnal sacrifices—and Popery has hers; its carnal punishments—so are those of Popery; its morality of outward acts—so is that of Popery; its ritual of forms—that of Popery is the same. It made external splendour and rule the criterion of its power before God, and of its success with man: so does Popery. And its consequent feelings were the same. It was exclusive, selfish, contemptuous of others, limiting salvation within the pale of its own race: so does Popery. It built upon its fathers in the flesh, for whose sake the Jews were beloved by God, when as yet no other cause of love had been given, more than upon God himself; and Popery deserts the altar of God to worship before those of his saints. Judaism was constantly in danger from the temptations of idolatry, as in a people who possessed but an eye of flesh—in whom the eye of the spirit discerning and realizing the presence of invisible things was not yet awakened: Popery, even if it could be rescued from the guilt of actual idolatry, yet cannot live or worship without its images. Judaism was stern and unforgiving in its authoritative voice, while, in its corruption by men, it became a system of lax indulgence: the voice of Popery is known by its curses upon evil, while her practice is full of encouragement to it. Judaism, in its latest form, was based upon tradition, to the exclusion of the Scriptures: Popery is so likewise. Judaism admitted within its bosom the most opposite sects, and tolerated them under one condition—of their rallying round the visible temple: Popery permits and fosters discordant societies and parties, content if they agree in one point—the recognition of her own paramount authority. Judaism had prophets and teachers, whom it professed to reverence, while it reviled and disobeyed them: Popery appeals to the Fathers, and whenever the Fathers are opposed to her, condemns and insults them. Judaism feared to trust itself to the protection of an Almighty God, and desired to have a king over it, like the rest of the nations; and Popery, for the very same reason, has converted its bishopric into a throne. And Judaism, goaded on by the bigotry of an exclusive secular ambition, concentrated on one single spot, broke out into turbulence and rebellion against the constituted authorities of nations wherever it was scattered; while Popery, in the same spirit and with the same belief, has

raised in every country the standard of revolt, and been scourged and persecuted in each as the firebrand of civil society. Many more parallels might be added to illustrate this similarity of Popery with Judaism in its worst forms; and they may well be studied by those who would compare it with the advanced stage of revelation exhibited in Christianity; and let us add, by those who are perplexed with those prophecies of Antichrist which seem to imply that Antichrist will himself be closely connected with Judaism as well as with the Church; and by the perpetual recurrence in the Romish controversialists of false and strange analogies deduced from Judaism.

There is another great and essential point of contrast which must be mentioned, though to many, perhaps, it may appear far-fetched and unpractical.

One singular mark set upon the Divine operations, as they are presented to man, is, that to ordinary eyes they appear irregular, confused, and unsystematic: while, on a nearer approach, they fall into a beautiful harmony, though a harmony not yet capable of perfect realization in this world. Without, they exhibit a tendency to disorder, but within as strong a tendency to order. Thus the phenomena of Nature rise before us in a strange maze of incongruities and marvels, but when scrutinized, they separate and marshal themselves each under its general law. Thus the earth, to a hasty traveller, is tossed about and dislocated into a chaos of heterogeneous materials; but the geologist sees that it is a structure piled and built up, and even fractured with design as by an art. Thus the life of man seems a sand-heap of chances, but faith discerns a line of Providence running through and binding them all into one. Thus history is a mass of facts, bewildering the thought, till the fates and acts of empire are ranged under the eye of a Christian, and grouped round the one great end of creation, predestined from the beginning, and then they are discovered to be a plan. And thus the Bible is no treatise of art; the Creed no logical developement of a single principle; religion itself no one fixed rule of practice, precluding doubt and reconciling contrarieties: but in each there is a superficies of irregularity and multiplicity; and the rule, and order, and unity lie hid in the depths beneath, only to be discovered by a purged and practised eye.

The wisdom of such an arrangement as addressed to imperfect man, as bringing a right influence to bear upon his moral nature, without evoking that logical spirit which would seduce him from practice to speculation—its adaptation to an eye which, at the best, can only see things in parts and fragments—its evidence of an external origin for the objects thus brought before the mind (since, if they emanated from a human reason, they would be studiously

diously thrown into shape, and the process of their creation and the mutual dependence of the parts would be elaborately displayed)—the admirable exercise thus provided for the intellect in evolving general laws from a mass of incongruities, without compromising true faith—these considerations may be left untouched: the fact is sufficiently obvious as regards the dispensation of Heaven.

In direct contradiction to this, and in agreement with other contrivances emanating from the imaginations and desires of man, Popery bears on its face the form of perfect unity and system, and only when examined more closely does it break up into a thousand forms of vagueness, instability, and disorder. It addresses itself to the human mind with a most fascinating temptation, which, like all other evil temptations, dissolves at last into a cheat. It promises all that a corrupted heart and impatient reason requires, but

It keeps the word of promise to our ear,
And breaks it to our hope.

It calls on the Christian, perplexed with the apparent disunion of a Church, divided, like the branches of a tree, into different localities, to restore its perfect unity by recognizing one visible head. But when the visible head is acknowledged, Popery is still compelled to allow all that constituted dissimilarity before; to permit subjects to remain divided in different soils and countries, with difference of language, difference of leaders, difference of manners, difference even of doctrinal statements, in many points; and these differences still more palpable and more offensive, because they are permitted and encouraged by one and the same authority. It offers to the mind, distracted between conflicting spiritual rulers, a refuge from all such controversies by submitting to one authority, which shall embrace and subordinate all. But when he comes to the throne of the Pope, and asks for the authority itself, the throne is empty or disputed. Is he to obey the Pope in all things, or in some?—in matters of faith, or only of opinion?—with a council, or without?—with a council as an adviser, or as a co-ordinate or a superior authority?—when speaking *ex cathedra*, or as a private doctor? Whom is he to obey? The answer is, *the Pope*; but when the question is brought home to a particular case, *the Pope* disappears, and a host of doubts and controversies rise up and quarrel in his place. Even when one of these contending theories has been embraced, and his mind is now sinking to rest on the soft cushion of an infallible guide, excluding all doubt and discordance, there are as many theories of Papal infallibility as there are of Papal authority. Conditions are multiplied—contingencies imagined—the admission itself pressed up to a point in which the fundamental laws of human nature must be

contradicted, by supposing that if the Pope pronounced right to be wrong, and wrong to be right, we should be bound to believe him; and the promise of an infallible guide ends in a declaration, that he cannot deceive so long as he does not fall into heresy or falsehood; but whether he *can* fall or not—whether or no there exists any power to pronounce on such a question—whether, that is, he be infallible, and we may be entirely relieved from the trouble of examining for ourselves—all this is finally left as a matter of private opinion, on which 'The Church' has not yet decided, and probably is unable to decide.

It is the same with the conflicting obligations of the citizen and the churchman. Scripture sees no difficulty in commanding us to honour and obey both the Church and the King; and St. Paul saw no contradiction in the problem of two distinct jurisdictions over one body, each mutually controlling and subject to the other, when he said 'the wife hath not power of her own body, but the husband; and likewise the husband hath not power of his own body, but the wife.' He made such a seeming paradox the very essence of that first stone in the fabric of society—the domestic relation. But human reason cannot reconcile those duties in a logical form, and Popery, therefore, is ready to remove the doubt which hangs over the double law by destroying one-half. It unconsecrates and dethrones the State, and erects its sole throne upon the altar. And here we might expect to be at rest; but here also we are baffled once more. For it dares not, even in theory, remove the appearance of a State. Like the eastern priesthoods, it knows that without some civil power distinct from itself, it cannot exist itself. It is, therefore, obliged to confess to the reality of this civil power, and its extent it does not pretend to define. Spirituals and temporals indeed may be a distinction easily drawn in words; but they have no precise line of demarcation traceable in fact. Even when supposed to exist, trespasses on the line are allowed at every point where temporals may be made to bear upon spirituals; and the boundary once vanished or uncertain, the whole question is involved in the same maze of perplexity as if it had never been laid down; and collisions and war, not peace, are the end of the unhallowed usurpation.

And so it is with doctrinal teaching. Scared and wearied by the conflicts of men whose very boast is dissension, and unable to strike of itself the outline of Catholic truth, a weak mind is glad to take refuge in the asylum which Popery opens for unstable or unthinking Christians, in its doctrine of Church authority. It seems strange to the understanding of ignorant man, as it is painful to his irritable impatience, to suppose that any cloud whatever should be permitted by Providence to hang over the definition
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of that faith which is necessary to salvation. Popery seizes on the occasion, and proclaims a proscription and banishment of all doubt, upon one easy condition—the reception of the decrees of the Church. It appears a simple remedy and an obvious tribunal; offering a solution to all difficulties, and ensuring a perfect and unbroken repose to the mind—until it is tried: *then*, as we approach, the Voice itself, whose decrees we are to obey, instead of fixing itself in one place, shifts and dances about like the sounds of a ventriloquist; now calling here and now there, now inviting and then repelling, until all hope of following it is lost. And when it does speak, it speaks in such a torrent of past decrees and canons, old and new, counteracting and condemning each other, some wrapped up in a dead language, others framed in enigmas, some of more and others of less authority, some pronounced *ex cathedra*, and some as private opinions, that, even if confined to the past, the memory must fail in attempting to grasp them; and when the future is added to them, and all is required to be acknowledged which at any time may be enunciated by the Church, the comprehension of them becomes impossible, and the faith sinks down exhausted and in despair.

In the same desire of throwing everything into system and unity, and of trimming and squaring the irregular luxuriance of nature, to suit the logical faculties of man, Popery deals with its particular doctrines. Examine the Roman controversialists, and they are all rationalists. They begin with a theory, and to this theory conform their facts and their testimonies. Christianity begins with facts, and then shows that, being true in themselves and indisputable, they are not less in accordance with a deep philosophy and with practical utility. But when the logical process of Popery is arrived at its close, instead of finding ourselves resting on the firm solid basis of demonstration, along which we had hitherto been conducted, we are lodged on a quicksand. In the true Catholic Church the reason is perplexed indeed, and the faith tried in the reception of those binary doctrines which constitute Christian truths, as in the grand fundamental facts of a Trinity in Unity, and an Unity in Trinity; of the twofold character of our blessed Lord; of the outward sign and the inward grace in the sacraments; of the meanness of man in himself, and his grandeur as connected with the Deity; of his own personal responsibility, and yet of one overruling Providence; of the respect due to his soul and the care which must be taken of the body; of his position in the world as compelled to use it, and the duty of leaving all things to follow his Master; of the authority and responsibility of the priesthood, and of the active share in the work of religion imposed upon the laity; of man's corporate character as a member of a religious society,

ciety, and of his private individual wants and tendencies; of the value of personal teaching, and the importance of written documents to limit and confirm it; of the reverence due to man, and the honour to be ascribed to the Deity alone. To enumerate no farther—in this way almost every great Christian doctrine, perhaps it may be said every one, is resolvable into two laws or principles, between which the mind is to advance, now inclining to this side, now to that, keeping both steadily in view, and when swerving too far in one direction recalled at each moment towards its opposite by a warning voice behind us, when we turn to the right, and when we turn to the left. Man himself is made up of opposite principles, of mind and matter, good and evil, power and weakness; and his course through a state of probation and in years of infirmity, must be felt along the line of right, rather in struggles to retain it against constant oscillations, than in unbroken adherence to it. And, perhaps, there is no stronger internal evidence of the wisdom and divine character of the Church of England, as a true branch of the great Church universal, than this binary conformation which is observable in the organization of its system as well as in the enunciation of its doctrines; and which men ignorant of the nature of truth attribute to vacillation, or compromise, or weakness, or a false so-called moderation; but which, in reality, is inseparable from the nature of a wise system framed to exhibit truth, and to inculcate duty on blind and imperfect man.

But Popery, like Dissent—however she may impose the blind reception even of contrary doctrines upon her subjects—in her own formal evolution of them will not rest within these bounds. She cannot rest, so long as she claims the possession of infallibility, and the power of explaining all divine truth, as well as of maintaining it; of drawing out fresh stores instead of simply witnessing to what has been received. She takes her seat in the chair of the teacher to teach *all things*, and she must, at least to herself, endeavour to prove all things; but to prove all things she must rationalize—and in rationalizing she must merge one of the portions of doctrine in the other, in order to reduce them to that unity which is the essence of all humanly developed and humanly conceived truth. And she adds to this tendency another, singularly illustrating her power and her desire of ruling, that at one time she absorbs one portion of truth, at another another, according to the character of the parties to whom she addresses it. To adhere to one only would perplex her movements and limit her influence: she, therefore, reserves to herself the power of excess on either; and hence the remarkable phenomenon that the most opposite extravagancies are retained within her body and formally cherished by her system. Thus those who are acquainted with the real
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workings of Jesuitism are aware that there lurks beneath it a singular tendency to Pantheism—while in the popular worship of Saints indulgence is given to a practical Polytheism. Thus the human nature of our Lord is sunk in the exclusive exhibition of his sterner attributes, as contrasted with the tenderness and indulgence of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints: while the Divine nature is absorbed in the human, in the systematic representation of Him as an infant in the arms of his mother. Thus on one side the outward form of ordination is represented to impress upon the priest an indelible stamp or character—on the other, the distinctive character of the priesthood is obliterated by the creation of religious orders; and on the one side the personal character of the priest is thought so little of that he is exempted from subjection to any civil tribunal even in the grossest crimes—on the other side it is so overvalued that his personal intention is permitted to invalidate a sacrament. On the one side the external forms in the administration of the sacraments are multiplied so ostentatiously and exacted so rigidly as to throw doubt on their validity, even when most scrupulously administered; on the other, they are so little regarded that one-half of the Lord's Supper is taken away, and Baptism itself rendered nugatory by the multiplication of subsequent vows. To the exalted and visionary eye the external element in the Supper of the Lord is made to melt away and vanish; while the carnal and material eye is encouraged to absorb the internal spiritual element, and to transmute it into a nature carnal and material like itself. So, human nature is lowered and degraded, and removed as far as possible from a personal communication with the Divine Being, by exclusion from the cup, by prayers in an unknown tongue, by throwing it on the mediation of saints, by debasing penances, by ignorance, by compulsory confession, by the discouragement of personal study of the Scriptures, by confining private prayer to mere repetitions of unmeaning words, by an exaggerated dependence on the priest, by a perpetual authoritative interference with all the relations and offices of life; while at the same moment a mere human being is enthroned at the head of the Church, sitting like a God upon earth, and invested with the attributes of God, though it may be in the person of the most corrupt and profligate of mortals. So, one mind is encouraged to abandon itself implicitly to the call of its spiritual guide, not only in the reception of general rules and principles which it must derive from such a source, but in the particular application of them to circumstances; and another, more active and presuming, is urged to vent its energy on the multiplication of voluntary penances and self-created duties. Side by side with the most rigid and fearful asceticism, appears the most elaborate

elaborate luxury; the one presented to the saint, the other indulged to the sinner. Vows of absolute poverty, of celibacy, of ignominy, are instituted to meet the cravings of a compunctious conscience for some outward change of circumstance which may correspond with the inward change of feeling;—while the system which commands them was once overturned by its own accumulation of wealth, by its sensuality, and its ambition. So the effort to concentrate all the authority and dignity of the Church in the hands of ecclesiastics is accompanied by the organization of an enormous spiritual power in the hands of monastic orders, practically and corporately lay bodies. And while the Crown is excluded with one hand from any interference whatever with spiritual matters, from the other hand it is called to receive the miserable heretic, and to become the executioner of the Church under a sentence of which it is prohibited to take cognizance. Again, the social character of man is fixed before him throughout life in the assertion of his duties to the Church, until his duties to his family and his country—societies equally constituted by Providence and equally, under necessary restrictions, requiring his allegiance—are dissolved and dissipated. And while the strictest external conformity is demanded to the ritual of the Church, to the exclusion of any indulgence for the diversities of language and of climate, enthusiasts and fanatics are permitted to frame systems and to create bodies of their own, which practically violate the most solemn of the Church's laws, and in which the grossest corruptions of Popery find a safe and unnoticed asylum. While a voice proclaims communion with one branch of the visible Church as absolutely essential to salvation, a hand, almost as in sport and mockery, cuts off millions from communion and salvation; either practically disbelieving its own doctrine, or most cruelly trifling with the souls of its fellow-creatures. While one doctrine insists on man's retaining a close personal communion with the saints departed, on the ground that his social relation as a Christian is nothing except it embrace the whole of the Catholic Church—the part in Heaven like the part on earth,—the individualism of his heart is permitted to fix for protection and worship on some one individual saint, in whom his devotion is absorbed and his selfishness finds scope for full indulgence. So the voice of the Church is magnified, until the Written Word sinks into insignificance; and in proportion as that voice is made to speak, it multiplies written decrees till by their very complication it is itself choked and stifled, and dares not speak for fear of clashing with some previously enacted contradiction. And so, while it professes to honour God more highly by extending worship to the meanest of his saints, it withdraws worship from God to man, and ends with a practical idolatry. In all this struggle

struggle to attain greater simplicity, certainty, and unity, where nature and revelation have been content with less—to fix and petrify for man a solid path over that fluctuating chaos of contingencies which constitutes the place of his probation—to extirpate, as it were, from the universe that element of doubt which forms an essential part of it, there is something not merely idle and profane, but indicative of a deliberate rebellion against the Hand which has ordained the conditions of our existence. If the root of Christianity be faith, faith cannot live except in an atmosphere of doubt; and he who would destroy doubt would also destroy faith, and with it destroy Christianity. And the rebellion is seen to be more profane in proportion as it is more hopeless. We may struggle to exterminate the evil in our own hearts—to triumph over many seeming obstacles which are thrown in our way for the very purpose of being overcome; but for uncertainty and doubt there is no remedy but the subjugation of the imagination and of the heart to a rigid external rule of faith and practice guaranteed as Divine.

In this way the Church Catholic of old, and with it the Church of England, are content to revere and to act upon principles, which cannot be reduced under any one logical standard, and which seem to be opposed to each other. In this way they move on without difficulty, following each path unreservedly, so far, and so far only, as is permitted without losing sight of the other. But Popery wanders beyond and falls into inextricable mazes. We know that matter exists, and that spirit exists; but of the nature of their union and relations we know little. Popery presumes to explain this in her theory of transubstantiation: she endeavours to invest spirit with material conditions of form, extension, and locality; and she is lost in a labyrinth of her own creation. We know that there are degrees of vice and differences of punishment attached to them: Popery undertakes to divide the scale into its innumerable degrees, and to range an adequate penalty under each; and the fundamental distinctions of right and wrong are buried by it and lost under enormous piles of casuistical morality. There are spirits we know above us employed as ministering angels by the hand of Providence, and witnesses of human actions: with this we may well be content; but Popery stretches its grasp into the unseen world, and creates, classifies, and subordinates the whole hierarchy of Heaven, building up a system of speculative philosophy on supposed analogies between human and angelic natures, till, at some touch of practical reason, discovering that the whole is a theory, the fabric falls into ruins. It strives to realize the facts of the intermediate state of existence and to bring them palpably before the senses in the vision of purgatory;

gatory; but exactly in proportion as it endeavours to fix them in definite places and times, the doctrine becomes involved in inextricable perplexities. So the human mind has been shut up from the direct cognizance of man, and can only be seen through a veil: Popery tears the veil from it, in order to systematize her management of it, and to work on it with the precision of science; and the confessional becomes at once a scene of bewildering subtleties. Question generates question, explanation requires explanation, each added phrase and word complicates more deeply those which preceded it—rule is superadded upon rule—exception multiplied into exception—till the reason becomes bewildered, the imagination exhausted, and the practice desperate; and the whole of the scientific labyrinth is abandoned for some short cut of scepticism which far more effectually removes the pain of doubting by extinguishing the principle of believing.

Such, then, are some of the marks set upon the system of Popery—by which it is severed from, and opposed to the spirit of true Catholic Christianity. Those who are unwilling to think evil of any branch of the Catholic Church, however corrupted, or to discern evil in any theory under which so much good has been providentially preserved, will ask—where such a system is to be found regularly drawn out and exhibited? The answer is—that no evil system whatever is, or can be, regularly drawn out and exhibited as the charter and code of a society. Even a society of robbers and murderers must bear on its face, on its public profession, on its decrees, on its precepts, principles of good. Even the acts of sacrilege and robbery perpetrated in our own country in the sixteenth century were cloaked under Acts of Parliament, which asserted little but piety and justice. Vice, when it attempts to govern man, must be a hypocrite, and must speak fairly. It would, therefore, be no proof that Popery was innocent of such a system, even if all its authoritative declarations did not avowedly profess it; and yet who can read even these without detecting in their formal character the traces of evil, in the very reasonings and excuses by which they are supported?

And then it will be asked, is it fair to extract from the acts and opinions of individuals a defamatory character, and to fix it on a whole branch of the Church? One writer may have erred in this point, another in that. There may be in Popish controversialists sophistry and misrepresentation, even forgery;—but what controversy has existed free from such temptations? And in their acts there may be violence and cunning; but these are the faults of men, not of the laws under which they live. How, it is urged, would the English Church like its doctrines to be represented, as Milner insists that they are represented, by indi-
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vidual writers and sects whom it repudiates; or to be loaded with the acts of sacrilege and persecution which may have accompanied the Reformation? The answer is, first, that the errors of a particular writer are not to be taken as indications of a system overruling him, until they are found elsewhere in other writers, and those unchecked, and unrepudiated—so numerous, so regularly occurring, so plainly artificial—so preserving the same form and character at different periods and in different minds, that we can no more hesitate to believe them to have sprung from an external theory, than we can doubt, on the same kind of evidence, that the truths of Revelation came to us, not from man, but from Heaven. Examine the history of Popery, and the writings of its controversialists in every country and century, and upon this let us candidly judge whether they present an uniformity and regularity, a regularity even in the skill with which they vary and modify their form of attack, sufficient to justify the charge that there is a system authorized, and matured, and permanently established in the bosom of the society, even when they dare not reveal it in open words.

If the charge is reciprocated against the English Church, that her powerlessness hitherto to hold the nation in her own communion, her occasional subjection to the civil power, the coldness of her zeal, her neglect of missionary labours, the low standard of piety and self-sacrifice found in her too commonly within the last two centuries, are evidences alike of her system, and condemn it as well—the answer is, that to have sinned ourselves is no palliation of the sins of others; that such a retaliation can have no place in an argument of truth and falsehood; that we have, in the English Church, many and most grievous sins to answer for, which we confess and repent of, and will study hereafter to amend. But these sins are not the sins of the system, but of individuals. If we have neglected our daily prayers and daily sacrifices—if we have lost sight of the awfulness of sacraments—if we have forgotten to uphold the obligations of a definite creed—if we have suffered disorder and poverty to creep into the services of the Church—if we have left the poor without a shepherd, and seen an enormous mass of vice and misery grow up in our manufacturing districts beneath a gambling avarice, without stretching out a hand to help them—if our colonies are hot-beds of dissension—if we have inoculated our foreign empires with the spirit of sophistry and unbelief, instead of a definite religion—and if, as a punishment on our sins, God has permitted the Church to be insulted, or robbed, or mutilated, and to be thwarted and overruled even in its first movements of an energetic repentance—in all this, let the picture be drawn in colours

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as dark and as harsh as we will, the Church herself has stood throughout raising a warning voice against the sins or errors of her children; and, at last, she has been heard by them, and is recalling them into the right and the old way. Our sins have been sins *against* our system—against the fundamental principles and laws of our Church; not falling in with, and deduced from them, as the faults condemned in Popery emanate in a natural process and by logical sequence from the primary axiom of her polity—an universal Spiritual Monarchy. The Church of England has no hereditary theory which could generate its present dangers or its past faults; they have been forced in from without—from the evil of each man's heart, which no system can extirpate—and from the direct treachery of Popery itself, which has not only implanted dissension in her bosom, but by open aggression has weakened, disheartened, and distracted her by compelling her to carry on a foreign warfare against an intrusive usurpation, instead of peaceably improving her own condition. Our sins are as diseases, communicated to a healthy constitution by infection or accident. The sins of Popery are the natural growth of an original mal-conformation; they all hang together on one root—the lust of power; and by their indissoluble relations with this and with each other, they constitute a system.

But, if it be a system, it will then be asked how can we continue to recognize a communion in which it is upheld, as still a branch of that Catholic Church which is holy, and true, and indefectible? How can we account for the holiness—the pure and elevated holiness and devotion which, even in the darkest periods, have been preserved alive and burning within the gloomiest cells of Romish error? We humbly answer, in the same way as we recognize individual Christians as members of the Church, and trace in numbers of them the evident fruits of its holiest privileges, at the same time that we know them severally and collectively to be struggling under the oppression of a system of evil from without, tempting, corrupting, thwarting, and overlaying them, mixing sin and imperfection in every act, and yet again and again triumphed over, and all but extirpated. The Church of Rome has, as yet, retained the ancient creeds, and her Apostolical Episcopacy. Till these are openly abandoned, there can be no complete apostacy: the bough may be cankered and decayed, covered with moss, torn with the winds; but it is yet connected with the root, and may draw to many portions of its more favoured limbs the streams of life—it is not yet severed. Whether, when the fulness of time is come, and the period of its probation is ended, it will be severed and fall, or by some merciful Providence may yet be healed, and the evil spirit that now tempts and possesses it be expelled,

expelled, to enter into some other body, and rise up in the full form of the final Antichrist—this we cannot as yet discern. It is enough that, as we look on its features, and trace in each some lineament, more or less perfectly developed, of the Man of Sin, which is depicted in Scripture, we may tremble at the bare probability; and warn ourselves and others against the danger, as we warn a sickening patient in a plague before the plague-spot has broken out.

Popery has not, indeed, formally apostatized from the creeds of the true faith, but she has tampered with and enlarged them. She has not rejected the doctrine of the Holy Trinity; but, in the worship of the Blessed Virgin, and even in her dogmatic theories respecting it, she sanctions blasphemies which trench even on the sanctuary of Christianity. She has not denied that Christ is the Lord and King of men; but she has practically dethroned him from the heart, and raised a Queen of Heaven in his place. She has not openly repudiated the divinity of our Lord; but she has Socinianized his character, has elevated his human saints to more than a level with him, as in the frightful parallels of the Franciscans; and has fraternized, for her own purposes, with sects and doctrines of which Socinianism is partly the avowed, and partly the necessary result. She may warn her subjects against idolatry with her voice, but with her hand she tempts and seduces to it. She may not institute, dogmatically, an adoration of demons, but she has raised up a host of deified saints to stand between man and his God; and no subtle distinctions will prevent him from falling down and worshipping them, as individually and ultimately the objects of his love and of his fear. If the miracles to which she points in attestation of her novelties cannot all be *proved* to be 'lying wonders'—the work of the evil one—or the fictions of craft—they are false and lying in the use which is made of them to sanction a new dispensation, in defiance of our Lord's prophecies and of apostolical injunctions. If she has not forbidden to marry, as either making marriage an unholy thing, or desecrating it as an ordinance of God, but only as enforcing the discipline of her Church, she has yet exalted celibacy into an excellence, which throws a slur on the appointment of Him who made man male and female; and by her dispensations she has taught men to trifle with the vows by which it is hallowed, and with the laws by which it is regulated. If her ascetic fastings are as yet far short of the Manichean heresy, there are signs and symptoms in her system even before our eyes, and working on a large scale, of an attempt to condemn not only intemperance and immorality in the use of God's gifts of food, but even their innocent enjoyment. The horrible expression '*Dominus Deus noster Papa*' may

may be but an accidental blasphemy of one miserable man, and the Pope, as yet, may be enthroned upon the altar of St. Peter's, only as the vicar of Christ; and yet are there not, in the history of Popery, traces of attempts to organize a power, and to claim privileges, which trench on the inviolable attributes of the Deity? And is not the very theory of a visible divine power upon earth the first step to withdraw the hearts and thoughts of blinded men from heaven to earth, and to exalt a human being sitting in the temple of God over all other worship? If it be the literal temple at Jerusalem, as Dr. Todd conceives, in which this prophecy is fully to be accomplished, while other prophecies seem to point to Rome, is there nothing in the past and present history of the Church—in the struggles of Rome to seat herself in the Holy Land, not only by the arms of the crusaders, but in the secret movements which at this moment (known only to a few) are gathering the conflict of the Church to the East, and round Jerusalem itself—is there nothing here to suggest the thought that several localities may be combined together, as in the prophecies of our Lord's birth—that on the scene of the past battles of the Church the final blow may even now be struck—and 'where the carcase is, there may the eagles be gathered together'?

A strong delusion is to be poured out upon the hearts of those who succumb beneath this *evil power*; and the first condition required by Popery in its followers is a blind unhesitating credulity. It is to speak in words of lying; and artfulness, fraud, and treachery, and conspiracy have been the sins of Popery from the beginning. They are the inevitable sins of a politic ambition, and the very name of its chief agent and minister—of its chosen authorized minister—created by more than forty Bulls of Popes, and restored and recognized in the nineteenth century, with all its crimes forgiven, and its vices unextirpated, for the avowed purpose of extending the Romish power—the very name of *Jesuitism* has become synonymous with a lie. It is to sear the conscience; and Popery has an unction, under which a soul that is laden with the most enormous crimes sinks quietly and happily into the grave, when prepared by the hand of the priest—not by its own inward repentance—to meet its Judge. It is to devour the whole earth, and to tread it down and break it in pieces; and what country has been free from the aggressions of Popery?—or what throne safe from the machinations of Jesuitism? Its growth is to be secret, privily bringing in damnable heresies; and the triumphant demand of Popery, when charged with the novelty of its false doctrines, is, that we name the year when they sprang up, as if they were not the silent, imperceptible growth of secret mischief. It is to be bred within the womb of the Church, though it does not continue in it; and

Popery,

Popery, while it boasts of its identity with the Church, has gone out and severed itself from it by its acts of excommunication. In severing from the unity of the Church, it must impugn the episcopal authority by which that unity is preserved; and Popery has virtually absorbed episcopacy in the person of a fourth order—the Pope. It is to be a maritime, probably a commercial power, rioting in wealth and luxury; and it was to the avarice and money-grasping spirit of Popery that the Reformation was due; and to the ignominious commercial traffic which the Jesuits had systematically established in the East, under the guise of missionary settlements, that Jesuitism owed its first fall. Its full developement was to be hindered by some power established in the world, and that power is generally supposed to be the authority of bishops and of kings; and Popery acknowledges, as its chief and most formidable opponent, the Church of England, on the very ground of its episcopal character, and of its connexion with a regal protector. Bishops and Kings, from the beginning, have been the controllers and the hinderers of Popery from overwhelming the world with its dominion; and now, over a vast portion of the globe, Episcopacy and Royalty are condemned, and secretly undermined; and in these, it may be, the latter days, Popery again is rising suddenly into extraordinary ascendancy.

It is to be a mystery; and what so perplexing as the consistent inconsistency of Popery?—its more than regal glory in the hands of a slave of slaves—'*servus servorum*;' its pretensions to exclusive spirituality, and its gross and materializing secularism; its claim to divine authority, and the enormous vices of its heads; its cry of unity, and its fostering of schism; its repeated wounds and falls, and as repeated resurrections; its avowed simplicity, and its real chicanery and perplexities; its mingled crimes and virtues; the holiness of its saints and the guiltiness of its sinners. It is to be sensual and carnal; and what religious system was ever formed so indulgent and so easy to the sinner? It is to be seemingly stern and cruel; and where has cruelty been perfected in blood as well as in the cells of the Inquisition? It is to be a spirit of licence and disorder; and the fundamental axiom of Popery is destruction to the civil power. Its history has been a history of intestine rebellion, and of foreign warfare against kings and princes. Its theory of civil society is identical with the worst developements of sophistry and liberalism. It fraternizes with any form of democracy which offers to serve its purpose. Its spirit is in itself the same with them; only centering the licentious permission to trample on law and authority within the bosom of the ruler, instead of spreading it throughout the people. Moreover it is to be a tyranny, and a tyranny is nothing but a concentrated democracy.

cracy. It is allied and akin to heresies and schisms; and Popery has not scrupled to create and foster them for the purpose of weakening her adversary, and paving the way for her own dominion: she has fostered them, not only within her own bosom, where she feared to exasperate them by compression or rejection, but without, by encouraging and establishing false principles of religious toleration; and she is the author of nearly all the heresies which have broken out against religion since the Reformation, inasmuch as the spirit which engendered them was one which she had nurtured up by her own arbitrary usurpation over reason on the one side, and the laxity of her rationalism on the other.

It is to be an Antichrist—and an Antichrist does not mean an enemy, different and opposed in all outward forms, but a mock and spurious image of the true Lord, professing to be Christ himself; veiled in a garb like his; calling himself Christ, and surrounded with the attributes of Christ; and in this way denying Christ, and refusing to acknowledge his history and his power. And such a power cannot come, except in the form of Christianity, and with the name of a Church; and such is the exclusive pretence of Popery, at the very time when it is violating, by its exactions, the fundamental laws both of Christianity and of the Church.

It is to be a single individual—not an individual apart from an organized society of men, for such a being must be powerless, without aids and instruments to magnify the range of his reason and of his faculties, so as to embrace an empire; but it must be *a society* thoroughly absorbed and concentrated in the hand of some one man, before whom all resistance is powerless; to whom all wills are subdued; who can see with a thousand eyes of dependent spies as clearly and as certainly as with his own; who can move the arms and limbs of marshalled hosts with the same precision as his own body; who can hear a whisper at the extremity of the globe, by means of his dispersed reporters; whom no tongue dares to malign, no heart to disobey, no obstacle to impede; who has so organized his ministers and servants, setting spy against spy, and ruler over ruler, that no movement of independent power can arise without its being instantly crushed; who knows the very thoughts of the hearts of all his followers; who can send them as he will to the most distant regions, exacting from them an unmurmuring obedience; fascinating them, as by a spell, to take pride and delight in their chains; and distributing to them their several functions with an unerring insight into their peculiarities of character and talent; who, moreover, can so frame the minds of men to his own standard, and mould them to his will by the process of education, that his

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own image shall be everywhere reflected in them; who stands alone in the plenitude of power, when all other authorities have been destroyed in the collision of popular turbulence; and who, when the whole world has bowed down before him, and he has trampled for a short space on the necks of kings, and bathed himself in the blood of saints, shall be cast down suddenly and awfully by the presence of Christ himself. And if an organization ever existed, or could even be imagined by the mind, completely realizing such a fact, entirely absorbing a whole enormous community in the person of a single individual, and giving to him this temporary omnipotence, it is the fearful Society which has arrogated to itself exclusively the name of CHRIST; and which having, in the nineteenth century, been resuscitated as the express servant and instrument of Popery, is its true organ and representative—the Constitution of the Jesuits.

Considerations like these ought to be pressed home to the minds of those who, in their dread and dislike of one extravagance in religion, are inclined to look too leniently on its opposite extravagancies; and to forget the sins and the dangers of Popery in the sins and dangers of Dissent. But Dissent, with all its evils, cannot be the enemy which Christianity has ultimately to fear. It has no organizing principle to give it permanence of sway. It may have its outbreak of an hour, startling the world with its explosions; but the evil power which is to come in the last days, and which not only Scripture has foreseen, but the deepest of human philosophers,* while tracing the progress of society, has almost as minutely described—this power must be something higher. It may draw within it the spirit of Democracy, and shape it to its purpose, but it cannot be itself Democracy, which has no stability; not Liberalism, which has no principles; nor Atheism, which has no foundation in the reason; nor Blasphemy, which shocks the ear; nor Sensuality, which disgusts the eye. It must appear in a holy garb, under holy pretences, and with a show of truth and wisdom. And if with this, in Popery, is blended a spirit which really fraternizes and assimilates itself with all the worst forms of popular licence, it reconciles the two seemingly contradictory conditions; it solves the problem of the prophecy; and may at least require to be watched with no little alarm.

With jealousy and alarm—let us conclude—against *the system*;—and not hatred but pity towards the individual, or the Church, in which the system is struggling, with more or less success, for its final and perfect developement.

Such is our learned and pious author's conclusion; and one consideration, with which we will close, must press his cha-

* Plato de Repub., lib. xii.

ritable doctrine home to the minds of Englishmen—the state of our own country.* If there be a spirit of evil working from the beginning in the world, and struggling to raise up an Antichrist to confront and battle with the spirit of good upon earth; and if it be for that purpose suborning and moulding to its hands one great branch of the Catholic Church, tempting it with the apple of knowledge and with the lust of power, as it tempted our first parents—and if Providence has severed from the impending corruption, and raised up a witness to the truth, and an antagonist against the evil, in the person of the English Church—and if against this Church, as against their most dangerous foe, the powers of evil have gathered and fought from the beginning, in the hope that with her destruction the conquest of the world would be easy—it would be no strange thing to see an Antichrist, stamped with the same marks and leagued to the same end, rising up secretly upon our own ground, and aiming the same blows at the Church, though under a different disguise. Let us ask ourselves if this is not the case.

If Popery has tampered with the faith once delivered to the saints by adding to it, the ruling power of England—the boasted ‘Spirit of the Age’—has taken from it. It has introduced a system of education without a creed, or with a creed composed by itself, and omitting every article with which heretics might presume to quarrel. If Popery in its curious profaneness has threatened to touch the most holy and awful doctrines of the faith—the Trinity, and the Divinity of our Lord,—the British legislature has fraternized with itself, and classed, under the common pretence of Christianity, sects which openly deny both. If Popery has her adoration of images, the British empire has a worship of Mammon—a system framed upon the acknowledged axiom that wealth is the good of nations and of man, and impregnated with that spirit of covetousness which the Scriptures declare to be idolatry. If Popery has her worship of saints, England too has her pantheon of heroes, and poets, and kings, and philosophers, and statesmen, to whom it points the eye of the nation for imitation and reverence, as if they held in their hands the laws and dispensations of good and of knowledge, and whom it canonizes and consecrates in the very temple of God, though the Church knows nothing of them. Like Popery, the age has its miracles—its miracles of art and science, on which it builds its power and claim to obedience, and by which it would cheat the mind to rest contentedly in the wisdom of its system, and to recognize its almost supernatural command over the elements of the world. Popery has trifled with the sanctity of marriage. But the age has its

* See Lect. vi, p. 46.

Malthusian theory; and the British legislature has been compelled, openly and authoritatively, to desecrate the marriage tie. Popery has its extravagancies of asceticism; but there is an ascetic and monastic system now established in the manufacturing districts and in every parish union of England—compelling, as a punishment upon poverty, that abstinence from domestic comfort, that harsh sad labour, that negation of all bodily enjoyment, which Popery only prescribed as a duty for the improvement of sanctity, or the mortification of sin. How far such a system be necessitated by the circumstances of the country we do not say. That it does exist—that it may be necessary—that men, who in their hearts condemn it, feel themselves compelled to submit to it—this must, surely, be sufficient to alarm a Christian at the condition of a nation which has generated such a system.

It would be painful (though not difficult) to trace the parallel much farther. One great feature indeed our mystery of evil wants; the one which round even the sins of Popery throws something of interest and dignity, and captivates the imagination even to delude the reason. It has no unity; it struggles indeed for power; it centralizes, subordinates, systematizes, strives to spread itself into every province of society, to raise up future generations impregnated with its own principles, and to choke and trample on every root from which a different spirit may spring up. But it is too gross and monstrous in its first axioms, too palpably opposed to religion and truth in even its pretensions to them both, for it to obtain among mankind an extensive or durable sway. Every democracy, sooner or later, will pass into a tyranny. Establish the rule of the many, and the many must finally take refuge from their own crimes and follies in the rule of one. And thus when the features of Antichrist are traced in the spirit of the age, this is to be regarded only as a brief and passing manifestation of its power, coming before us under the form most tempting to our present state of mind, but in reality soon about to pass into some shape more like to truth and goodness, and, therefore, more dangerous to them both.

Another phase and form may still await it, and that phase be Popery. When the work of the demagogue has been accomplished, and an impoverished, bewildered, exhausted people is sinking down in the agonies of remorse and the darkness of despair of unbelief, Rome will be ready at its ear to offer its unction and its rule as the last and only refuge from the destruction into which it has plunged them; and if England once more become Rome's, how long will the coming of Antichrist be delayed upon earth? *Absit, precamur omen!*

- ART. VII.—1. *The Anti-Corn-Law Circular*. J. Gadsby, Manchester. 1839—1841.
2. *The Anti-Bread-Tax Circular*. Gadsby, Manchester. 1841, 1842.
3. *The Anti-Bread Tax Almanack*. Gadsby, Manchester. 1841, 1842.
4. *Daily Bread; or, Taxation without Representation resisted; being a Plan for the Abolition of the Bread-Tax—'Give us this day our daily bread.'* By One of the Millions. pp. 32. 1841.
5. *Union, the Patriot's Watchword on the Present Crisis*. By the Rev. Henry Edwards, &c. pp. 24. Manchester and London. 1842.
6. *The Lawcraft of Landcraft; with Legislative Illustrations*. By James Acland, one of the Lecturers of the National Anti-Corn-Law League.
7. *Address to the Middle and Working Classes engaged in Trade and Manufactures throughout the Empire, on the Necessity of Union at the Present Crisis*. By Richard Gardner, Esq., B.A. Manchester. 1842.

WE are aware that the publications, the names of which we have prefixed to this article, scarcely deserve to be considered as *literature*—they are but a few specimens of the ephemeral spawn of incendiary tracts, advertisements, and placards, with which the Anti-Corn-Law Associations inundate the country. But, affecting to appeal to reason, and having no doubt considerable influence in some quarters, they bring themselves within our jurisdiction; and we on our part are not sorry to accept the occasion they present of bringing—as far as in us lies—to the tribunal of public opinion the foulest, the most selfish, and altogether perhaps the most dangerous combination of recent times. We hardly can except the great Jacobin league, generated by the French revolution; because Jacobinism was a ‘bold-faced villain,’ enthusiastic and indiscreet, who avowed his real designs, and was therefore more easily dealt with than these hypocritical associations, which, ‘grown, like Satan, wiser than of yore,’ assume more cautious forms and more plausible pretences in pursuit of the same ultimate object. Indeed, this new League has in many respects fraternised with the old Jacobin spirit of enmity to our existing institutions, which has for half a century taken so many
various

various shapes, and which is now ready to join the new revolutionary banner, that substitutes for the vague motto of 'THE RIGHTS OF MAN' the more intelligible but equally deceptive war-cry of 'CHEAP BREAD.'

The *Anti-corn-law* agitation was for a time paralysed by the direction which the late outbreak in the manufacturing districts happened to take. The League had expected to be only lookers-on while the mob destroyed other people's property, and were equally surprised and stunned when some of the ruins glanced off on their own heads. They are now beginning to recover their *spirits*—we do not say their *senses*—for, instead of profiting by the experience they have just had of the danger, *even to themselves*, of exciting those whom, when once excited, they have no power to restrain, they are now busy reorganising a new agitation, and have even ventured to propose to raise by public contribution the sum of 50,000*l.*, to give renewed vigour to their lawless crusade—a *crusade*, indeed, we may call it—for, as we shall see presently, it pollutes and perverts the most sacred topics into incentives to pillage and bloodshed.

It is not *our* province to pronounce whether this levying money for the avowed purpose of forcing the legislature to alter the law of the land be not *per se* criminally punishable; but we will take upon ourselves to say that, considered in connexion with all the previous proceedings of those associations, it is illegal and in the highest degree unconstitutional. We cannot conceive that any man, entertaining the slightest respect for the law, the constitution, or even the public peace, would contribute to the funds of these associations, if he were aware of what their proceedings have been, and what, under the pretence of '*cheap bread*,' their real objects indisputably are. The summary which we are now about to give of the history of these associations may, we hope, have the doubly salutary effect of *opening people's eyes and closing their purses!*

We feel this to be the more necessary, because, amongst other exertions towards forwarding this subscription, the advocates of the League have taken the bold line of denying—not of merely palliating, for that might look like repentance—but of utterly denying the violent language and proceedings that had been imputed to them. An assertion so extravagant, if it had been made by one of the usual organs of the League, we should have hardly thought worthy of notice—but when we find it produced and circulated under the name and authority of a *Peer of Parliament*, it becomes so grave a matter as to deserve, we feel, to be probed to the bottom. A letter has been just published, addressed by LORD

KINNAIRD

KINNAIRD to *Mr. Smith*, one of the hired lecturers of the League, and secretary of the London Anti-Corn-Law Association, in which his Lordship avows himself an original member of the League—*denies, on its part, the charge of violence, &c., made against it*—gives many, of what he no doubt calls, reasons for his hostility to the Corn Laws, and advocates with great earnestness the success of the subscription. We shall not follow his Lordship into a discussion of the policy, justice, or operation of the corn laws; we have debated those questions so recently, and our opinions have stood so entirely unshaken by any adverse argument, and have been so wonderfully confirmed by growing experience, that we are enabled to resist the temptation of exposing the futility and inconsistency on these points of Lord Kinnaird's letter, which indeed exhibits, in a most striking way, the peculiarity which seems distinctive of Anti-Corn-Law writers as a class—namely, that all their *facts* happen, by a lucky coincidence, to overturn all their *arguments*. His Lordship is, it seems, a farmer; and while his letter professes to advocate a low price of corn, it is filled with the bitterest complaints of the low prices of *it* as well as of every other kind of agricultural produce. The jumble between his profession of free-trade principles, and his agony at the least practical approach to them, is sufficiently comic; and, if we had not graver matters in hand, we should desire no better sport than to *run* him for twenty minutes; but our present business is neither with his Lordship's opinions on farming nor free-trade, but with his *evidence* in defence of the League—with certain *matters of fact*, which on his own personal authority he roundly denies, and which we think that we can, on still higher authority, indisputably establish. His Lordship's statement is—

'THE LEAGUE HAS AT NO TIME BEEN THE ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL FORCE, OR HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE LATE POPULAR TUMULTS. Their object is to instil knowledge into the minds of the people, and to publish facts, the PLAIN STATEMENT of which is quite sufficient to arouse the indignation of honest and feeling men against our commercial laws, without the use of VIOLENT LANGUAGE, which can only injure a cause, instead of advancing its interest.'—*Morn. Chron.*, Nov. 26, 1842.

This statement has been, as might be expected, received by the League with great exultation; it was peculiarly welcome, for at the moment of its arrival the League had received some mortifying hints of disapprobation, even on scenes of its former successes. Lord Kinnaird's letter was therefore quite a prize. It has been reprinted and circulated, and quoted and puffed, with great industry and triumph; and who shall now say that the League
ever

ever used '*violent language*,'—or menaced the Government with the application of '*physical force*'—or did anything towards producing the late '*popular tumults*'—when a peer of Parliament, himself a member of the League, publicly, and on his own responsibility, solemnly asserts that *they did not*?

Now, upon each of these points WE JOIN ISSUE with LORD KINNAIRD; and we trust that—considering not merely the rank and station of the champion who has thus thrown down the gauntlet, but the grave importance of the public question he has provoked—we shall be excused for entering into what might otherwise be thought a superfluity of detail.

We must begin by observing that there are *two* leading anti-corn-law associations: the one, instituted in January, 1839, styled the *Manchester Anti-Corn-Law Association*; and the other, which grew out of it three months later, under the title of the *National Anti-Corn-Law LEAGUE*.

There is little real distinction between these associations—none, we believe, but that the *Manchester Association* professes to be a *local*, and the *League* assumes to be '*a general and national union*.' The leading members, however, and governing bodies of both societies being almost identical, both having the same purse, and their professed objects, and the machinery for executing them, being common to both, the two societies may, in common parlance and for general discussion, be considered as one. The formation of the *Manchester Anti-Corn-Law Association* was first suggested at a dinner given to Dr. Bowring in Manchester, by the friends of Free Trade, in September, 1838. On the 10th January, 1839 the project was so far ripened that the following persons, who may be considered the founders of the institution, were nominated a committee to solicit and receive subscriptions to carry it into effect:—

' J. B. Smith, Esq.
Mr. Alderman Cobden
Mr. Alderman Kershaw
Mr. Alderman Callender

Mr. Alderman Shuttleworth
J. C. Dyer, Esq.
R. H. Greg, Esq.
H. Hoole, Esq.'

Manchester Times, 12th January.

On the 28th January the Association was formally organized at a general meeting, which passed several fundamental resolutions, of which the two first and only important ones were:—

' 1. That the Association be called the "*Manchester Anti-Corn-Law Association*," and its object is hereby declared to be to obtain, by all *legal and constitutional* means, such as the formation of local Anti-Corn-Law Associations, the delivery of lectures, the distribution of tracts, the insertion of articles in the public papers, and forwarding petitions to parliament, the total and immediate repeal of the corn and provision laws.

' 2. No

‘ 2. No party political discussion shall, on any account, be allowed at any of the general or committee meetings of the Association; nor shall any resolution be proposed, or subject entertained, which shall be at variance with the declared object of the Association.’

The other resolutions relate to the amount of subscription, the appointment of the council and other officers, and of Finance, Executive, and Petitioning Committees; and the following *Justices of the Peace* appointed by her Majesty’s Commission for the borough of Manchester, in addition to the four *aldermen* above named, were elected into the council, viz. :—

Elkanah Armitage,	William Neeld,
John Brooks,	J. B. Smith,
Robert Stuart,	C. J. S. Walker,
John Hyde,	James Murray,
A. Watkins,	Thos. Potter, Esqrs.—

—Mr. Potter (now Sir T. Potter) being at this time mayor of Manchester; and all these *magistrates* having continued members of the Council of the Association at the period of the late disturbances, except Mr. Murray, whose name we do not now see in the list, and Mr. Neeld, who was then mayor of the town, but who, in consequence, we believe, of what he saw during those disturbances, has had the good sense and candour to retire from the League. We must also observe that Mr. Holland Hoole, who appears on the constituent committee of the Association, was also a magistrate, and in 1841-2 *chief magistrate*, of the adjoining borough of Salford.

The appointment of the too notorious *Frost* to the magistracy of Newport did no great credit to Lord John Russell’s discretion as a leader, or his sense of duty as a minister; and we regret to say that whenever subsequent events have called attention to any of his other appointments, particularly in the new boroughs, they are found to be liable, though in different degrees, to the same kind of objection. The men selected by him have been generally of a very decided bias *against* our political and religious establishments, and in many respects very unfit for the situations in which they were placed.

This conduct of Lord John Russell in the appointment of those magistrates is in every way so remarkable, and we think so reprehensible, that we extract from the debates of the House of Commons (5th of May, 1842) the following summary of his Lordship’s nomination of magistrates in some of the principal towns of the district in which the transactions we are about to detail have occurred :—

Birmingham

Number of Magistrates.			Number of Magistrates.		
	Whig and Radical.	Conservative.		Whig and Radical.	Conservative.
Birmingham . . .	27	6	Liverpool . . .	25	6
Bolton . . .	11	3	Macclesfield . . .	6	0
Carlisle . . .	10	1	Manchester . . .	29	4
Coventry . . .	12	0	Nottingham . . .	12	4
Derby . . .	8	0	Newcastle . . .	13	3
Kendal . . .	4	0	Pontefract . . .	4	0
Kidderminster . . .	6	2	Richmond . . .	4	0
Hull . . .	18	3	Stockport . . .	12	0
Lancaster . . .	5	1	Sunderland . . .	10	0
Leeds . . .	17	4	Walsall . . .	6	1
Licencester . . .	11	1	Warwick . . .	5	1
Lichfield . . .	6	0	Wigan . . .	13	1

Nor was the selection more impartial throughout the country, as the following account of eighteen principal towns will show:—

	Whig and Radical.	Conservative.		Whig and Radical.	Conservative.
Bath . . .	9	2	Oxford . . .	5	1
Boston . . .	5	6	Plymouth . . .	7	2
Bridgewater . . .	7	2	Poole . . .	8	1
Canterbury . . .	8	0	Portsmouth . . .	11	0
Flint . . .	8	0	Rochester . . .	4	1
Grimsby . . .	7	0	Shrewsbury . . .	5	2
Hereford . . .	6	1	Truro . . .	2	0
Ipswich . . .	8	2	Worcester . . .	8	1
Lincoln . . .	7	1	Yarmouth . . .	19	1

And we believe that in Manchester, Stockport, and Bolton there was hardly one magistrate (except the seven Conservatives, out of a total of fifty-nine) who was not a member, and most of them very active members, of the Anti-Corn-Law Association and League. Never, we believe, was there before revealed such a flagrant and extensive prostitution of magisterial appointments for mere party purposes. The result was as might be expected.

As the insurrection in Wales was a practical commentary on the appointment of Frost, so was the capture of *Manchester*, *Stockport*, and *Bolton*, by an *unresisted* mob, a striking test of the propriety of Lord John Russell's *unilateral* nomination of *Anti-Corn-Law* Magistrates in these three towns. Our readers will see by and by whether some of them are not fairly chargeable with more than faults of omission.

Let us not be misunderstood, as complaining that a minister appoints magistrates of his own political colour—we do no such thing—but we complain that men have been appointed who had

no other pretension than their political colour, but, on the contrary, had many positive disqualifications—who were unfit from station and character for any such trust—who were factious and turbulent when they should have been quiet, and were pusillanimous or torpid when they should have been active. Nor do we complain that magistrates should attend public meetings or belong to associations beyond their official sphere. By no means. A magistrate is, indeed, bound to be more scrupulous as to the places where he may appear than an ordinary person is expected to be; but any reasonable objection to his attending a meeting, or belonging to an association, must arise from the proceedings and character of the particular meeting or association; and it is *with this view* that we earnestly entreat our readers—as we travel through the incendiary proceedings of these bodies to the final outbreak of the insurrection in last August—never, for a moment, to forget the *double position and influence* of all these persons as Members of the *Council of the Association*—and as *Magistrates in the Corporations of the towns*.

The Association was no sooner organised than, on the rejection of Mr. Villiers's motion for the repeal of the Corn Laws, early in 1839, it received from a number of delegates, summoned, it seems, by its own authority, a commission

'to unite all the towns and districts in the empire in one *great Anti-Corn-Law LEAGUE* for the purpose of employing competent lecturers, supporting a stamped *circular* [*setting up a newspaper*], procuring the aid of the public press, and adopting every *legitimate and constitutional* mode of appealing to the *good sense* and co-operation of the people.'—*Manchester Times*, 30th March, 1839.

And all this in consequence of '*the unjust refusal of the House of Commons to hear evidence at the bar of Parliament*;' and in the

'belief that the *great struggle* for freedom of industry against the *misgovernment of a rich and powerful aristocracy* has now commenced.'—*Ib.*

We beg our readers to note this first and fundamental proclamation of the *League*, which affects to talk of '*a legitimate and constitutional*' appeal, and in the same breath denounces the '*injustice of the House of Commons*'—the reformed House of Commons!—and heralds with anticipated triumph '*the commencement of a struggle between the people and the misgovernment of the aristocracy*!' We shall soon see more strikingly what the League calls appealing to the '*good sense* of the people.'

The League thus constituted, and thus disposed, began to prepare itself for the menaced '*struggle*' with considerable activity. They established their newspaper, called the *Anti-Corn-Law*

Law Circular—and they hired three itinerant lecturers, of the names of Paulton, Acland, and Smith (to the last of whom Lord Kinnaird's letter is addressed), to preach their doctrines through the country. In a report made by the Council of the League in January, 1840, they boasted that 'they had printed and circulated 150,000 copies of various pamphlets against the Corn Laws—that the Anti-Corn Law Circular had issued 160,000 copies—that 400 lectures had been delivered by the hired lecturers, and that probably 800,000 persons had been addressed [that is *harangued*] by the emissaries and associates of the League.' And this, they add, has been done at an expense of about 4500*l.* already paid, and a debt of 1200*l.*!

Is it not wonderful that the people who published these boasts, and who up to this day continue to publish similar statements, do not see that, whether true or false, they sap the very foundation of their argument? If the grievance of the Corn Laws had been real—if there were any disposition in the *people* to commence a struggle with the 'oppressive aristocracy,' and, above all, on a subject of such hourly interest and importance as the price of bread—would they have waited so long—would they have waited so patiently—and would it have required such exertions, such lecturing, and such labour, to awaken and rouse the sensibility of the masses of the people? And are we not, on the contrary, justified in wondering that all this costly apparatus, and all these incendiary provocations, had—as we shall see they for a long time had—so little general effect—none at all, we may say, beyond the focus of the concentrated influence of the Association and the League; and even thereabouts we do not believe that they had *at first* much other effect than to make Mr. Cobden member of parliament for Stockport—as a similar kind of merit had before recommended Mr. Hunt to Preston, and Mr. Cobbett to Oldham. The Reform Bill has certainly rendered that species of distinction more easy and more frequent; and we think we can see that a chief attraction of the League for some of its busiest leaders is its *electoral* influence. It has had of late several candidates of its own in the field; and, if we are not much misinformed, there were other candidates, not so ostensibly connected with them, to whom the League contributed something more tangible and more valuable than its *influence*.

But this motive, powerful as it probably is with a few leading members of the League, can be of very limited operation; the more general incentives are the hope on the part of the *master* manufacturers of *lowering wages*, and the zeal of the old republican party and the Chartists, who have coalesced with the League, to pull down the aristocracy.

It would be useless to attempt to detail the steps by which these objects were pursued during the *late* administration; the leaders had no desire to embarrass *that* government which they knew was so weak, so entirely dependent on any half-dozen votes, that they confidently reckoned that what they called moral agitation would suffice for them. They were partly right and partly wrong—the ministry did not dare to put itself in direct opposition to the League; but then, on the other hand, they were themselves (at least the most influential of them) pledged, both by their public engagements and by their private conviction, to some degree of agricultural protection. They had also amongst their supporters some country gentlemen, whose votes were fully as valuable as those of the Leaguers, and whom a total surrender of the Corn Laws would have alienated. This difficulty would soon have become very serious, and would probably have, of itself, sufficed to dissolve Lord Melbourne's ministry—but before that crisis had arrived they felt that they were breaking down under a general accumulation of embarrassments, and they prepared to escape from their dilemma by proposing to abrogate the gradual scale, and to substitute a fixed duty of *eight shillings*. This device had three objects:—1. to satisfy their own pledges and soothe the feelings of their landed supporters, by admitting the *principle* of *protection*; 2. to gratify the League by a duty illusory in itself, and leading eventually to its own total abrogation; and 3. to embarrass their successors by creating an agitation and conflict of parties and opinions, in which their own *double-faced* proposition would allow them to take whichever side might suit best the purposes of their faction. It was then that the League—seeing it no longer necessary to keep measures with the expiring government, and still less with that which was approaching—began to agitate in good earnest, and the general election which ensued afforded additional opportunities for their activity.

They began by changing the *title* of their newspaper; the '*Anti-Corn-Law Circular*' became the '*ANTI-BREAD-TAX Circular*.' This change of name indicates the new direction which the efforts of the League were about to take; hitherto they had been acting in the interest of what they called the '*middle classes*'—meaning of the *masters*—both manufacturers and tradesmen—whose object was to *lower the wages* of the workmen, which there can be no doubt that the abolition of the Corn Laws would do. But it was now resolved to try stronger measures, and to '*appeal*' not, as at first professed, '*to the good sense of the people*,' but to the blind impulses and physical force of the masses. For this purpose the term *BREAD-TAX* was invented and adopted, and that idea was kneaded and worked out

out into a variety of deceptive shapes. We shall extract a few examples of those proceedings from the '*Anti-Bread-Tax Circular*'—premising that this paper is not merely the *organ*, but the actual *creature* and *property*, of the Association:—

'*Speaking to the Senses*.—Mr. J. D. Carr [a baker in Carlisle] showed his noble and untiring efforts in the good cause in the following manner: he baked a number of loaves of bread, taxed and untaxed (sixpenny loaves), the untaxed loaves having the value of twopence-halfpenny in bread more than the taxed. He got labels printed and exhibited in his windows, and sold them, to those who chose to exhibit them, at a loss to himself, and it has produced an astonishing effect. The day on which we procured the signatures to the borough petition we had men perambulating the streets with a *taxed* shilling loaf and an *untaxed* shilling loaf in contrast, mounted on boards for the purpose, below which was written, in striking characters, "No bread-tax! Petition! Petition!! Petition!!! *Give us this day our daily bread.*" When a customer goes for a sixpenny loaf to Mr. Carr's, he has his choice of a *large untaxed* one, or a small *taxed* one. On choosing the former, the tax of twopence-halfpenny is immediately demanded for the landowner, which produces immediate conviction.'—*Circular*, No. 55.

Again—

'I have exhibited in the market-place this day two loaves, price one shilling each, the taxed one and the untaxed one. They spoke volumes. Half of the labouring people did not know that there was any tax on bread. The difference in the size of the loaves spoke home to their senses. It was a good lecture for them, and *added many names to the petition*. It has also enlisted the females on the large-loaf side, and many of them said that they would send their husbands to sign the petition which I had laid open for signature. (*From Mr. Toms, of Torrington.*)'—*Circular*, No. 61.

We need not insist on the weight and value of *petitions* obtained by such delusions: but again—

'In connexion with the above we may inform our readers that the Manchester Association have procured wooden models, answering to the respective sizes of the American and English eightpenny loaves, the former being one-third larger than the latter, which they have affixed on poles to a van, or "moving advertiser," drawn daily along the public streets. To these loaves are attached labels,—"*English eightpenny loaf; wages, two shillings a-day.*" "*American eightpenny loaf; wages, four shillings a-day.*" In addition to these, an immense placard is posted on each side of the van, with the following words,—

"What lowers wages?—The bread-tax.

"What starves the operative?—The bread-tax.

"What ruins masters?—The bread-tax.

"Down, down with the infamous bread-tax!!!"

I sight attracts constant groups of on-lookers, and it promises
to

to be a most effective mode of agitation. We understand it is about to be adopted in London.'—*Circular*, No. 58.

Yes, it was adopted in London; our readers will recollect the disgraceful exhibition, at Lord John Russell's City contest, of a large *Russell* loaf and a small *Peel* loaf (see *Q. R.*, vol. lxviii. p. 509): but, contrary to the expectation of the inventors, it produced little or no sensation either here or in the country—the incendiary sophism was everywhere detected and despised—a result that was not a little helped by the fact, that at the very moment of these processions corn was coming in at a *Peel* duty of one shilling, instead of the *Russell* duty of eight. So that, as far as the 'infamous bread-tax' was concerned, a *Peel* loaf might be bought at one penny, while a *Russell* loaf would cost eight-pence.

On the defeat of the Melbourne ministry on Lord Sandon's motion, the agitation of the League assumed a still more violent and dangerous character:—

'*Sir Robert Peel and the Infernal Machine.*—Mr. Brooks [*a Russell magistrate*] at our late Anti-Corn-Law tea-party gave a new name to the sliding scale, when he called it the *infernal machine*. We hope the name will be generally adopted by the anti-bread-tax party. This will undoubtedly be doing an injustice to the inventor of the Parisian infernal machine. Fieschi compassed the death of fifteen persons only, whilst the sliding invention, of which Sir Robert Peel is the patron, has subjected *hundreds of thousands to the lingering torments of starvation.*

'The *sliding scale* is a perfect scheme of *legalized murder and robbery*. . . . We were prepared for Sir Robert Peel's declaration in favour of the *infernal machine*. He has given himself over to the bread-taxers. He is, from this time, the pledged enemy of the people of this country. He and his followers are political Ishmaelites; their hands are in every honest man's pocket. Let all who desire to escape their plunder nerve their hearts for the coming *election*, when the cry must be "*Down with Peel! down with his followers! down with their infernal machine, the sliding scale!*"'

And again, an article headed

'MURDER.

"*They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger: for these pine away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field.*"—*Lamentations* iv. 9. . . .

'The Corn-Law is the wholesale cause of the starvation and disease which are ravaging the humble dwellings of our poorer brethren. They who uphold that law are virtually the *murderers of their fellow-creatures*:—the riches of those who profit by it are stained with the blood of human victims, and they who look coldly on, and neglect the means

means in their power to abolish the law, are equally the accomplices in the guilt of *murder*.'—*Circular*, No. 62.

Our readers will have observed that this last extract is prefaced by a text from Scripture; and throughout all the proceedings of the League we find frequent similar instances of the profane and hypocritical abuse of sacred texts and topics. We are reluctant to allude to such matters, but the history of the League would be incomplete, if we did not notice as a prominent feature in their proceedings the attempt to make the repeal of the Corn-Laws—to use their own language—'*a religious question*;' and accordingly the League have incessantly laboured to make religious feelings subservient to their political agitation against the Corn-Law. The law itself has been declared to be '*a practical blasphemy*,' sustained by '*satanic agency*;' and its supporters have been denounced, in fierce and unmeasured language, as '*impious and irreligious*' men; '*men to be abhorred and cursed*.' Scriptural quotations and allusions, in prose and verse, with this object and tendency, abound in their publications.

The *Circular*, when it assumed the name of *The Anti-Bread-Tax Circular*, placed on its title-page some passages of Scripture by way of mottoes, and among them the following:—

'The bread of the needy is his life; he that defraudeth him thereof is a man of blood.'—*Eccles.* xxxiv. 21.

'He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him.'—*Prov.* xi. 26.

In the *Circular*, No. 7, is a form of prayer, entitled '*An Anti-Bread-Tax Collect*,' beseeching '*Almighty God to overrule the deliberations of our Parliament, to relieve the wants of famishing thousands*,' &c.

In one of Mr. Cobden's speeches, reported in the '*Morning Chronicle*' of the 26th of May, 1841, there occurs this passage:—'*He should say the man who votes for the bread-tax, under the present circumstances of the country, was not a practical believer in the Holy Scriptures*.'

Every one recollects with disgust that wholesale and irreverent assemblage of 645 dissenting ministers, and one Anglican clergyman, at Manchester, about the time of the general election, with the scarcely-concealed object of making the religion they professed the cloak of faction and the tool of mischief. The mode in which this strange synod was brought together is highly characteristic. The unction of their language and the fervency of their zeal would have led one to suppose that their meeting was the result of a spontaneous and conscientious impulse, or at least the suggestion of one of their own *reverend* body, acting under such an impulse. Nothing like it. In the summer of 1841 the League obtained—we know not on what terms—the services of a Mr. George Thompson,

Thompson, the same, we believe, who occasionally *agitates* at the India House, and who recently appeared as a candidate at Southampton. Mr. Thompson soon took a prominent part in the affairs of the League; and one of his first essays seems to have been the planning of this clerical Conference. On the 8th July he addressed a circular to all the ministers of Manchester and its vicinity, suggesting the propriety and advantage of a general religious movement, by means of a convention of ministers from all parts of the kingdom. Twenty-eight ministers met, who implicitly adopted the suggestion of their *lay-brother*; and accordingly the Dissenting Convocation was summoned by the more-than-royal writ of Mr. George Thompson to meet in Manchester for the despatch of business in the week between the 15th and 22nd August. We must not omit some specimens of the style of invitation addressed by the organ of the League to the expected Conference:—

‘We should wish to see at least a thousand Ministers of the Gospel assembled in Manchester on the 17th of August, to take counsel together, and then *to return home and make their pulpits resound through the length and breadth of the land with the denunciation of Heaven against a law which systematically starves the poor...*

‘Whatever may be the numerical amount of attendance at the approaching National Conference of Ministers of religion on the Food Monopoly, there is now no longer any question as to the sensation it has produced in every part of the kingdom. The evidences of sympathy, which pour in upon us almost hourly, abundantly prove that a chord has been touched whose vibrations will increase in intensity until no place is left for the *huge and blasphemous monster* which has so long disgraced our country in the *demoralization and death, by lingering torture, of our population*. *The hearts of the ministers of Christ have been retouched by a live coal* [Mr. George Thompson’s circular] *from the altar of religion and pure benevolence*. In the letters (nearly a thousand of which have been already received) we read the doom of the monopoly—*cursed of God and man*.’

Even Lord Kinnaird, we presume, must admit that this is rather ‘*violent language*.’

The Conference met—but *not* for the despatch of business—their irregular proceedings and impotent conclusion were too ridiculous to be mischievous, and had the single merit of bringing the hypocrites or fanatics who composed it to their proper level in public estimation. About the same time ninety dissenting ministers in Glasgow signed a petition, which seems to us *ejusdem farinae* as the Manchester programme just quoted—*showing*—

‘That, although they heartily coincide with their fellow-subjects in reprobating the Corn Laws, from their ruinous effects on the industry and prosperity of the British people, they feel persuaded that the chief aspect

aspect in which it becomes them, as Christians and as Christian ministers, to regard these impositions, is *their flagrant wickedness in the sight of Almighty God*, to whose Holy Word they are opposed, with the benevolent arrangements of whose providence they are at war, and whose just displeasure, if persisted in, they cannot fail to draw down.

‘That your petitioners beseech your honourable house to reflect whether, *in the sight of a just God*, the legislature can have the right to prevent the poor from obtaining bread at the cheapest market to which they have access; whether it is righteous to tax the poor and working classes in the midst of privation and suffering, to the extent of millions annually, by an artificial dearth of the necessities of life; *whether they are prepared to answer to the Judge of all for the straits and suffering*, as well as the perplexity and discontent, and other evils, moral as well as physical, which these laws unavoidably generate.

‘And that on these grounds your petitioners implore your honourable house, in the name of the country, in the name of humanity and justice, *above all, in the sacred name of religion, and of God ever blessed*, to abolish these unrighteous laws, with the least possible delay.

‘And your petitioners shall ever pray.’—Circular, No. 62.

In the same spirit *Anti-Corn-Law sermons*—distinctively so called—became almost as common as Anti-Corn-Law lectures. And we regret to be obliged to say that the extracts of those sermons published by the League appear to us to be, like the Manchester summons and Scotch petition, a compound of hypocritical cant and rabid faction. To those *reverend* persons who think themselves entitled to catechise others, we think we may be permitted to retort one of their own questions—‘*Whether they are prepared to answer to the great Judge of all for the straits and sufferings*’ of the hundreds of deluded men, and the thousands of innocent wives and children—the imprisoned—the banished—or the ruined victims of this Anti-Corn-Law Agitation?

We shall show—as clear as light—that to the provocations of the Anti-Corn-Law League the unhappy insurrection in the manufacturing districts is mainly chargeable. We speak advisedly; and shall prove what we say—that this *Anti-Corn-Law League*, which is now—under Lord Kinnaird’s certificate of innocence—soliciting subscriptions to enable it to renew its operations, *is the first and chief, if not the sole cause of the late disturbances, and of all the calamities which they have produced.*

On the accession of Sir Robert Peel’s Government the ravings of the press and the orators of the League became more violent, and they now began to menace more distinctly an appeal to physical force, and a direct revolutionary insurrection. A meeting of the inhabitants of Salford was called on the 20th of September, 1841, to petition Her Majesty not to prorogue Par-

liament. Mr. G. H. Hall, the boroughreeve (chief magistrate), was in the chair. Mr. Holland Hoole, and Mr. Potter, *Russell* magistrates and leading members of the League, were present. Mr. Massie, a dissenting minister of Manchester, a very prominent Leaguer and frequent and furious orator, made, as was his wont, a very inflammatory speech, in which—in allusion to Sir Robert Peel's appeal to the country not to prejudge his measures—Mr. Massie says,—

‘“You must wait,” said Sir Robert, “till February: you must wait till March; you must wait till the dog-days of next summer, when, perhaps, you may have three such days as you have had in Paris; but we will have hundreds of thousands of troops to move you down.” (Hear, hear.) This I conceive to be the policy of the party.’—*Manchester Guardian*, 22nd of September, 1841.

This allusion, which we shall find frequently repeated, to the three days of Paris was not a mere rhetorical flourish. It was notorious that those events had been mainly influenced by the dismissal by the disaffected master-manufacturers of their workmen into the streets—to fight or starve—and Mr. Massie's pregnant hint was soon followed up. An article in *The Morning Chronicle* of the 20th of October, 1841, points out—for the first time that we have observed it—the expedient of *stopping the mills and turning out the hands* as a mode of compulsion on the legislature.

‘From large manufacturers and capitalists in other places, statements have also been received to the effect that they have the power at once, if they had the will to use the means, of putting an end to the Corn Laws, and that they entertain seriously the intention of adopting them. These are to close all their mills, to send the mass of the rural population, to whom they now afford employment, home to their parishes, to be supported out of landlord-paid poor-rates, and to force the aristocracy to maintain the surplus agricultural population themselves, since they insist on depriving the commercial community of the only means by which they can do it.’

This idea was, however, dropped at this moment, to be reproduced next year, and, as we have since seen, CARRIED INTO EXECUTION. But the menace of *physical force* was still kept up.

The *Circular* of the 4th of November, 1841, says,—

‘There is an increasing distrust spreading, as to the possibility of abolishing the corn monopoly by peaceful means.’

Mr. Acland, the lecturer,

‘thought a crisis had arrived. He agreed with Colonel Thompson, that the time was coming when they must do something more than talk.’

Mr. Murray, another lecturer, at Nottingham, in a very excited meeting of Leaguers and Chartists, said—

‘He

‘He feared the coming of the time when *six millions of people* should arise, determined to be free with all the world.’—Circular, No. 75.

Again, in an address of the 10th of February, we find these passages:—

‘We ask our countrymen what is to be done now? We call on the *trampled* children of toil for a *sign*. We speak to the millions of *undaunted* and *dauntless hearts*. . . . And we reply, in the name of our country, in the name of mercy, in the name of justice, the *inhuman monopoly* of the food of *twenty-seven millions* of human beings shall *now* be *crushed* utterly and for ever!’—Circular, No. 82.

About the commencement of the present year a conference of the deputies of a batch of societies, which we had not before heard of, called *The Operative Anti-Corn-Law Associations*, was held at Manchester.

The League and Association, be it remembered, affected to belong to the *middle classes*, and, however revolutionary their ultimate wishes might be, their immediate object was *low wages*; but finding that they made no progress on that principle, they were driven into the necessity of connecting themselves with the operative classes, whom they endeavoured to allure and deceive by altering the title, though not the *essence*, of their object from *low wages* to its correlative, *cheap bread*. In pursuance of this juggle the League, between whom and the lower orders much animosity had been occasionally exhibited, now endeavoured, as they said, ‘to get the people at their back,’ and they therefore fostered this *Operative society*, and employed its agency to act upon the working people. The president of the Operative Association was Mr. Edward Watkin, son of Mr. Absalom Watkin, a *Russell magistrate*; and both father and son were on the council of the *Manchester Association*, and active members of the League. Messrs. Acland and Finnegan, paid lecturers of the League, took part in the proceedings, and influenced the passing of a resolution, summoning a general meeting of delegates from the working classes, to meet on New Year’s day at Manchester, and declaring as their fundamental principle and object,—

‘That this meeting pledges itself never to rest satisfied until monopoly is for ever done away with, and *compensation for years of misery* is made by the *aristocracy* to the labouring millions.’

Compensation! This was, indeed, a stride in advance, with which the more prudent members of the League were probably not altogether pleased; for the principle of ‘*compensation*’ might be brought into action against *master-manufacturers* who had lowered or short-paid what their workmen might consider fair wages, more plausibly, and above all more *immediately*, than against landlords, who had been only receiving a stipulated rent

from voluntary tenants, and whose acres were less liable to be plundered than shops and warehouses. Accordingly, when on New Year's day the great meeting summoned by the Operative Deputies took place at Manchester, Mr. Brooks, a *Russell magistrate* and Leaguer, being the chairman, propounded the business of the meeting in a very inflammatory, but, we believe, artful speech, in which he put forward his own and the League's object—an immediate petition for the repeal of the corn-laws—and endeavoured to throw into the background, as a fit subject of reference to a committee, the question of '*Compensation*.'

Mr. Brooks said—

'The object of this meeting is to petition for a total and immediate repeal of the corn laws; also for the appointment of a committee on the subject of compensation. Now, with respect to compensation, I am perfectly satisfied that justice will not be accomplished until that subject is considered: therefore I think it is quite right that there should be a committee to look into it, for my notion is, that when damage is done to any party, it must be repaired (*Applause*).'

In spite, however, of this damper, the *compensation* clause was adopted, and annexed to the petition for the repeal of the Corn Laws, in the following emphatic words:—

'That this meeting, though indignant,' &c., 'does consider it expedient—in order that the new House of Commons especially should be convinced of the wide-spread hatred of bread-tax oppression felt by the people of the United Kingdom and the general desire *not only* for the removal of an act of injustice, but for RETRIBUTION *upon those* who have perpetuated and profited by it—to petition both houses of parliament in favour of the total and immediate repeal of the bread and provision taxes, and to recommend in such petitions the immediate appointment of a committee to consider the best mode of making that *due compensation* which the *suffering people* of Great Britain and Ireland have a right to demand from the aristocracy of the country (*Cheers*).'*—Morning Chronicle*, January 3, 1842.

Here we have made a further stride—'the suffering people' have a right not only to *Compensation from*, but to RETRIBUTION UPON, the aristocracy of the country—the aristocracy being—as is clear from the whole tenor of these proceedings from first to last—every man who has an inch of land, or who receives a penny of rent; and we are much mistaken if these operatives would not, in the event of their success, consider Mr. Brooks and Mr. Cobden as clearly liable to make compensation and suffer retribution as Lord Fitzwilliam or Lord Radnor. The whole of this '*Compensation*' and '*Retribution*' affair is very curious and important, and has hitherto attracted but too little notice.

The Operative Deputies held several other meetings, at the last

last of which they passed a resolution which has two remarkable points:—

‘That Mr. Alexander Hutchinson and Mr. Isaac Higginbotham be requested to organize the Trades of Manchester on the question upon which the Conference has met; and that the former be requested to convey to Messrs. Sharp, Roberts, and Co.’s workmen the thanks of the meeting for their valuable address.’

It appears that those persons did execute the mission of organizing the Trades, and when the recent disturbances broke out, that organization was used for very dangerous purposes, though the League failed in inducing them to adopt the repeal of the Corn-Laws for their object. We know not for what ‘address’ the workmen of Messrs. Sharp, Roberts, and Co. were thus thanked, but we do know that, a little previous to this, many efforts were made to induce bodies of workmen to co-operate in the agitation. This matter deserves a little explanation. We find that in December, 1841, a plan was adopted of recruiting the finances of the League by a fancy fair, or, as they called it, *National Anti-Corn-Law Bazaar*. This scheme was selected, we suspect, not solely as the best means of raising money—though that was no doubt the main object—but also as an excuse for bringing the Ladies of Manchester and the neighbourhood before the public, as countenancing and promoting this agitation. It has been a frequent device of revolutionary agitators to bring women forward as a screen and safeguard to their own operations. The Reverend Mr. Massie, whose extreme violence on every occasion we have already noticed, in one of his furious harangues to the Conference about this time, had said,

‘He had read the page of history, and had looked at the bloody scenes that had occurred at the close of the last century upon the soil of France. He saw that at that time the first cry of the people was “Give us bread, and none of your gabble.” They were led by forms in women’s guise, but of masculine energy, and called out in the court of the Tuileries for immediate food; for that they were dying, and, dying, would not endure it (*Loud cheers*).’—*Morn. Chron.*, 12th Feb.

We must here pause to remark the frequent and menacing allusions of the agitators to the atrocities of the French revolution. The aristocracy is reminded that England might have ‘her Dantons and her Robespierres’ (*Circular*, No. 91)—a pious minister prays that ‘our amiable Queen may escape the fate of Louis XVI., and our country the horrors of the French Revolution’ (*Circular*, No. 69). We wish the reverend monitor had gone on to tell us from what party the Queen could possibly be in danger. We are warned in prose and in verse to ‘remember France,’ and in short they all appear to have had the French Revolution constantly

stantly floating in their minds—rather, however, in their *view* than in their *memory*, for it is quite clear to any one who knows the facts alluded to that the learned Mr. Massie had *not* ‘read the page of history,’ and knew nothing of the scenes he talked about: but he had heard, and that was enough for his purpose, that *women* had been made useful agents in the earlier stages of the French revolution; and it is probable that some idea of that sort suggested the frequent exhibition which these Anti-Corn-Law Associations make of *female* countenance and co-operation—a practice in our opinion equally offensive to good taste and good feeling, and destructive of the most amiable and valuable qualities of the female character. We find that the Council of the Manchester Anti-Corn-Law Association had invited the inhabitants to ‘an *anti-corn-law tea-party*, to be held on the 20th of May, 1841—gentlemen’s tickets, 2*s.*; ladies’, 1*s.* 6*d.* ;’ and, as a stronger lure to the sale of these tickets, the names of ‘Lady Potter’ and sixty other ladies were advertised as *stewardesses* of this assembly. So now the names of about 300 Ladies were pompously advertised as the *Patronesses* and *Committee* of the *National Bazaar*. We exceedingly wonder and regret that the members of the Association and League (the *Councils* of these two bodies organized the bazaar), and still more that anybody else, should have chosen to exhibit their wives and daughters in the character of political agitators; and we most regret that so many ladies—modest, excellent, and amiable persons we have no doubt in their domestic circles—should have been persuaded to allow their names to be *placarded* on such occasions—for be it remembered, this Bazaar and these *Tea-parties* did not even pretend to be for any *charitable* object, but entirely for the purposes of *political agitation*. On looking over the names it is some small consolation to observe, as indeed might have been guessed, that the ladies were the *femelles de ces mâles* with whom we had been long familiar as violent political partisans. With this preparatory hint the list of the Patronesses, published and republished, again and again, with vast ostentation, will not surprise our readers:—

The Right Hon. the Countess of Ducie.

The Right Hon. the Countess of Radnor.

The *Hon.* the Ladies Bouverie.*

Lady Potter.

Lady Pendlebury.

Lady Walmesley.

Mrs. Nelstrop, Mayoress of

Mrs. T. M. Gibson.

Stockport.

Mrs. Callender.

Mrs. Brotherton.

* It is evident that the names of these Ladies were given by some one who did not even know how to call them.

Mrs. Kennedy.	Mrs. Cobden.
Mrs. Hindley.	Mrs. H. Marsland.
Mrs. Sharman Crawford.	Mrs. Bowring.
Mrs. J. Brooks.	Mrs. J. Armstrong.
Mrs. Kershaw.	Mrs. R. H. Greg.
Mrs. Spencer.	The Misses Philips.
Mrs. Fitzsimon.	Mrs. T. Gisborne.

Lady Potter, Lady Pendlebury, and Lady Walmesley are the wives of three *Russell magistrates* of Manchester, Stockport, and Liverpool, who were selected for the honour of knighthood on the 1st of July, 1840, on bringing up addresses on the occasion of *Oxford's* assault on her Majesty. The selecting for this public distinction men so prominent in the violent proceedings of the League, and having, as we believe, no other recommendation, was, if possible, more offensive and inexcusable than their original nomination as magistrates. Of the Bazaar committee Mrs. Cobden was president, Mrs. Armitage, vice-president, Mrs. T. Woolley (the wife of a leading member of the Association and League), secretary. It is our business with this last lady that has led us into this episode of the Bazaar. We have before us a letter from Mrs. Secretary Woolley to one body of workmen (and we have reason to believe similar invitations were sent to others), the very address of which is worth notice. The letter begins thus :—

‘To the *Workmen* of Messrs. ———

‘*Gentlemen*——’

This juxtaposed designation of ‘*workmen*’ as ‘*gentlemen*’ comes oddly enough from so *anti-aristocratic* a pen. The lady-secretary then proceeds to tell the *gentlemen-workmen* that ‘she knows they have already made many personal sacrifices in the cause of education and suffering humanity,’ and therefore ‘appeals to them to stand forth and denounce as *unholy*, unjust, and cruel all restrictions on the food of the people.’ She acquaints them that ‘the ladies are resolved to perform *their* arduous part in the attempt to *destroy a monopoly* which, for *selfishness* and its *deadly* effects, has no parallel in the history of the world.’ ‘We therefore,’ she adds, ‘ask you for contributions—not of much value, knowing well the privations to which even many of you may be subjected—but from the young and unencumbered we solicit some proof of their good wishes in the *sacred* cause we advocate, and from them we would gratefully receive any specimens of their skill and industry, &c., which would *sell at high prices*, as many of us know from experience.’

Thus, then, a body of Manchester *workmen*, who have already contributed

contributed largely to benevolent purposes, are yet supposed to be in a condition to make a further sacrifice of products of their own industry, which would fetch *high prices*, to help a political agitation, whose object is to lower prices; and this modest and consistent proposition is made under the pretence that these very classes, whose supererogative liberality is thus taxed, are in the lowest depths of *penury—dying of starvation!* and, to crown the whole affair, we find that the *lady-secretary*, not trusting to the eloquence of her letter, sent simultaneously an emissary into the factory to stimulate the zeal and excite the jealousy and emulation of these *Manchester* workmen, by telling them that ‘the *working-men of Birmingham* had even *solicited* the ladies to allow *them* to send specimens to the bazaar;’—adding, ‘that no contributions would be more gratefully received than those of the *poorer classes*.’ Now surely, if there were any truth in the statements of the Leaguers, or any charity in their hearts, not only should the *poorer classes* have been exempt from such unreasonable solicitations, but whatever subscriptions might be obtainable from the wealthier orders should have been applied, not to *political agitation* throughout England, but to charitable relief at home. It is a curious coincidence that at the very time when the lady-secretary was thus soliciting *high-priced* contributions from the *poorer classes*, the contemporaneous number of the ‘*Circular*’ contains the following poetical statement of the miserable condition of those poorer classes, written and signed by the husband of one of the patronesses—himself also a patron of the Bazaar:—

“DIED OF STARVATION.”—*Coroner’s Inquests.*

‘I met FAMINE on my way,
Prowling for her human prey,
Clogg’d with filth and clad in rags,
Ugliest of all ugly hags.
Lo! a sceptre wreath’d of snakes
In her wither’d hand she shakes;
And I heard the hag proclaim,
“*Bread-tax* is my sceptre’s name!”
On remorseless mission bent,
Maiming, murr’ring as she went,
Spreading death from street to street,
O! I heard the hag repeat,
(Shudd’ring while I heard and saw,)
“MIDE is RIGHT, and MIGHT, and LAW!”

Then to solitude I flew—
“Gracious Heaven! can this be true?”
On my trembling knees I fell—
“God! thou God of mercy! tell,
Can the very fiends of hell,
In thy name their pandects draw,
And declare their licence—*law?*
Dare they, in thy holy sight,
To proclaim their robbery—*right?*
Rouse thee! raise thine awful rod!
Lord, how long? how long, O! God?”

JOHN BOWRING.—

Anti-Bread-Tax Circular, 79.

We are reluctant to give expression to the feelings that these proceedings and publications excite—nor is it necessary; the very facts—the *literæ scriptæ* are of themselves sufficient to excite public indignation.

The Bazaar produced, we are told, 10,000*l.*, which, with 80,000*l.* more, *how or where obtained* we know not, has been expended,
how

how or where we are equally ignorant, between the autumn of 1841 and the autumn of 1842, for the purposes of the League. This expenditure of 90,000*l.* in one year seems so incredible, that we shall state the proof of it.

In January, 1842, preparatory to holding the Bazaar, the League state that they had spent, up to the autumn of 1841, a sum bordering upon '*ten thousand pounds.*' In the address of the League, dated 20th of October last, proposing the new subscription of 50,000*l.*, they state that they had already expended 100,000*l.*—therefore between the autumn of 1841, when the expense had not reached 10,000*l.*, and the 20th of October, 1842, they had spent, according to their own account, above 90,000*l.* How and where could this enormous sum of 90,000*l.* have been applied? If from the institution of these societies in the beginning of 1839 (the first expenses of getting up such a machine being always the greatest) less than 10,000*l.* was expended up to the autumn of 1841—two years and nine months—how happens it that above *nine times* that sum has been expended in the single subsequent year? We are aware that in the earlier part of the time the League had three or four additional lecturers, and showed increased activity, but these slight additions cannot explain such a monstrous increase of expenditure. Where, then, has the money gone? *What public proceedings of the League can account for a tithe of the expenditure?* We know not—but we know, as everybody knows, that within the specified period there happened two public events in which the League took a great interest—the *general election* in 1841, and the *general turn-out* in 1842—and until the League shall give (which it never has done since January, 1840) some detailed account of its expenditure, we shall be justified in suspecting that the *general election* (to say nothing of some separate contests since) and the *general turn-out* have had something to do with the disappearance of the 90,000*l.*!

We have seen how much more violent the tone of the League became on Sir Robert Peel's accession to power; we shall now see that it grew still more inflammatory as he opened his measures—measures which, if the League had been honest, they ought to have received with approbation as unquestionably tending to diminish the prices of articles of the most general consumption: but quite the contrary; they saw in the wholesome and gradual alterations proposed an improvement and strengthening of the existing system—they felt that they were about to lose their most plausible and profitable grievances, and they therefore assailed the Government and its measures by the most inflammatory publications and proceedings—indeed, in now looking back

at all that passed, we wonder that the power of the insulted law was not called in to vindicate itself from such outrageous assaults.

On the 9th of February, 1842, the day appointed for Sir Robert Peel's motion on the Corn Laws, but before the sitting of the House of Commons, *six hundred* delegates or deputies (they seem to have used these titles indiscriminately), sent up to London, under the direction of the League, from the various provincial associations, assembled at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, where several speeches of extravagant violence were made to them; amongst others, one by a Mr. Taunton, of Coventry, for two or three extracts from which we must make room, to show the spirit that actuated this meeting, even before the ministerial measure was known:—

'Let them remember that there were periods of patience—that to those who were starved out of existence society had violated its duties. The social compact supposed social security and social justice; and if the laws did not give that justice and that security *the compact was broken, and allegiance to it dissolved* (Cheers)... *The legislature seldom yielded anything save but to fear; they should not therefore be too demure in their demands.* It was only when murmurs ran from mouth to mouth, and the passionate whiteness of indignation and insulted human nature was seen on every face—when men gathered together united as one man and in one cause—when *millions discovered their moral strength and determination*—then it was that hypocrites in power became honest—then it was that the tyrant prepared himself to grant concessions (Cheers)...'

'*But if the legislature opposed the people, they would commence an agitation all over the country for the thorough and complete purging of that corrupt House* (Tremendous cheering, which was continued for several minutes).'

This is what the League may call a '*legal and constitutional*' address, but will even Lord Kinnaird deny that it is '*violent*' language, and that these are menaces, not to be misunderstood, of '*physical force*'? What follows is, if possible, worse.

Just before the hour when the House of Commons met, the Deputies walked in procession from the Crown and Anchor Tavern to the door of the House, conducting themselves there with some violence, shouting at members as they passed, and causing tumult. According to the description of this scene in the '*Morning Chronicle*,' the

'Delegates walked, about *six hundred* in number, to the gates of the House of Commons; only one hundred obtained admission, the others were locked out.'

'*Only one hundred!*' The same paper thus describes the conduct of those who were locked out:—

'The delegates drew off from the doors of the House, and assembled in
Palace

Palace Yard. Mr. Prentice, of Manchester, then mounted to an elevated situation, and said, "The doors of the lobby are closed against us by order of those in power [*after 100 had been admitted!*]. It is impossible for us to get in to address the members as they pass. [*It would have been impossible for the members to pass, if 600 delegates, or half the number, had occupied the lobby.*]" The Corn Laws were passed under the protection of the bayonet, and the Tories now ensconce themselves behind the truncheons of the police (*Loud cheers*). But *the time is fast coming when the voice of the people will be heard, and their oppressors will quail before it.*"

Mr. Prentice is a member of the councils both of the League and of the Association. He is also the proprietor of the 'Manchester Times,' which is the organ of the Association.

As soon as Sir Robert Peel had made his statement, the one hundred delegates who had been admitted into the House to hear it, adjourned to Brown's Coffeehouse in Palace Yard, and there passed, 'after serious deliberation,' the following resolution:—

'That in the opinion of this meeting the measure just announced by Her Majesty's Government on the subject of the Corn Laws, so far from holding out the slightest prospect of any relief of the distress of the country, is *an insult to a patient and suffering people*, and the deputies view such a proposal as an indication that the landed aristocracy of this country are destitute of all sympathy for the poor, and are resolved, *if permitted by an outraged people*, to persist in a course of selfish policy which will involve the *destruction of every interest in the country.*'—*Morning Chronicle*, February 10, 1842.

These scenes cannot but remind our readers, not of the '*legal and constitutional appeals to the good sense of the people*,' so solemnly promised by the League, but of the tumultuous attempts to intimidate the Parliament of England previous to the great rebellion, and the National Assembly of France just before the final overthrow of the monarchy.

These delegates held public conferences at the same tavern for the three following days, in which speeches, if possible, more seditious and inflammatory were delivered. In the meeting of the 11th February the language used was peculiarly violent. All the speeches refer to the necessity of acting in unison with the '*masses*,' and plainly point to the employment of *physical force* to intimidate the government. We shall not notice the ravings of hired lecturers, or the usual trumpeters of the League; but Mr. Cobden, who, from his recent election for Stockport, as well as from his natural talents, had now become the leader of this party, deserves more consideration.

Mr. Cobden had been long an '*energetic*' (as he is designated) member of the Association and the League, and it was undoubtedly his *energy* in the cause which recommended him, at the general

general election in 1841, to the electors of Stockport; but the first occasion on which we have happened to notice him was on the 17th of July, 1841, before his own election, when he spoke at a dinner given at Bury to celebrate the return of Mr. Walker, another Leaguer. In that speech Mr. Cobden indicated the necessity of a demonstration of *numbers* and *physical force* to *intimidate* the New House of Commons, and this was the first direct suggestion of such a proceeding that we recollect. The League—that is, the master-manufacturers—and the workmen, were at variance. Mr. Cobden proposed to unite them to intimidate the House of Commons. What other construction can Lord Kinnaird or Mr. Cobden now put on the following paragraphs of that speech?—

‘They must not only unite the capitalists, but they must *unite master and man* in this question. . . . Let the League work the press, and the working classes would not be slow in appreciating their arguments, and now they were ready at all times to *come forward*—ay, and they must *startle them in the House of Commons* by a district meeting on *Kersall Moor*.’

This, as it is the first prominent appearance of Mr. Cobden, so it is the first menace of a popular rallying on ‘*Kersall Moor*,’ which is an open space about two miles from Manchester, where Chartist meetings and other similar assemblies are held—and was now designated by *Caius Cobden* as the *Mons Sacer*, to which *agrarian* agitation was to drive the insurgent populace. We beg our readers to bear this in their memories. They will hear more of *Kersall Moor* by and by. We now proceed to Mr. Cobden’s appearance in the Conference of the 11th of February, 1842. Mr. Cobden on that occasion said—

‘*That three weeks would try the mettle of his countrymen (hear, hear).* Why, would they submit to be starved, and put upon short allowance, by thirty or forty thousand men? (*Loud cries of No, no.*) He was sure that if they knew how insignificant, both morally and *physically*, those thirty thousand or forty thousand aristocrats and squires were, they would not fear them (*Hear, hear*). But though really insignificant, they were not conscious of any weakness; they were as confident in their strength as they had been five years since; they would not shrink one atom; and until these men were frightened the people would never obtain justice. . . .

‘Were they prepared to make sacrifices, and to undergo sufferings, to carry this question? (*Cheers, and loud cries of Yes, yes.*) The time was not far off when they might be called upon to make sacrifices, and to undergo sufferings. The time might soon come when they might be called upon to inquire, as *Christian men*, whether an *oligarchy* which has usurped the government (*Cheers*), *pluced its foot on the Crown* (*Immense cheering, which continued some minutes*), and trampled down the people

people (*Continued cheering*),—how far such an oligarchical usurpation was deserving of their moral and religious support (*Immense cheering*). . . . As soon as the bill should become the law of the land, *by the physical force of a brute majority* against reason, then would the time come when he should feel it his duty to secede, as far as he could do morally, from giving all voluntary support, whether *pecuniary* or morally, to such a government (*Here the whole meeting rose, waving their hats, and cheering for several minutes*). The administrators of the law might enforce the law—he would not resist the law—but there must be somebody to administer the law, and somebody to enforce the law; and he thought *that three weeks hence* the whole people would so thoroughly understand the real bearings of this bread-tax question, that they would *not want physical force while they were unanimous* (*Loud cheers*).²

Mr. Sturge of Birmingham, a Quaker, and a *man of peace*, said—

‘He would not hesitate for a single moment to say that the laws supported by the aristocracy were such that the greatest despot in Europe could not support them (*Hear, hear*). And he thought that it was on the 9th of February, when this proposition was made in the House of Commons, that the *contest began between the aristocracy and the people* (*Cheers*).’³

Friend Joseph seems to exceed in his pugnacious propensities the most warlike of his sect we ever heard of—Thomas Cummins, who, when asked whether he would fight, in case of an invasion, would only undertake to drive an ammunition waggon. Sturge would, we believe, have loaded a gun, though he probably would have left it to other people to fire it off.

These gentlemen, we see, imagined the outbreak of the people against the aristocracy to be close at hand—an outbreak in which the force of the minority must appear, ‘both *physically* and morally, so insignificant,’ that the easy triumph of the majority would not require the exertion of physical force—a form of expression which seems to imply that, when physical force is so overpowering as to intimidate its opponents into entire non-resistance, it ceases to be physical force.

It certainly was not the fault of these delegates that the sinister prophecies of a *revolution in three weeks* were not fulfilled. On the 12th of February the Chairman (Mr. P. A. Taylor) closed the conference with the following exhortation:—

‘The Delegates would return to their own, and in some cases their distant homes; but though the work in that room would be concluded that morning, their labour, he must remind them, would commence when they reached their own districts (*Hear, hear*). *Union was strength, and numbers gave boldness and confidence*. He trusted that the delegates had imbibed—had germinated in their minds in that room a large amount both of boldness and confidence, and he hoped that they would

would transplant that germ, and carry it with them, and infuse that confidence and boldness into the hearts of their constituents (Hear, hear)!'
 —*Morning Chronicle*, 14th of February, 1842.

The line of agitation marked out by the London Conference was quickly and simultaneously adopted and followed up to a very surprising extent throughout the manufacturing districts of the north. The purse-proud *cotton-lords* now condescended to fraternise still more familiarly with the hitherto-despised Chartists; they subscribed to their tests and were forced to submit to their conditions; but, as we shall see, the wily Leaguers only stooped to conquer, and took the hand of the Chartist to make it a cat's-paw for their own purposes. They had prophesied an early conflict—some kind of insurrection *within three weeks*—and, while they zealously worked to bring it about, they prudently endeavoured to throw the danger and the suffering on their new allies, the *working classes*: and they succeeded—not in *three weeks*—nor exactly in the shape they wished—but in the disturbances of August—which were the natural—we may say the inevitable—consequences of the suggestions and instigations of the League. It was at this time that its leaders began to suggest, with more frequency and earnestness—after the example of the *July* revolution—the closing mills, the turning out hands, and suddenly and extensively throwing the lower classes *out* of work, and of course *into* rebellion.

On the 15th of February a meeting was held at Manchester between the leaders of the League and the Chartists, who had lately been at violent and even acrimonious variance, to make a treaty of peace and to settle the terms of a set of resolutions by which they were henceforward to guide their conjunct agitation: these embodied the main objects of both parties, the total repeal of all Corn and provision laws for the League—and universal suffrage for the Chartists. Next day these concerted resolutions were proposed in the Town Hall, the Mayor in the chair, supported by several Magistrates; the first resolution was moved by Mr. W. R. Greg, a leading person in all such matters, who in introducing it said,—

‘Gentlemen, what we are to do at the present crisis I confess I do not very clearly see; but I hope that our Delegates [this was spoken the day the Conference broke up] will be able to devise some means of compelling justice from the niggard and reluctant hands of government (Great applause). *There is but one remedy else in our hands, and it is one which most certainly will be acted upon, unless prevented by a timely remedy.*’

What that remedy was he afterwards stated more clearly:—

‘If the present Corn Laws continue, or are only so little altered that
 the

the present depression of trade becomes permanent, not less than 500,000 persons, *half a million of people, must be sent back to the agricultural districts*, to be maintained by the landlords; and they would very speedily eat up the whole rental of the land (A cry of "Send them back next week, then!").²

After this remarkable suggestion, this meeting at the Town Hall, which seems to have been principally of members of the League, adjourned to Stevenson's Square, where it was said that 4000 people, including of course the Chartists, were assembled, and the same resolutions were submitted to, and adopted by, the whole assembly. There were several speeches made, but one in particular by Mr. Duffy, who followed out the suggestion made at the Town Hall by Mr. Greg:—

'Let him remind Sir Robert Peel that not ten years had elapsed since the *masters of Paris closed their shops*, shut up their places of labour, and *threw the population into the streets*, which sent a tyrant king about his business (Hear). If the master manufacturers of Manchester, of Sheffield, and of Birmingham, these great hives of industry, acting with all concord, and in the true spirit of Christian feeling and good citizenship, were to *close their mills and shops*, and to tell the people, "We cannot employ you, because we cannot reap any fruit from your labour—we cannot secure to capital, skill, ingenuity, and labour their just reward," the great body of people *thus thrown out of food and employment* in the face of Heaven would soon *vindicate their rights*, and send the Tories to the right-about (Cheers).'

Here we have a clear indication—indeed the very germ—of the process which created the Turn-out and riots of Staley Bridge six months later.

On the same 15th of February a similar meeting was held at Salford, but the terms of the treaty between the Leaguers and Chartists not having been (as at Manchester) settled at a preliminary meeting, the Chartists forced the League, *coram populo*, to adopt their amendments. These amendments were moved by one Dracup, who, after stating that '*he had agitated for universal suffrage, before some others [who had taken a part in the proceedings] were born*,'—moved 'to connect the *corn-law* question with universal suffrage—vote by ballot—annual parliaments—electoral districts—payment of members—and no property qualification'—in short, all the stipulations of what is called the *People's Charter*. This addition was received with loud cheers, and adopted *nem. con.* But another and more practical resolution was an improvement on, and simplification of, Mr. Cobden's determination to withhold from the government all moral or *pecuniary* support. It was as follows:—

'That this meeting, being convinced that government has no intention of affording effectual relief for the acknowledged distresses of the people,
hereby

hereby avow the solemn determination *never again to pass, or to retain for twenty-four hours without exchanging for gold, any Bank-of-England notes*, until, by the total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws, parliament shows its willingness to *commence* a real redress of our grievances.'

Here we see an important truth transpires—the '*total repeal of the Corn Laws*' would hardly be the '*commencement*' of the expected '*redress*.'

Similar scenes of fraternization between the Leaguers and Chartists, and of the adoption of conjoint resolutions, accompanied with different degrees of violence and sedition, occurred at Stockport, where the mayor, Mr. Nelstrop, and Sir Ralph Pendlebury, presided; at Bolton, where the *mayor* was in the chair; and at several other places of less note; and though a few individual members of the Association and the League did, and do, we believe, still endeavour to stand aloof from the Chartists, the League itself has ever since been assiduous in endeavouring to consolidate the substantial union and practical co-operation of the two bodies—any reluctance has been on the side of the Chartists.

The suggestions of Mr. Greg and Mr. Duffy, as to a revolutionary turn-out, and the repeated prophecy of Mr. Cobden, that '*three weeks would try the mettle of his countrymen*,' seem to have prompted an early trial of this awful experiment at *Stockport*, for which Mr. Cobden is member, and where his personal influence is paramount; and we find, accordingly, in the '*Stockport Chronicle*'—a paper in the interest of the League, and prominent in the anti-corn-law agitation—the following paragraph, dated only a week later than Mr. Cobden's prophecy, and three days after Messrs. Greg and Duffy's suggestion:—

'It is this week our painful duty to comment upon another of those serious and general reductions of wages to which our factory operatives have, for the last four years, been so often subjected. On Thursday week arrived in this town the intelligence of the daring and impudent proposal of the Tory premier to maintain the "*infernal machine*"—a sliding, swindling tax on the bread and provisions of the people, with all its withering influences upon legitimate commerce; and on the Saturday, only two days after, our manufacturers, in despair, *gave notice of reductions in the wages of every class of their workpeople to the amount, we are informed, of from ten to twenty per cent.*'

This endeavour to fulfil Mr. Cobden's prophecy seems to have failed at this moment—at least, we hear no more about it; and five months elapsed before it fully ripened its fruit. But, in the mean while, to keep the game afoot, the editor of the *Stockport Chronicle* disputes with Mr. Greg and Mr. Duffy the honour of having originated the idea of pauperising the manufacturing districts; and he certainly carries out the principle with a logical force

force and an awful sincerity, which they, and particularly Mr. Greg (who has something to lose), did not approach:—

‘We have thought and reflected seriously upon the various plans which have been propounded for the purpose of breaking up the scoundrel combination of the food-producers; but we cannot think that any plan, which we have yet heard of, at all approaches, in point of effect and practicability, the one which, about two months ago, we recommended to the consideration of the great employers of manufacturing labour. Our proposal was, that all the able-bodied pauperism should be thrown upon the land..... Let not squeamish individuals shrink from the course here pointed out, from any false notion of its apparent harshness..... The people sent to their settlements must not go crawling like ordinary paupers: they must go as if they were marching to BATTLE with their oppressors—to take possession of magazines of PLUNDER—to storm the fortresses of oppression—and to quarter on a DEADLY ENEMY!’

So on the 18th of March spoke the ‘Stockport Chronicle,’ fondly imagining that Stockport was to send forth her armies of ‘able-bodied pauperism’ to plunder magazines and quarter themselves on the deadly enemy—but O! the sad ambiguity of vaticination! This Stockport Oedipus was doomed to see his facts accomplished, but their consequences reversed. On the 11th of August the ‘able-bodied pauperism’ of Staley Bridge marched, as it were, to battle—took possession of Stockport—plundered the magazines of bread—and may have quartered themselves, for aught we know, on the editor of the ‘Stockport Chronicle,’ who certainly by his own judgment would have deserved that infliction as their deadliest enemy!—and the poor deluded conquerors of Stockport are now suffering exile or prison, and have been in peril of their lives, for endeavouring to follow out the advice and accomplish the prophecies of the League, of which the very magistrates who at last committed them to jail were prominent and busy members!

This curious reaction on the Stockport Leaguers, of their own projected violence, has led us out of our chronological narrative: we hasten to return to it.

On the 24th of February a meeting of ‘the merchants, manufacturers, and others of Manchester and its vicinity,’ was held in that town. It was summoned for the purpose of calling on the free-trade members of the House of Commons to adopt all means which the forms of the House of Commons will allow to prevent Sir Robert Peel’s Corn Bill from passing into a law. This summons was signed by forty mercantile and manufacturing houses, headed by Sir Thomas Potter and Sir Ralph Pendlebury, two Russell magistrates and Melbourne knights, and the husbands of two Bazaar patronesses. The meeting was tolerably nume-

rons—probably upwards of 100 persons were present—amongst them were several other *Russell magistrates*, with the chairman and other influential members of the League. We shall abridge from the *Manchester Guardian* the proceedings of this meeting.

The chairman, Mr. Bazeley, junior—an active Leaguer—Mr. Alderman Brooks, and Mr. Alderman Callender having addressed the meeting, Mr. Edmund Ashworth—a Quaker *magistrate* and manufacturer of Bolton—proposed a resolution, calling on the free-trade members of the House of Commons *to impede the passing of the Corn Bill, by stopping the business of the House*. Mr. W. R. Greg, who seems to have occasionally had epileptic fits of moderation, asked Mr. Ashworth how he proposed that his resolution was to be carried out. Mr. Ashworth answered, *By stopping the supplies*. To that Mr. Greg demurred, as ‘an effectual, indeed, but a very desperate measure’—particularly as he thought that *Sir Robert Peel’s Bill would be a great immediate benefit to the country*. Mr. Greg could not therefore accede to that plan—but he had one of his own. ‘*to raise the stubborn enthusiasm of the people*.’ This he declined, however, to state in public, and we have no report of it. But when we recollect his proposition only a few days before (on the 15th), we cannot but surmise that his plan was the same as that of the *Stockport Chronicle*, to turn out 500,000 workpeople from the mills, and send them to *make war* on the rural districts.

Mr. James Chadwick disapproved of the plans both of Mr. Ashworth and Mr. Greg. He advised a temperate endeavour, on the part of their representatives, to induce the government to modify the measure; and if that should fail, he did not see what was to be done but to submit to it. This moderate proposition was of course universally scouted; and Mr. Ashworth’s motion,

‘that all the liberal and free-trade members of the House of Commons be requested to use *all the legal and constitutional means in their power* to prevent its being passed,’

was then seconded by Sir Thomas Potter, and, being put,

Mr. William Evans did not think this a time when we should be particularly *nice* in our phraseology, and moved to omit the words ‘*legal and constitutional*.’

Mr. Greg expressed his strong reprobation of Mr. Evans’s amendment.

Mr. Rostron thought that if there were *forty Cobdens* in the House the government might be brought to their senses. He should like to add to Mr. Ashworth’s motion a recommendation *to stop the supplies*. After some farther wrangling, and many violent speeches, Mr. Ashworth’s motion was carried, with only

three dissentients, Mr. Greg being one; and Mr. Ashworth summed up the argument by saying,—

‘If this measure be ineffectual, let us then have another meeting to request them to *stop the supplies*; and by that time we should be upon *SHORT TIME*: and let us have half a million of people upon *Kersall Moor*.’

‘*Short time*,’ our readers will understand, is a mode of reducing the wages of the workpeople by shortening the working hours; and ‘*Kersall Moor*,’ as we have seen, was intended to be the *Mons Sacer* of the Manchester *Gracchi*! Will Lord Kinnaird himself deny that this was a menace of physical force? This Mr. Ashworth, we see, is a Quaker of the *fighting* school.

Another meeting was held at Manchester a week after that we have just noticed. At this meeting, after a resolution denouncing the government measure had been carried, the chairman, Mr. Bright, also, we believe, a Quaker and a leading Leaguer, informed the meeting that—

‘He believed he might state that *some project of a very comprehensive nature* would be submitted to the manufacturing classes of Lancashire and the adjoining counties *before long*; such a plan as, if fully carried out, would at any rate *strike terror into the hearts of those who have lived and were living upon the plunder of the people* (Applause).’—*Manchester Guardian*, 2nd of March, 1842.’

Strike terror! Again we ask, can Lord Kinnaird or any reasonable man pretend that here was not a direct menace of intimidation by physical force; and can there be any doubt, when we compare all the previous suggestions with all the subsequent events, that the threatened ‘*project*’ was a *turn-out* of the working people?

It will be recollected that at the great meeting of the united Leaguers and Chartists on New Year’s Day, Mr. A. Hutchinson had been requested to *organise the Trades*—which it seems he had done, and on the 5th of March he published an advertisement addressed to (the enumeration is worth noticing)

‘the Trades—Workshops—Religious and Benefit Societies—Chartist, Anti-Corn-Law, Reform, and Repeal of the Union, Associations—and other Bodies of Men of Manchester and Salford,’

inviting them to form a *union* of the *middle* and *working* classes—that is, of the Leaguers and the Chartists—and

‘to get up a *Grand Demonstration of the whole district on KERSALL MOOR*, on Easter Monday, in favour of the principles embodied in the People’s Charter, and a total Repeal of the Corn-Laws.’

Kersall Moor again. When we recollect that Mr. Cobden first broached the idea of *startling* the House of Commons by a meeting on *Kersall Moor*; that Mr. Ashworth had so lately talked

of 'Short Time, and half a million of people on Kersall Moor,' and that Mr. Bright had, three days before the publication of Mr. Hutchinson's advertisement, announced 'a project which before long *would strike terror*.' it cannot be doubted that Mr. Hutchinson's 'Grand Demonstration' was another attempt at intimidation through the exhibition of physical force. This meeting, however, failed—for the working people, who might well suspect the real character and objects of the League, still distrusted them, and they were moreover—in spite of all the inflammatory falsehoods of the League about them—in a state of quiet and comparative content. This is proved by the unquestionable evidence of an article in the *Stockport Chronicle* of the 1st of May, complaining of what is termed 'the *apathy* of the people.' This article is remarkable in many ways; but we have only space for its evidence as to the condition and disposition of the working classes:—

'What are the people doing? We ask the question meaningly, and the unwelcome answer is emphatically — nothing! For aught that appears to the contrary, we might be enjoying the *full tide of prosperity* —merely living to kill time—loolling out a state of Elysian indolence. *We hear no audible expression of complaint on the part of the people* against existing injustice, and we repeat, that were we not firmly convinced to the contrary, we should be almost led to suppose that the masses were in the *enjoyment of the blessings of peace and plenty*, and were rigidly exercising the virtue of *contentment*. . . .

'When there is the greater necessity for the people bestirring themselves, we find them apparently the most apathetic. . . . Where now are all their public meetings, speechifyings, and petitionings? We heard, the other day, of something like an *organized movement* for effecting "complete suffrage" being begun in this town, but we have heard no more of it latterly. We wonder if, with a *host of other lost enterprises*, it too has sunk to "the tomb of the Capulets!"'—*Stockport Chronicle*, May 13, 1842.

This reluctant and objurgatory evidence of the satisfied condition of the people is very important.

In the mean time the agitation against the government measures then before parliament was proceeding with increased violence. To follow it into all its details would be idle, and indeed impossible; but we must notice a joint meeting of the Association and two other societies of the same class in Manchester, on the 22nd of March, which—Mr. John Brooks, the *magistrate*, being in the chair—passed a

'solemn protest against so cruel a mockery of *perishing millions*, so anti-national a scheme for the destruction of the commercial interests of this commercial country, and so *blasphemous a violation of the law of God*. . . . And such *legislative robbery* as, by the taxation of the bread-eaters for the benefit of the land-owners, starves the honest children of industry

industry to gratify the luxurious cravings of a heartless and pampered oligarchy.'—*Circular*, No. 85—*Manchester Guardian*, March 23, 1842.

After this the same *Reverend* Mr. Massie who had read the 'page of history' so profitably, gave another specimen of his temper and character by burning a copy of the New Corn Bill, under a series of very scandalous circumstances, the conclusion of which is thus related:—

'The paper presently ignited, and was held up blazing before the audience, amidst bursts of cheering, the ashes being thrown over amongst the assemblage and trampled under their feet. Mr. Massie continued, "So perish all the laws which deprive the people of bread and tax their food!" (Great cheering.)'

The exertions of the printed organs of the League were in the same spirit. The following extracts from the *Circular* of the 5th of May show the dangerous activity and organisation of the League, and the *infamous falsehoods* by which they were endeavouring to goad the people into insurrection:—

'Every morning the council of the League has, for nearly four years, assembled for the transaction of the affairs of that body, the direction of its agencies, and the organization of ruined and starving millions. . . .

'There are even now evident signs that the beginning of the end is upon us. The patience of *starving* millions appears to be well nigh exhausted; *desperation* is driving the hopeless masses to lawless deeds; the bayonet is called into requisition against the breadless.'

In the same paper (as indeed in almost every number) are some verses of an equally inflammatory character—we quote three stanzas from the beginning and the close:—

THE WARNING VOICE.

'There is a cry throughout the land,
A fearful cry, and full of dread:
"Woe to oppression's heartless band!"
A starving people cry for "Bread!"
That cry was heard when *guilty France*
On the dread brink of ruin stood:
"Yet sound the viol, speed the dance!"
'Tis but the hungry cry for food!"

* * *
*I charge ye, England's rulers! grant
The justice that her sons demand;
Or, roused, the demon power of want
Shall snatch the PIKE and wield the BRAND!"*

'*Guilty France*, be it observed, is France *before* the Revolution.

We have called these incendiary assertions of the misery and consequent violence of the people *infamous falsehoods*. We have abundant authority to support this assertion; but we need at present

present adduce no other than the evidence we have just quoted from the 'Stockport Chronicle' of the 13th of May, of the *apathy and apparent content* of the people, while the contemporaneous number of the *Circular* raves, as we have just seen, about '*famishing and desperate millions*.' But even the *Circular* itself is soon after forced to admit 'the calm,' 'the temporary lull' in the minds of the people, and even finds it necessary to apologise for the apparent tranquillity as being only a preparation for more energetic agitation:—

'To many persons the present *seems a moment of calm*; to a few it may seem something like a settling into listlessness on the part of those lately so full of energy; to us, who are no strangers to the variations of mood in the public mind, it is a *temporary lull*, during which determination and stern resolve are gathering up for a fresh onslaught the elements of strength and success. . . .

'Our experience dictates our future course. A better organization, a more combined attack, an increased number of assailants, are all at our command. Our printing-presses are at work, and they speak to every one who can read. Our lecturers are abroad, and they speak to all who can hear. Distress, dire distress, walks in open day in all the land, speaking to all who can feel. Our system of enrolment appeals to all who can think.'

This is clever writing; but it cannot conceal the fact that the people were tranquil, and wished to remain so. In truth, after the passing of the new Corn Law, the Tariff, and the Income Tax, whatever excitement might have before existed in the working classes as to the prices of food was exceedingly diminished; and the League soon saw that redoubled efforts on its part, and in a new direction, had become necessary to keep alive and extend the dissatisfaction of the working classes, which was now more clearly than ever their main object; and accordingly we shall soon see that, just as the pretences of *starvation* were vanishing, the incentives to *insurrection* became more vigorous.

Our whole number would not contain even the most cursory notice of all the meetings, conferences, deputations, delegations, lectures, pamphlets, and placards that were now employed, apparently with the direct object of bringing on a crisis. But there are one or two which we must notice as specimens of the style of agitation carried on. One is a placard which has become notorious under the title of the 'Murder placard.' It was—like one we have already seen—headed

'*Murder!*'

the murder being, not murder indeed, but a horrid story of a poor Scotch family who had boiled a dead dog with some potatoes that they had stolen; and this story was followed up of course by
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an appeal to the passions of the people of a more than common violence. This placard, printed by Gadsby, the recognised printer of the League, was placarded over the town, and carried about on poles by men hired for the purpose.

Another incendiary placard was one announcing lectures by Mr. R. R. Moore, one of the hired lecturers of the League, which ran thus :—

PUBLIC PEACE

IN DANGER FROM

STARVATION IN MANCHESTER.

LECTURES will be delivered, &c. &c.

&c. &c. &c.

THE GUARDIANS HAVE REFUSED RELIEF—THE PEOPLE ARE
DYING OF HUNGER.

But we must restrain our disposition to quotation ; and from a mass of disgusting profanation, ribaldry, folly, falsehood, and sedition, we shall only select some passages which seem to tend to *practical results*—to accomplish Mr. Cobden's prophecies about *Kersall Moor* !

About this time (27th June) a meeting of the Metropolitan Anti-Corn-Law Association was held in London, in which the League was represented by Messrs. Cobden and Rawson ; the latter informing the meeting that

'If they had not instant relief, he could, without the gift of prophecy, predict *the very month in which wages and employment would cease altogether* (Cheers).'

At a weekly meeting of the League in Manchester, 28th June, the chairman, Mr. Wilson, called their attention to the approaching Assembly of Deputies in London, and to the necessity of Manchester's sending

'an efficient deputation, gentlemen who, he hoped, would be prepared to recommend, and to *do, something more than merely talk about distress*. He thought if, after all they could do on this head, there should still be a determination on the part of the government to refuse to do justice to the people—if they refused to reconsider the corn-laws with a view to afford relief, *the deputies should be prepared to recommend some bold and decisive course of ACTION*.'

The Conference of Deputies—amongst whom we find several of those agitating *magistrates* with whom we have been so familiar—*Alderman Shuttleworth, Alderman Kershaw, Alderman Brooks,*

Brooks, Alderman Armitage of Manchester, Sir R. Pendlebury, magistrate of Stockport, Bright, of Rochdale, &c.; this Conference, we say, met in London on the 5th July, and terminated on the 1st August. Its ridiculous pretence was, to induce the House of Commons to repeal the Corn and Tariff Acts which it had just passed; its real objects their proceedings will disclose. The chairman, the same as at the former London conference, Mr. P. A. Taylor, in opening the business of the conference, said—

‘The cry of suffering and distress would make itself heard, and if that distress were not speedily relieved, he believed that that distress would make itself heard in a *voice of thunder*. (Cheers), which would frighten the government and the legislature from its propriety (Continued cheering).’

We request our readers to notice the peculiar *cheers* of satisfaction which burst out from all these meetings at every allusion tending to actual outbreak.

Mr. Bright, delegate from Rochdale, said—

‘If the Government should refuse to hearken, he, for one, *trembled* at the result.’

Here, at last, we have a Quaker of the old school, who *trembles*.

Mr. Whitehead, of Leeds, said—

‘He saw no difference himself between the man who met another on the highway and presented a pistol at his breast; he saw *not the slightest difference* between that man and the government who, for selfish purposes, were prepared to sacrifice millions of their fellow-subjects.’

The Reverend Mr. Bailey, of Sheffield, said that the operatives of that town refused to communicate their distresses to him, while they thought he meant only to petition Parliament:—

‘It was not *words*,’ they said, ‘would move Parliament, but *force* they should have, if they did not change their system.’

Yes; ‘*force*,’ my Lord Kinnaird! although ‘the League has at no time been the advocate of physical force.’

Mr. Bailey then added the following atrocity, as a proof of the disposition of his constituents, that—

‘He heard of a *gentleman* who in private company said that if one hundred persons cast lots, and the lot should fall upon him, he would take the lot to *deprive Sir Robert Peel of life*. He felt convinced that no such attempt ought to be made under any pretence whatever; but he was persuaded of this, that when he (Sir R. Peel) went to his grave there would be but few to shed one tear over it.’

Mr. Taunton, of Coventry,

‘Felt reluctant to present himself again to the Conference, believing, as he did, that the callous-hearted aristocracy were determined to goad the people to rebellion, in order to govern by the sword (*Cheers*).’

What

What makes this wicked falsehood almost ridiculous is, that he himself goes on in the next sentence to complain of the apathy of the people and to instigate them to *action*, to which he had just before accused the aristocracy of trying to goad them.

He was astonished at the apathy of the metropolis on this subject. Would the people never learn to rely on their own energy, and demand to be fed themselves while they feed others? (*Cheers.*) It appeared to him that the time was past for talking. *The time was come to do something, and he thought they ought to proceed at once to appoint—a COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY in the metropolis (Cheers).*

A Committee of Public Safety! France—Danton—Robespierre, again! All this really looks like insanity; not so the more practical and more dangerous declaration made by Mr. W. Nelstrop, the Mayor of Stockport, in the Conference of the 7th July:—

‘I wish the country to know, I wish Sir Robert Peel to know, I wish Her Majesty’s Ministers to know, that the inhabitants of our borough have endured their unparalleled distress with unparalleled patience. There is, however, a point beyond which *human endurance cannot go*; and unless some means are taken to relieve the distress of the poor of Stockport, I wish the country to know, I wish Sir Robert Peel to know, I wish the Government to know, that I *cannot, and will not, be responsible* for the consequences which may follow from the present state of things (*Cheers*).’

What happened so soon after at Stockport, and the use made of this speech of the Mayor’s, give it great importance; and may we not inquire why—if the town confided to his care was in such a state of feeling, why was this vigilant and patriotic magistrate absent from it, and employed in haranguing the Conference in London? Was it that this speech might afford Mr. Cobden an opportunity of making, the next day, a most important statement in his place in the House of Commons?—

‘What was said yesterday by the Mayor of Stockport?—That he could not be responsible for the peace of the place. I do not mean to threaten *outbreaks*: that the starving masses will come and pull down your mansions—but I say that you are drifting on to confusion without rudder or compass (*Loud cheers*). It is my firm belief that *within six months we shall have populous districts in the north in a state of social dissolution (Hear, hear)*. You may talk of repressing the people by the military; but what military force would be equal to such an emergency (*Cheers*)? The military will not avail. I do not believe that the people will break out *unless* they are absolutely deprived of food: *if you are not prepared with a remedy, they will be justified in taking food for themselves and their families.*’

We commit no breach of privilege in quoting this speech, for
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it was reprinted by the League—Lord Kinnaird's *peaceful* and *constitutional* League—to the extent of at least nine editions of a *thousand* each, and largely distributed through the country during the month that preceded the 'outbreak,' which Mr. Cobden '*did not threaten*' UNLESS—; nay, we find that a *tenth thousand* was advertised as *just published* on the 11th of August, two days after the mob had entered Manchester!

Meanwhile, the Conference continued its daily exercise of agitation; and on the 12th July Mr. Cobden appeared there in person, and made a speech—which, coming from a man in his station, and conveyed, with the applauses of a hired press, to an excited populace, was well calculated to produce awful mischief, though, in other circumstances, its intrinsic nonsense would have only excited contempt.

He said, amongst a variety of similar ebullitions,—

'Whatever they could do to embarrass the Government they were bound to do. They owed them no respect: they were entitled to none. They owed them no service which they could possibly avoid. *The Government was based upon corruption, and the offspring of vice, CORRUPTION, VIOLENCE, INTIMIDATION, and BRIBERY. The majority of the House of Commons was supported by the violation of morality and religion. He said for such a Government they should entertain no respect whatever. He would assist the Anti-Corn-Law League all in his power to embarrass the Government.*'

We shall see presently that these declarations, which attracted little notice in London, found, as we suppose was expected and intended, a loud echo in the agitated districts. A still more practical measure was on the 28th suggested by Mr. Finch of Liverpool, on the strength of a letter 'from a person engaged in the iron-trade':—

'The League and Anti-Monopoly Associations, with the assistance of the colliers, have the power of compelling the aristocracy, in less than one month, to abolish the Corn-Laws altogether, and to compel them also to grant the people's charter. *Let the colliers in all parts of the kingdom cease working for one month, and the thing is done*; they have only to insist upon the measures before they go to work again. This is the most simple and efficient measure that could be adopted to get all we want *without spilling a drop of blood, or causing any commotion of any kind*. The city of London would be without fuel, and all other concerns must come to a stand till it was settled.'—*Morning Chronicle*, 29th of July, 1842.

But notwithstanding all these violent proceedings—the last proposition being the only one of the whole batch that we cannot call *incendiary*—it had now become ridiculously evident that the Conference had no business to do, nor, indeed, any other object but exasperating

exasperating speechification ; and it seems that it was with some difficulty kept together by the strong entreaties of Mr. Cobden, who more than once found it necessary to beg them, 'above all things, not to go away too soon,' and 'to exhort them not to separate as long as parliament sat.' At length, however, they closed, on the 1st August, their session, after having, as we have seen, to the best of their ability, indicated and prepared the explosion which, seven days after, desolated the districts to which all these artful provocations had been chiefly directed.

But there was another circumstance attending this Conference, which, though not much noticed at the moment, had a great influence in particular localities, and of which, now that its results are known, we see the serious importance.

The ordinary orators of the Conference announced and recommended the approaching outbreak ; but, in addition to a real disinclination of the people to rise, there was also perhaps some wholesome dread of the personal consequences. The composition and proceedings of the Conference were artfully calculated to diminish such salutary apprehensions. How could the people expect to meet any opposition, when they were only following the advice and suggestions of their *magistrates* ? The original deputation contained a large proportion of local magistrates ; but we discover that, as the work proceeded, and the prospect of disturbance grew nearer, the chief magistrates of several towns were added to the deputation and *ostentatiously exhibited*—no doubt to suggest to the people that they had little to fear from *magisterial opposition* ;—nay, in some cases, that they might look to *magisterial protection* against the military.

We have already seen the appearance on the stage of Mr. Nestrop, the *Mayor of Stockport*, who told the people, *that there was a point beyond which human endurance could not go, and that he would not be responsible for the consequences.*

Then was paraded Mr. Cullen, the *Mayor of Bolton*. He said,

'He was at the present time the Mayor of Bolton, and he could assure the meeting that if Ministers prorogued Parliament without doing something to relieve the people, *he could not vouch for the peace of the borough.*'

Next was exhibited Mr. Henderson, *Provost of Paisley*, when an evidently preconcerted scene was played, which proves, if any additional proof was necessary, the real object for which these magistrates were thus brought forward :—

'A delegate asked the provost, would he, as *chief magistrate*, in case the people were driven by starvation to acts of violence, *order the military to fire upon them ?*

' Mr.

'Mr. Provost Henderson said he would not shrink from meeting the question. His religious views on the subject were so well known that he thought it unnecessary to say anything on that point! The law allowed him to fill the office of chief magistrate if elected, but he thought nothing would justify him in sacrificing the life of a human being (GREAT CHEERING).'

Next came Mr. Holland Hoole, *Boroughreeve* of Salford, who said that, as *chief magistrate*, he knew the state of distress in the town, and that

'the strong probability was, that there would be an outbreak throughout a large extent of the manufacturing districts in the ensuing winter, unless remedial measures were adopted. He felt it hard to state that a number of the district magistrates, apprehending this outbreak, were determined to resign their commissions, and not to permit themselves to be the tools of the aristocracy.'

And, the same day that Mr. Hoole made this declaration, the chairman had at the opening of the meeting announced with great satisfaction that '*Alderman Brooks and Alderman Chappell, of Manchester, had arrived, as well as Holland Hoole, Esq., Boroughreeve of Salford, the Mayor of Leeds, and several new delegates.*' It does not appear that the *Mayor of Leeds* made any declaration, but his appearance on the platform was enough and said '*ditto to Mr. Hoole.*' To complete the chain of evidence on this point we find that Mr. Rawson, the treasurer of the League, volunteered one day, *à propos de bottles*—

'to say a few words respecting the members and character of the deputation, on which certain reflections had been made. . . .

'The deputation from Manchester was composed, with the exception of himself, of *Common-councilmen, and Magistrates*, both of the borough and the county of Lancashire. From Yorkshire the deputation was composed both of *Borough and County Magistrates*. In Stockport, among the deputation, would be found the *present Mayor and the three last ex-Mayors.*'

And within three weeks followed the practical and clenching conclusion—that all these towns were taken possession of by mobs, unresisted, if not encouraged, by local magistrates!

The address with which the President closed the London Conference requires special notice. After telling the people that *justice, improvement, or relief* were now hopeless, he proceeds to indicate strongly, while he affects to deprecate weakly—an immediate appeal to force, and he denounces as *murder* any resistance to that force:—

'That the millions of industrious and intelligent artisans who ought to be the glory of our country—as they have been the creators of its wealth—will *quietly submit* to the destitution they are now enduring, and to the utter ruin which seems rapidly approaching, to gratify the grasping

grasping rapacity of a landlord legislature, is neither to be anticipated nor desired. I trust they will use no violence, but not submit to be starved; that they will respect property and life, but not suffer their children to perish by famine; and if, when the time arrives that "private property has become a nuisance," the struggle for existence is repressed by bloodshed, by whatever name that bloodshed may be characterised in a British court of judicature, in the eye of reason, of justice, of posterity, and of God, it will receive its true appellation, and be stamped with the guilt of MURDER (Applause).'

While the London Conference and its echoes in the country were thus yelling out their complaints of 'intolerable distress and universal ruin,' and endeavouring to instigate the people to such extremities as the last extract so ferociously prompts, there was really a considerable improvement in the condition of the people, both masters and workmen—a fact which the Conference endeavoured to suppress by the increasing violence of its assertions of general and growing starvation and misery. We shall select proofs of this improvement from the organs, not of the Government, but of the League and the Opposition. We have already quoted the *Stockport Chronicle* as to the apparent content of that town in May.

The Manchester Guardian of the 13th of July says—

'*State of Trade.*—We are happy to be enabled to state that the improvement which manifested itself last week has continued down to the present time; and that a more healthy feeling prevails in the market than at any period for some time past.'

On the 27th of July it states—

'that there is, generally speaking, more firmness in the market, and a more general feeling of confidence, both amongst manufacturers and dealers, than has prevailed for a number of weeks past; and we are glad to find that this feeling is not confined to the Manchester market, but, as far as we can learn, pervades the manufacturing and mercantile classes generally.'

The Liverpool Times and *The Leeds Mercury* give similar reports.

The Sun of the 3rd of August states—

"The sales of cotton," says the *Liverpool Times* of yesterday, confirming the accounts of revived trade, which we have already borrowed from the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Leeds Mercury*, "the sales of cotton last week were very great, and the improved feeling amongst the commercial classes still continues." The weather is remarkably fine; all the accounts from the country speak favourably of the harvest; and we would fain hope, therefore, that the protracted suffering of the community has reached its extreme point. Amendment is about to commence with the bountiful harvest, and plenty—the great

SOURCE

source of gladness—which has latterly been denied to us, though not by Providence, is again to lessen the distress of the people.

‘We give no credit for this to Sir Robert Peel.’

The refusing of credit to Sir Robert Peel adds value to the testimony of the fact.

And even the outbreak did not wholly arrest the progress of improvement. We find in the ‘Morning Chronicle’ of the 25th of August the following paragraph:—

‘We learn from one of our Manchester correspondents that, in consequence of the improvement of trade, which has begun to be felt, the masters will be anxious to do as much business as they can:—“To-day’s (Tuesday’s) market will make the manufacturers anxious to go to work in real intent as soon as their men are in the mind. The market was much better attended of late, and a good deal of business was done at the increased prices from the diminished stock of goods on hand. This result might have been expected. I am told the brisk demand for goods to-day will enable the manufacturers to purchase cotton at yesterday’s Liverpool prices, and to work it up at former wages at a fair profit.”’

Our readers will excuse these tedious commercial extracts, for though their original interest has long since expired, they are very important to our argument, not merely as exposing the falsehoods of the League and the Conference, but as proving that the allegation of *increasing* commercial distress, on which some millowners at last turned out their people and produced the disturbances, must have been mere *pretences* and utterly unfounded in fact.

The League saw with alarm these indications of commercial amendment promulgated by newspapers which were hostile to the Government and had hitherto favoured Anti-Corn-Law agitation, and the *Circular* severely rebuked its contemporaries for such ill-timed and inconvenient avowals—thence a by-battle between it and the *Manchester Guardian*, in which the *Guardian*, without abating its political hostility to Ministers, established the fact of commercial improvement, and even added a most rational, and therefore distasteful, suggestion—*viz.* that a cessation of agitation would further its development.

But all this only stimulated the League to press forward the execution of their own designs; and while the London Conference was with its loudest voice of authority exciting and exasperating the country, the Leaguers took up at Manchester Mr. Cobden’s suggestion for ‘embarrassing the Government.’ Mr. Cobden’s speech was delivered in London on Wednesday the 13th, and on Friday, the 15th, a meeting was held at Manchester, at which the following resolutions were adopted—

‘“1. That,

“ 1. That, *believing this country to be on the EVE OF A REVOLUTION, and being utterly without hope that the Legislature will accord justice to the starving millions*, a requisition be forthwith prepared, signed, and forwarded to the members of this borough, calling upon them, in conjunction with other liberal members, to offer every possible opposition to the taxation of a prostrate people for the purposes of a bread-taxing aristocracy, by argument and other constitutional impediments, *that the wheels of Government may be arrested through the rejection or prevention of all votes of supply.*

“ 2. That the gentlemen of the *Council of the League*, and that of the *Manchester Anti-Corn-Law Association*, be appointed a committee, with power to add to their number, *to prepare the address resolved upon, to get it as numerously signed as possible*, by electors and other inhabitants of this borough, and to forward the address, with the least possible delay, to the members of the borough.”

This resolution was moved in Manchester by Mr. J. Brooks, the *magistrate*; and it was next day (Saturday, the 16th) adopted at a similar meeting in Salford,

‘under the able auspices of their estimable *boroughreeve, Holland Hoole, Esq.*’

It is stated in the *Circular* that the address prepared in pursuance of these resolutions, and declaring

‘*That they believe this country to be on the eve of a Revolution.*

‘*That they are utterly without hope that the Legislature will accord justice to the pauperised and starving millions of our population.*

‘*That they believe it just, necessary, and expedient, that the wheels of government be at once arrested,*’—

was signed in two days by 63,925 individuals. It is to be noted that these treasonable proceedings, though sudden, were by no means inconsiderate: the resolutions were prepared and voted at one meeting, and the address was drawn up at another, and their promoters were fully aware of their extreme importance, for the Chairman of the League, on passing the resolution, declared that by doing so ‘*they had drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard.*’—(Manchester Times.)

Similar resolutions were passed by the other Anti-Corn-Law associations in different parts of the kingdom, which were duly reported to the Conference; and a population, already described as *desperate*, was told through a thousand channels, and under the auspices of *members of parliament* and *magistrates*—that *justice was hopeless*—that *a revolution was at hand*—that *the wheels of government were stopped*—and that the leaders of the agitation had *drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard!* We believe that the worst times of Jacobinism can produce no instance of so audacious a series of insults to the Law and Constitution,

But

But so utterly false were all the statements of the *League*, their *emissaries* and their *associates*, that, with all this factitious provocation and instigation, and in spite of much real distress and privation, the working classes still kept aloof from the Anti-Corn-Law agitation.

The League now began to see that their conferences, convocations, and other *palavers*, would fail to call forth the lower orders, and they found themselves in the necessity of making efforts of a different kind and in other directions.

To explain this, we must go back a few steps. About two months before the insurrection broke out, a new system of agitation was adopted in Manchester and the vicinity. Meetings were held nearly every evening at public-houses, at which the lecturers of the League addressed the working classes. The meetings were summoned by placards, printed by Gadsby, (the established printer of the League, and the editor of their most violent publications,) and issued day by day in the same form, with the change only of places and dates. Before this period, lectures had been delivered in Manchester, occasionally only, and usually in the open air. The present evening meetings at the public-houses were of an entirely new character.

To carry out this new agitation, the most violent of the lecturers in the pay of the League were called in from the distant districts. And it may well be supposed that the inflammatory language of the Conference was poured out in a still more heated and exciting form to the assemblies at the public-houses. When the spirit which animated these lecturers is remembered; when it is remembered also that they were selected by the League because of their power and influence with the "masses," the effect of these nightly meetings will be readily understood. In fact, this close and hand-to-hand manner of agitation very soon produced palpable results. Uneasiness and excitement began to display itself among the people, and increased hourly under the incessant agitation; and the language of the lecturers, keeping pace with that of the Conference in London, and with the violent acts of the leading members of the League in Manchester and the neighbouring towns, became seriously alarming.

It was whilst the people were thus inflamed and excited, that the Council of the League, on the 15th of July, prepared the memorable declaration, that *the country was on the eve of a revolution, and that the wheels of Government should be arrested*, and obtained by their agents the signatures of nearly 64,000 of these very people.

Excitement was now rising to its full height, and the lecturers continued to inflame it. Two meetings of the 27th and 29th of July,

July, held in the most turbulent parts of Manchester, demand especial attention. They were summoned by placards printed by Gadsby, which announced that lectures would be given by the *lecturers of the League*. The lecturers were Finnigan and Falvey; Mr. Brindle, the secretary of the Council of the League, attended the first of these meetings. This meeting, which consisted of about 2000 persons, was first addressed by Finnigan. He commenced with a violent attack, in most disgraceful words, on the different members of the Government by name, and he then used language to this effect:—

‘If the Government imagine that because the peace of Manchester has not been disturbed hitherto, it is an indication of the people’s intention to remain quiet, they are indeed mistaken, as, *like the volcano*, they will, *if justice is not done to them, burst forth at a time when least expected*, and on the Government will be the responsibility of what may follow.’

It will be remembered that five days after these words were uttered, the manifesto of the London Conference proclaimed that *justice was denied*, and that the people must rely on their own strength and energy for redress—and that seven days afterwards *the volcano did burst forth!*

Finnigan, in the midst of other inflammatory language, then told the people ‘*that brute force must be met by brute force.*’ And he also said ‘*that Mr. Holland Hoole, who was a magistrate, had stated that, in case of an outbreak, he would not call in the military.*’ Now, when it is remembered that Mr. Hoole was one of the employers of the very speaker, Finnigan; that Hoole was an active member of the League, and that he had himself said publicly at the London Conference but a few days before—and seems to have gone up for the mere purpose of saying it—‘*that a number of district magistrates, apprehending outbreak, were determined to resign their commissions, and not permit themselves to be the tools of the aristocracy*’—it cannot be doubted that Finnigan had good authority for making this statement, and the people, to whom Finnigan repeated these words, must have believed their truth. Finnigan still holds his place as lecturer; and we add, with some feeling of wonder, that Mr. Hoole continues to be *a magistrate* as well as an active member of the League!

The meeting of the 29th was held in Little Ireland. About two thousand persons were again present, chiefly labourers, navigators, and mechanics. Falvey, the lecturer, in his speech on this occasion, used words to the effect—

‘that the Repeal [of the Corn Laws] rested with the people, and that if they were *only* firm and determined nothing could resist them; that

death was preferable to starvation, and that Manchester had been quiet too long, and that he feared so long as it remained quiet nothing could be done.

If the statement of the proceedings of the *League* rested here—and the single fact were added—that *on the 9th of August Manchester and its vicinity were in a state of insurrection*, it would not be possible for the LEAGUE to escape the responsibility of an event which their agitation had so directly tended to produce. But the case does not rest here. The people were, indeed, wrought up to a high degree of bewildered and undecided agitation; but something more was yet wanted to rouse them to insurrectionary action—and members of the League supplied it. The proposals for *stopping the mills*, which had from time to time been thrown out, will not be forgotten. And now—at this most critical period Mr. Alderman Chappell—one of the magistrates who had been exhibited at the Conference in London—at a meeting held on the 2nd of August in the Town Hall at Manchester, to receive the report of the Deputation on their return from London, is reported in the *Manchester Times* of the 6th of August to have renewed that fearful proposition in the following words:—

‘He was of opinion that the only plan which the *manufacturers* had to resort to at present was to *stop their factories* (Applause). The country must support the poor; and, until the pockets of the monopolists were touched, the manufacturers need not expect anything (Applause).’

The words ‘*stop our factories*’ were loudly applauded by the meeting, which comprised the following persons, most if not all of them *master manufacturers* and leading members of the League:—

‘Mr. Alderman Brooks, Mr. Alderman Chappell, Mr. Holland Hoole, chief magistrate of Salford; Mr. Alderman Callender, Mr. Robert Gardner, Mr. George Hadfield, Mr. R. P. Livingston, of Salford; Mr. William Bickham, Mr. Edmund Ashworth, Mr. Henry Ashworth, Mr. Augustus Smith, Mr. George Wilson, Mr. W. Ross, and Mr. J. S. Ormerod.’

But the direct stoppage of the mills, and for such an avowed purpose, would have been exceedingly perilous—commercially, morally, legally. The individuals who most wished it would have been very reluctant to take upon their own shoulders so awful a responsibility. But there *happened* about this time some occurrences connected with a *reduction of wages* which brought about the same results—without the personal risk to the master manufacturer of closing his mill to create a political insurrection.

Can we say *happened*, when we find in the *Circular* the following remarkable letter, dated a few days before the outbreak, and indicating precisely the mode in which such a result could be brought about?—

‘*Manchester,*

Manchester, July 25, 1842.

'My dear Sir,—We must all agree as to the desirableness of securing the co-operation of the working classes in our struggle for repeal; but the efforts hitherto made to show the working man that his interests are bound up in this important question have been very partially successful. The notion is very prevalent, and is industriously instilled into their minds, that if the corn-laws are repealed wages must fall, and the only way, therefore, to counteract this impression is, to let them feel that they are to be directly benefited by the change.

'My cousin made a hit of this kind, which I think worth repeating, and, if followed up, might do much to produce the desired effect. The circumstances were these: the week before last the hands in his employ (about 300) turned out, and last week sent a deputation to wait upon him to endeavour to come to terms. Amongst other questions, he was asked, "If things take a turn, will you advance our wages?" to which he replied, "Yes, certainly; and I promise, moreover, that the day the corn-laws are repealed I will raise your wages." This was repeated to a large meeting of turn-outs and unemployed (then being held in the fields, and said to amount to 2000), when some one proposed three cheers for the repeal of the corn-laws, which were given with great good will.

'If this *arg. ad hom.* were used by millowners generally, we should have the masses with us in a week.

'I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

'R. W., Jun.'

Now let us see how this *argumentum ad homines* was practically applied,

In the month of July three large firms of manufacturers, viz., Messrs. Reyner and Brothers of Ashton; and Messrs. G. Cheetham and Sons, and Messrs. William Bayley and Brothers, of Staley Bridge—all members of the LEAGUE—gave notices to their workpeople of their intention to make a reduction of wages. The notices were to take effect at the end of a fortnight. These notices were given at different periods of the month: the first notice, by Messrs. Reyner and Brothers, was given about the 2nd July; the second, by Messrs. G. Cheetham and Sons, about the 15th; that by Messrs. William Bayley and Brothers on the 23rd July. One of the partners of the firm of Messrs. Reyner and Brothers had attended as a *Delegate at the last London Conference*.

Prior to the expiration of the notices of Messrs. Reyner and Brothers, and Messrs. G. Cheetham and Sons, the workpeople solicited their employers to withdraw them, begging them not to be the first to make the reduction; and, after considerable discussion, the notices were withdrawn, and the men continued to work at the old wages.

The workpeople of Messrs. William Bayley and Brothers, finding that the notices of the other manufacturers had been with-

drawn,

drawn, hoped that the same course would be followed by their own employers. It was not so. On Friday, the 5th of August, the day before the notice expired, a deputation of the Workpeople having waited on their masters, a discussion took place, in which Messrs. Bayley refused to abandon their notice, and which was closed by one of the partners telling the people—

'You had, perhaps, better go and PLAY for a few days.'

The people, already irritated by the refusal to abandon the notice, were greatly hurt and excited by these last words, and, raising a loud cheer, the whole body of workpeople in the mill *'turned out.'* From that moment the outbreak may be said to have begun.

The manner in which Messrs. William Bayley and Brothers dealt and parted with their workpeople, and the time chosen for the reduction, apart from the consideration of the motives which may have prompted the step, render their conduct liable to grave remark. The Workpeople saw the prospect of an improvement in trade and of greater cheapness in provisions clouded by an unexpected reduction in wages; they thought they had good reason to suspect that the millowners were about to take some violent step to *deteriorate their condition, and to force them to turn out against the Corn Laws.* The time chosen was the moment of the close of the London Conference, which, it had been predicted, was to be the signal of revolt, and just when unprecedented efforts had been made by the League to agitate and disturb the people. And then, with all these causes conspiring to trouble and excite the workmen, they were dismissed with the ambiguous and at best *insulting* words, *'You had better go and PLAY for a few days.'* If it had been meant to drive excited men to violence more could scarcely have been done.

We have already produced evidence that, at the time these unhappy notices were given, trade was progressively improving: in fact, the prospects were brightening on all sides, and it seems to us that, under the circumstances, it would be alike difficult to justify the notice of reduction, and the harsh and flippant style in which it was enforced. The *coincidence* of Messrs. Bayley and Brothers' connexion with the League—the proceedings of the London Conference—the suggestion of Alderman Chappell—and the turning out of these poor people, must be allowed to be, at least, *very remarkable.*

But, whatever may be our speculations upon these coincidences, it is manifest that the conduct of Messrs. Bayley and Brothers was, in fact, the immediate occasion of the outbreak, which crowned the lengthened agitation, and accomplished the predictions of the League.

We must now follow the march of the insurrection of *'able-bodied*

bodied pauperism'—so long and so often threatened by the League against the landed interest, but now—like the infuriate elephant in the battle—trampling down those who had brought it into action. On leaving the mill of Messrs. Bayley and Brothers, the workpeople formed in procession and walked through the town of Staley Bridge to Mottram Moor, at which place they again assembled on Saturday. On Sunday, the 7th, two large meetings of the workpeople of the neighbourhood were held on *Mottram Moor*—[not far from *Kersall Moor*, Mr. Cobden!]¹—and it was at those meetings arranged that on the following day they should again assemble and proceed to the mills and works within their reach, and turn out the people. Accordingly, on the following morning, Monday 8th, a large body of people, consisting not merely of weavers, but of operatives of all descriptions, assembled on the Moor, and from thence proceeded to turn out the hands at the various mills at Staley Bridge. When they had finished this movement, it appears their number was swelled to near five thousand persons. A banner was displayed inscribed with the words—

'The men of Staley Bridge will follow wherever danger points
the way.'

'*They that perish by the sword are better than they that perish
by hunger.*'

This text, our readers will recollect, has before appeared (p. 254) as the motto of the article headed 'MURDER,' extracted from *Circular No. 62*. It was also used by Magistrate Brooks, in a speech delivered by him in the spring of the present year, and it appears in other speeches and writings of the *League*. The adoption of it on the first banner of revolt is a significant circumstance in the chain of evidence which connects the insurrection with the inflammatory agitation of the League.

One party of the Staley Bridge people on the same day (Monday the 8th) proceeded to Ashton, turning out all the mills and collieries in their way—and another party marched through Denton to Hyde, and in the same manner turned out the workpeople of all descriptions as they went along. But it does not appear that greater violence or mischief was done by these people, in the course of their proceedings, than was necessary to effect their purpose of stopping the mills and works.

At various points in their march speeches were made to the people by Chartists, and by workmen and others who were not Chartists. The purport of the speeches was to recommend the people to suspend all labour until they could obtain 'a fair day's wages for a fair day's work,' and until the *Charter* became the law of the land. Entire suspension of labour appears to have been advocated by all, but the speakers did not agree as to the object

object to be ultimately gained: some combined the question of wages with the Charter; others advocated one only of these objects, and repudiated the other.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 9th of August, a large meeting of about six thousand persons took place at Ashton. Hitherto, the persons who had taken part in the proceedings, and addressed the workpeople, had been men of their own class; but at this meeting the chair was taken by Mr. George Southam, of the firm of J. and G. Southam, cotton manufacturers, of Ashton. Mr. Southam is a member of the League. The meeting was addressed by Richard Pilling, a Chartist, who concluded his speech by proposing a resolution to the effect—

‘That the workpeople should have the wages of 1840, and go to Manchester to meet their masters on the Exchange, as their masters would not meet them, and see how the Manchester market was.’

Mr. Southam, the chairman, put this resolution to the meeting, and in the course of his observations said—

‘I should like to be put into the way how the wages of 1840 could be paid. I, for one, would be glad to pay them, but I do not think it could be done *until the Corn-Law is repealed*.’

This looks like a sly attempt on the part of the Leaguer to bring back the outbreak to what he no doubt thought its proper object; but the people well knew that there had been a higher corn-duty in 1840 than there now was, and they were quite aware that the pretext of the attempted reduction of wages was the diminished price of provisions.

The resolution was passed, and the mob immediately marched upon Manchester.

The mob turned out the mills on their way, and were not checked until they reached the outskirts of Manchester. Here the procession, which then consisted of about five thousand persons, was stopped by a troop of cavalry and a company of Rifles under the command of Colonel Wemyss. Mr. Maude, a stipendiary magistrate of Lord John Russell’s nomination, and Sir Charles Shaw, commissioner of police, were also on the spot, with a division of the police. The result of a parley between Mr. Maude and the mob was, that, on the assurance that the latter would keep the peace, and follow a prescribed line of march, Mr. Maude directed the troops to withdraw, allowed the procession to file into Manchester, and placed himself at its head.

This treaty—as any reasonable man might have foreseen—was not kept by the mob; and shortly after entering the town they separated into detached parties, which proceeded to the various mills, receiving into their ranks those who were disposed to join them, and turning out the refractory workmen by force.

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The military were at once employed to stop the parties in their work of mischief; but though quite sufficient to have prevented the entrance of the insurgents into the town, it was too small a force to hold in check the numerous detachments of the vast multitude now in a state of tumult; and Manchester passed virtually into the possession of the mob.

Although there can be no doubt that a great many of the workmen were unwilling to turn out, we know but of one instance of successful resistance. On the first day of the invasion an attack was made on the mill of Messrs. Birley. The attack was distinguished from other cases by two peculiarities—the one in the conduct of the mob, and the other in that of Messrs. Birley. The ostensible, and in most instances no doubt the real object of the mob in visiting the various mills, was to cause a cessation of labour by *turning out* the hands, and the instances are rare in which any violence was offered to the person. In the attack upon Messrs. Birley's mill this moderation did not prevail. On arriving at the buildings, they, without previous parley, commenced their work of demolition at once, by throwing stones and brickbats, their ordinary mode of attack: they then obtained a sledgehammer, with which they endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to break open the gates; and, probably enraged at their inability to complete this object, when Mr. Birley, junior, attempted to cross the street from one of the mills to another on the opposite side, the mob fell upon him with their bludgeons, knocked him down, and assaulted him when on the ground in a most brutal manner. The other peculiar feature in this attack was the gallant resistance the Messrs. Birley made to the mob—*cordially assisted by all their hands*—who had no wish to leave their work: they succeeded in preventing the entrance of the mob into their premises. Nor did they stop their works at all; and they not only effectually prevented an inroad into their mill, but from time to time made sorties, and succeeded in capturing several of the leaders of the mob.

Have our readers not already guessed what occasioned this marked distinction of Messrs. Birley's case from the others? Messrs. Birley were *not*—members of the LEAGUE!

But this manly and spirited conduct of Messrs. Birley was so little approved by the magistrates, that we have been informed by a gentleman on whom we can rely, and who was an eye and ear witness of the scene, that, on the day after Messrs. Birley's successful resistance, Mr. John Brooks, the Magistrate, so conspicuous as a Leaguer, reproached Messrs. Birley for having resisted the rioters and for continuing the *excitement* by working their mill. Mr. Brooks deprecating *excitement*!—*quis tulerit*—?

Here

Here we pause in our narrative to observe a very—perhaps the most—remarkable feature of the whole case. The turn-out was neither voluntary, nor general, nor rapid, as it would have been had it arisen from urgent distress and a wide-spread dissatisfaction. We have seen that, when the Messrs. Bailey turned out their men, they were very reluctant to be disturbed and begged hard to be allowed to remain: but when so forced out, they—upon what suggestion we know not—proceeded forcibly to turn out others; and so, like a kind of press-gang, they proceeded from one mill to another, till the whole population found itself—it hardly knew *how*, and not at all *why*—placed in a state of *involuntary insurrection*. There is no doubt that the previous harangues and publications of the League had familiarized the minds of the men to the idea of a *turn-out*, and many, expecting from it, perhaps, some amelioration of their condition (as promised by the League), willingly submitted to a very slight degree of coercion; but coercion of some kind there was in almost every case—and, in several instances, the workmen were really reluctant and did make serious resistance—in Messrs. Birley's case a successful one—and would probably have done so more generally, if those who were disposed to resistance had not—instead of finding protection from the magistrates—actually received censure and discouragement. The whole affair is certainly unprecedented; and inexplicable, we think, on any other supposition than that the *turn-out* was prepared, commenced, and, to a certain point, guided, by the emissaries of the League: that the League encouraged its progress as long as they had any hope of turning it to their own purpose—against the Corn-Laws; but when they discovered that the people were holding steadily to the contrary course, and insisting on their former rates of wages, the Leaguer magistrates were ready to suppress the insurrection which they found themselves unable to direct. We should be glad to learn if there is any other hypothesis by which the various phenomena of this extraordinary movement can be rationally accounted for? As we proceed with the narrative, it will be seen that numerous circumstances arise in confirmation of the solution we have offered.

The kind of orderly disorder to which the mob at first confined itself could not last long, and the want of food began to be felt; and besides turning out the mills, parties of the mob soon proceeded to attack the bread and provision shops, and obtained their contents either by force or intimidation; and money was also obtained by the same means from the inmates of shops and houses in various parts of the town.

On the evening of Tuesday the 9th, after the outrages had occurred which have just been described, another of the weekly
meetings

meetings of the *League* was held. And on Thursday the 11th, when the outbreak had become more serious, and whilst it was still uncertain what direction it might take, and to what extremities it might be carried, the 'Anti-Bread-Tax Circular' was published, and its inflammatory and dangerous contents demand serious attention.

It contains the last violent proceedings of the London 'Conference of the League;' the speech with which the chairman closed its sittings, and the parting address of the Conference, which counselled rebellion, and held out the promise of support in the emergency.' The significant passage in one of the letters read to the London Conference (*Circular*, No. 96), '*that the sooner there is a revolt, the sooner will the hungry be fed,*' and other promptings equally pregnant with meaning and with danger, were thrown abroad among thousands of excited men in the hour of successful popular tumult, when direction was yet to be given to the movement, and when the march from turbulence to rebellion appeared to hang upon the decision of a mob.

The rest of the paper was filled up with the most disgusting and audacious falsehoods, all calculated to turn the existing disturbance into an Anti-Corn-Law insurrection.

But the agitation of the League was powerless to accomplish its designs, and could not in any way manage the insurrection it had fomented. The cry, 'Down with the food laws!' did not rally the insurgents; and the '*pressure from without,*' with which they had hoped to coerce Government, the people refused to execute.

In fact, the great body of the workpeople distrusted the League; and resented their agitation. They had been disturbed by the incessant din of the movement, and alarmed by the frequent mention of schemes for stopping the mills and reducing wages. They felt that, either by agitation, or, that failing, by pressure on their powers of endurance, they were to be forced to an outbreak; and when at last it came, they resolved not to be the instruments, although they felt themselves to be the victims, of the designs of the League. The working-people evinced no desire to create a rebellion, which should pull down the aristocracy and abolish the Corn Laws, in order that the manufacturers of the League might elevate themselves on the ruins of the former, and increase their profits, at the sacrifice of the agricultural community and by the reduction of the price of labour. The working-people raised their own standard—'a fair day's wages for a fair day's work,'—and they firmly and sullenly stood by it.

But although the mass of the people now held aloof from the designs of the League, the previous agitation was not without its fruits. The disaffected, the turbulent, and the wicked of all classes found in the proceedings of the League sufficient en-
courage-
ment

couragement to violence and to crime, and more than enough of language, *uttered by the voice of authority*, to justify the commission of them. The very outrages which principally marked the insurrection, viz., the assembling in large numbers 'to strike terror,' the stopping of labour, and the attacks on the bread and provision shops, had all been directly encouraged by the proceedings and the language of the League.

Happily, beyond these outrages, no attacks were made, and there were no blood-stained crimes. The people, even in a state of tumult, did not fulfil in this respect the prophecies of the League, nor take its instigations for their guide. There were none among those excited crowds who sought to '*snatch the pike or wield the brand*,' none who evinced '*a longing for indiscriminate vengeance*,' or for '*blood*'—although '*aristocratical oppressors*,' '*tyrants*,' '*murderers*,' '*vampires*,' and '*demons*,' had been incessantly placed before their eyes as objects of their '*just revenge*.' The conduct of the insurgents, even in the excitement of successful turbulence and of momentary triumph over the law, put to shame the cold-blooded atrocity of the language and instigations of the League.

The speeches made at the first gathering of the people in Manchester, after the mob had entered it, show the view they entertained of the designs of the League, and of the effects of their agitation. In the afternoon of Tuesday, the 9th, the people assembled in large numbers in Granby Row; and, according to the report of the '*Manchester Guardian*,' copied out of the '*Circular*,' the following speeches were made:—

'Mr. Pilling, an operative, was called upon to preside. Having inculcated on his audience the necessity of obeying the law, he stated that upwards of thirty thousand men, women, and children, from Staley-bridge, Dukinfield, Oldham, and the surrounding towns, had met that morning in Ashton-under-Lyne, and declared that they never would return to their work until the same prices were given them which they had had in the early part of 1840. They had turned out because some of their *Corn-Law repealing masters* had lowered the wages of spinners twenty-five per cent.'

'Mr. Challenger said, "*They had met on the present occasion, not for the destruction of property or machinery, but to obtain the co-operation of the people of Manchester in seeking a fair day's wages for a fair day's labour.*" Having again advised the meeting to keep the peace, and to render the magistrates every assistance in their power to prevent disturbance, Mr. Challenger concluded amid loud cheers.

'Mr. Dixon hoped the operatives would not allow themselves to starve, in order to amass splendid fortunes for their employers. *A certain party were no doubt well pleased with this "turn-out;" they thought they had accomplished their object, and that a certain state of things would soon be brought about which was predicted by MR. COBDEN in the Commons' House of Parliament.* He (Mr. Cobden) had declared that, unless

unless the Corn-Laws were repealed, it would be impossible to keep the people quiet in the manufacturing districts. He (Mr. Dixon) knew one man in Ashton who declared that *he had reduced the prices for the purpose of arousing the people to a state of frenzy; and that, if the people were once driven to acts of violence, it would induce Sir Robert Peel and his strong Government to give to the Anti-Corn-Law men their pet measure.* He (Mr. Dixon) hoped, however, that the operatives would not be made the tools of any party, but that they would struggle together for the obtainment of their just rights.'

These speeches afford a fair specimen of the views and feelings of the 'turn-outs.' They show that the Workpeople had been alive to the predictions, the agitation, and the designs of the League; and they disclose the firm belief entertained by the people—who lived among the Anti-Corn-Law manufacturers and knew them best, and who had witnessed all the stages of their agitation—that the *League* meditated and desired the outbreak.

But there was another class of working-people not so moderate—these were the *Trades*, whom, as our readers will recollect, at the great meeting on New Year's day, Mr. Hutchinson was commissioned to 'organize' for anti-corn-law agitation. In that, at least, he failed; for the *Trades* now employed their organization, such as it was, against the *League*—whom they reproached bitterly and justly for their tortuous and selfish policy—and they took altogether a Chartist and republican direction. They published inflammatory placards and passed revolutionary resolutions; but they rejected all overtures from the Anti-Corn-Law-men, though a body of *dissenting ministers*—always the ready tools of the *League*—had been put forward to negotiate an alliance. The result was, the magistrates of Manchester found courage at last to act against the *Trades*; and the chairman, Mr. Hutchinson, who had, under the auspices of these very magistrates, been commissioned to organize the *Trades*, was now, by the same magistrates, apprehended for sedition.

The immediate occasion of this arrest was the publication of a placard, in which the *Trades* recommend that the 'turn-out' should last 'until the *Charter* be made the law of the land.' If the *Trades* had declared for the objects of the *League*, and this placard had announced a resolution to suspend labour 'until the *Corn Law* be repealed,' instead of 'until the *Charter* be made the law of the land,' Mr. Hutchinson's fate would probably have been different; and the meetings of the *Trades*, which were now watched by the magistrates with the awakening eye of the law, might have been looked upon with more lenity.

Such observations naturally arise from the conduct of the magistrates, who have taken an active part in the proceedings we have described; and we feel it to be a particular duty
to

to direct a more than ordinary share of public attention to the cases of two *Chief Magistrates* who, it seems, went up expressly to London to volunteer to the Conference declarations which could not fail to have a most dangerous effect in the towns, the peace and safety of which were confided to their keeping.

One of these magistrates was Mr. Cullen, the Mayor of Bolton. At the Conference of the 11th July, this magistrate, as we have seen, publicly declared, '*That if Ministers prorogued parliament without doing something to relieve the people, he would not vouch for the peace of the borough.*' The Mayor's conduct during the recent outbreak served to realize his warning. It is notorious that on the evening of Wednesday, the 10th August, the Mayor was officially apprised of the intention of the people to assemble in large numbers on that evening, or the following morning: the officer in command of the troops quartered in the town held himself in readiness, as soon as he should receive a written order from the Mayor, to turn out the troops. The Mayor, however, took no measures to prevent the meetings, of which he had been thus apprised. About 800 persons assembled the same evening, and after several speeches had been made, a resolution was passed, that they would re-assemble at five o'clock the following morning. Accordingly, on the following morning, the people again assembled, unmolested by the authorities, at the hour they had appointed, decided on turning out the hands, and throughout the entire day of the 11th August marched from mill to mill, turning and forcing out the workpeople. No interference whatever with their labours was interposed by the Mayor, although in the early part of the morning the numbers of the mob were inconsiderable, and the military and police force at his disposal were amply sufficient to put down the disturbance. On the morning of the 12th, when the Mayor did at length act, though the mob had been swelled by the 'turn-outs' of the previous days, the rioters were at once dispersed and prisoners secured.

It is said that when the report of apprehended riots was made to the Mayor on the evening of the 10th, he replied that *he did not think anything of the sort would occur*. If this were indeed the opinion of the Mayor, it must have been the result of great blindness to what was going on around him, and of great forgetfulness of *his own warning*. But when it is remembered that the League had for months predicted disturbances, that the Mayor himself had gone up to London to announce—not to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, but—to the *Conference*!—that he would not vouch for the peace of this very town, and that on the evening of the 10th, when the report was made to him, the surrounding districts were in a state of actual outbreak, it is difficult to attribute to mere want of foresight the inaction which marked the
conduct

conduct of this magistrate of the League. It was, originally, a breach of duty to declare to the world that he would not vouch for the peace of the town with which he was charged:—but it was a still graver dereliction of it, with the means of prevention at his command, to suffer his own prophecy to be fulfilled.

Stockport presents a similar example. At the *Conference* of the 7th July, Mr. Nelstrop, the Mayor of Stockport, made the declaration already noticed, that *he would not be responsible for the peace of that borough*; and there occurred a similar fulfilment of the warning. The mob did not enter Stockport until Thursday, the 11th August, three days after they had turned out the hands at Ashton, Hyde, and Staley Bridge, and two days after they had entered Manchester, all of these places being within a few miles of Stockport. The Mayor and magistrates of Stockport had, therefore, full warning of the state of the district, and on the 10th they were directly informed that the mob would enter Stockport on the following day to turn out the hands. Before the 11th, three troops of the Cheshire Yeomanry were marched into the town, a detachment of the 72nd Highlanders under the command of Major Hope were quartered in the barracks, and about 2000 special constables had been sworn in.

With this respectable force at their disposal, the Mayor and several of the Magistrates assembled at the Court-house, in the Market-place, on the morning of the 11th. *The Mayor, and nearly all the magistrates thus assembled, were members of the League.* The mob were to approach Stockport by the new bridge, where they might easily have been stopped and prevented from entering the town; but no effort was made to check them. Mr. Howard, the owner of a mill near the bridge, observed the approach of the mob, and, before they had reached the bridge, went to the Court-house to represent the state of things, and to request protection. The Mayor told him he could not have it: that they had sent to Manchester, and could not get a single man; *and had been ADVISED to be good-tempered with the people, and not to interfere with them.* We should like to know who gave that remarkable advice. We find elsewhere several traces of like counsel, and we cannot but suspect that he or they who gave it must have known the secret intention with which the movement had been forced on the people.

Mr. Howard, on receiving that discouraging answer from the Chief Magistrate, had no alternative but to submit to the mob; and his people were turned out. The mob then entered Stockport, paraded the market-place in procession under the eyes of the magistrates, and proceeded from thence to turn out the mills and to stop labour of all kinds in the town. Messrs. Bradshaw, whose mill was in St. Peter Square, which is about five minutes' walk

walk from the Court-house, had resolved to defend it. Some of their workmen had been sworn in as special constables; and they sent to the Court-house to request further assistance, but it was refused. The mob commenced an attack on the closed doors of the mill, and again application was made to the magistrates for assistance, but with no better success than before. The mill, however, was still held out; but no relief arriving, it was at length forced, and Mr. James Bradshaw was severely beaten by the mob for his obstinate defence.

The magistrates not only refused aid, but they discountenanced Mr. Bradshaw's gallant attempt to resist the mob. On the 10th, Mr. Bradshaw and his people had been sworn in special constables, and Mr. Bradshaw on that day told several of the magistrates he should hold out his mill. The magistrates discouraged his intention, and recommended him to offer no resistance. Again, when Mr. William Bradshaw went to the Court-house for assistance, and informed the magistrates he apprehended an immediate attack, as the mob were then turning out the adjoining mills, he was told by Mr. Coppock, the clerk to the magistrates, '*that no assistance could be afforded until there was a breach of the peace;*' and he was asked by the same functionary '*Why he should offer resistance?*'—in a manner which was plainly meant to discourage the attempt.

After the successful attack on Mr. Bradshaw's mill, 'the turn-out' became general, and all the mills and the works of the town were stopped. During the progress of these operations—the closing the mills—which were in perfect accordance with the League's avowed policy and intentions, the mob met with no opposition from the magistrates. But here indulgence ceased. The mob, emboldened by impunity, attacked the Union workhouse, carried it, and possessed themselves of the stores of bread and provisions. This was beyond the *programme* of the League, and the magistrates now put their force in motion; the mob were attacked and dispersed without the least difficulty and without any attempt to resist, and large numbers were made prisoners. The sufficiency of the force at the disposal of the magistrates was thus proved; and as that force was not employed either to check the mob in their approach to the town, or to interfere with their lawless operations in stopping the mills, and suspending labour, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion, that the inaction of the magistrates may have resulted from the wish not to interfere with proceedings which led to the accomplishment of the predictions which had been put forth. It is remarkable that one of the leaders, a man called Booth, who addressed the mob on the best means of supplying their wants, told them '*that they might, if they chose, do as the mayor of Stockport said, "Go to the stores*
and

and help themselves." He added, '*I don't advise so, but when a great man like the mayor of Stockport advises so, I should think all would be right.*'

We have no means of knowing whether the mayor had said what was thus attributed to him; we hope not: but Booth is one of those with whom the mayor fraternized when he presided over the meeting of February, in which the League adopted the Chartist resolutions; and it will be remembered that words of much the same purport had been used by Mr. Cobden, the member for the borough, on the 8th of July, in the speech delivered by him in the House of Commons, in which *he spoke of outbreaks*, and said that *the people would be justified in taking food for themselves and their families*. This speech, it has been already stated, was printed and distributed in large numbers by the League, in the very towns where the outbreak occurred, and where the advice was so soon followed.

We cannot take upon ourselves to say that there is in the foregoing facts sufficient to justify a *criminal information* against these magistrates, because it would be very hard—perhaps, impossible—to *prove* that degree of *criminal intention* on which the criminal law would operate; but we think that the common sense of mankind will have no doubt that the circumstances we have stated appear to impeach very gravely the fitness of those magistrates for their office: they are at best very unsafe protectors of the public peace, and must be, after what has happened, very unseemly administrators of justice in the eyes of the people.

We do not propose to trace the further progress of these events. The 'turn-outs,' after long endurance of privation, returned slowly and sullenly to the mills, leaving many of their friends and fellows behind them prisoners in the gaols. The Chartists, broken and dispersed, were subjected to the punishment of the law. The League alone remained intact—and not only intact, but has again reared its front with new-burnished audacity.

It would double the length of our article, already too long, if we were to enter into the details of the misrepresentations, the calumnies, the artifices, and the activity of the revived agitation—nor is it necessary. It would, in truth, be not much more than a repetition—with little other variation than a considerable increase of *effrontery*—of the features and the scenes we have already described. But there are some particulars in which Mr. Cobden tells us that the new agitation is to be more effective and formidable than the former, not in the design, but in the energy and extent of its application. The League means, he tells us, with the aid of the 50,000*l.* subscription, which he thinks he shall not only raise but could double, to canvass personally, by means of a greatly enlarged number of hired lecturers, every elector,

elector, and visit every house and every cottage in the kingdom. The League has already, he informs us, engaged every press in Manchester, and they are all, without even waiting for the realization of the subscription, already busy in printing what he calls the *evidence* with which this host of emissaries is to inundate the country—such *evidence* we have no doubt as the celebrated ‘*Murder placard*’—*Massie’s speeches*—*Bowring’s verses*, and such like, of which we have already had such satisfactory specimens; and in addition to all these individual exertions, the country is to be divided into *districts*, and the towns into *sections*, à la *mode de Paris*; and *Great Anti-Corn-Law Meetings* and *Grand Anti-Corn-Law Demonstrations* are to collect and direct the whole force of public opinion to the objects of the League!

We are not blind to the mischief that such energies in such unusual directions, nerved by a great power of money, sharpened by party spirit, and stimulated by personal ambition, acting on popular passions and prejudices, may do; but we firmly believe that Mr. Cobden exaggerates his means and miscalculates his power, and that the libels of his presses and the rantings of his lecturers will be found, as long as they are employed on mere Anti-Corn-law agitation, of even less effect than they have hitherto produced. Experience justifies our expectations. Our first and main ground of confidence of the ultimate failure of the League is, that it is from first to last a system of *false pretences*. Every day produces some contradiction of their vauntings, some detection of their frauds, some exposure of their weakness. A system of deceit and hypocrisy can have no permanent success.

Let us recollect, in the next place, that this *hydra*—this many-headed conspiracy—formidable, as we do not deny it to be, has but one body, *Manchester*—and that in Manchester itself the working classes, even during their recent excitement, had still the sagacity to see through the artful and selfish policy of the League, and to decline co-operation with men whose own sordid interests were notoriously their only motive and impulse. The workmen well knew *why* the great manufacturers were so ready to have their *mills closed*—they saw—and, poor people! they felt too—that what was ruin and death to them was to their masters, at worst, a temporary inconvenience, frequently a relief, and in some cases a very great profit.

We have been informed that several houses made large, and one or two enormous, gains by the *turn-out*. We can hardly credit this to the full extent that has been stated to us; but it is very clear that as the *turn-out* occasioned an immediate rise of prices—both actual and speculative, for no one could tell how long it might last—those masters who had stocks on hand were largely benefited—first, by being relieved at a crisis of pressure from

from the payment of wages; and then, by an earlier disposal of a heavy stock on hand and at advanced prices. This the workmen know, and will not soon forget the suspicious readiness with which the masters submitted to the apparent injury of stopping their mills; and the repetition of any such intrigue is, we trust, after the exposures that have been made, nearly impossible.

With regard to their *meetings* and *demonstrations*, we confess we should look at them with considerable alarm on *Kersall Moor* and in *Granby Row*; but when they are of that class that affect to speak public *opinion* only, we are not quite so much frightened—knowing, as we have long done, the way in which these things are generally *got up*. Even now, while we are writing, a circumstance has occurred, which, inconsiderable as it is in itself, appears to us to throw an important light on one of the main features of this whole system of Anti-Corn-Law '*Demonstration*.' Some of our readers may not be aware that most of these '*Meetings*,' which, through the medium of the newspapers, look like popular assemblies and arenas of *free discussion*, are in that respect mere impostures, or—as the Duke of Wellington, with his terse good sense, once called a similar description of meetings—*farces*. The whole affair is generally prepared beforehand in all its details by some half-dozen people, who seldom appear before the public—they engage a *chairman*, they provide, and sometimes hire *speakers*, they appoint *movers* and *seconders* of the resolutions which they have prepared; in short, all the proceedings are of that species of manufacture commonly called *cut-and-dry*; and the harmony and cordiality of the audience is insured by admitting no one who is not ascertained to be a shareholder in the *joint-stock unanimity* of the Association. Such is the usual course; but occasionally—'the course of *humbug* ceases to run smooth,' and then the real public obtains some insight into the interior of the machinery of which they commonly see only the smoke. Such is the case we have now to produce, and of which we have seen two or three versions: we select that in '*The Times*,' which appears to us the least liable to any suspicion of exaggeration.

In consequence

'of the recent division of the metropolis into sections by the League, for the purposes of carrying on the Anti-Corn-Law Agitation.....THE FIRST, GREAT, DISTRICT PUBLIC MEETING (Section No. 1) of the "METROPOLITAN ANTI-CORN-LAW ASSOCIATION" was held last night in the Mechanics' Institution, Southampton Buildings—there were 800 persons present, including at least 100 females. Mr. H. Warburton, Ex-M.P. for Bridport, presided.'—*Times*, 2nd December.

The metropolis, we see, *London*, is actually divided into sections,
VOL. LXXI. NO. CXXI. X just

just as *Paris* was in the days of which we have been so often reminded—but let that pass.

The meeting proceeded through its first stages in the usual routine. Mr. Chairman made a speech, and called on Mr. Villiers, M.P., to propose an Anti-Corn-Law resolution—which Mr. Villiers having done in a most applauded oration, it was seconded by Mr. Ricardo, M.P., and put from the Chair. So far so well; but it unfortunately happened that some persons, apparently of the working class, were present, who thought of the *League* pretty much as we do; and one of them, a Mr. Blackmore, rose to oppose the resolution. This attempt at free discussion in an *Anti-Corn-Law Meeting* was wholly unprecedented. Mr. Blackmore, though seconded by a Mr. Ridley, was accordingly very ill received; having, however, with some difficulty, got on the platform, they

‘were forthwith *pitched over neck and crop*, and Ridley received a blow from an active member of the committee which gave him a *black eye*!’—*Ib.*

The chairman and some other persons discountenanced this violence, and Blackmore obtained a kind of hearing, and *moved an amendment*

‘that the meeting should send delegates to a meeting of a *Conference* at Birmingham on the 27th instant, to assist Joseph Sturge in his struggle for the repeal of the Corn Laws.’

Now, though hundreds of similar motions had been made in the League and Parent Association, the chairman thought proper to decide that Mr. Blackmore’s amendment was *disorderly*, and, refusing to permit it to be seconded, proceeded, according to the *preconcerted* routine, to call on Mr. Ewart, M.P., to propose the next resolution, which Mr. Ewart rose to do, but began his speech by replying, somewhat supererogatively, to the two men, one of whom had not even attempted to speak, and then, warming into the general strain of the Leaguers, he inveighed against Corn-Laws, Governments, and what not, till he arrived at this sentence:—

‘He regretted that a certain *Judge* had expressed an opinion against the free discussion of political questions by Englishmen; but he knew of no Chief Baron—not even a Chief Baron Minos or Rhadamanthus [*how classical and witty!*] who would prevent them from doing so!’—*Ib.*

Mr. Ewart, like other witty people, has a very short memory, and forgot, it seems, that, not ten minutes before, his own friends and associates had ‘*pitched one Englishman over head and crop*,’ and given another ‘*a black eye*,’ only for putting in their claim to a ‘*free discussion*’

discussion of political opinions' at an advertised public meeting. Mr. Ewart then proceeded to say that

'when things came to that pass it would be better for every Englishman to leave his country, or to *sacrifice his life in maintaining his liberty.*' (Cheers.)

On which Mr. Blackmore said, 'That is out of order—that is *physical force.*' ('Hear! and cries of Order.')

Mr. Ewart however proceeded, and moved his resolution, which was,

'That, as *no reliance can be placed on the wisdom or patriotism of the Government or the Legislature,*' &c.

This was seconded by Sir De L. Evans; upon which Mr. Ridley, in defiance of the hard usage he had received, moved an amendment expressing an opinion that the repeal of the Corn-Laws would not benefit the working classes—which amendment—though certainly as natural, logical, and applicable to the matter in hand as any amendment that ever was proposed in any assembly, '*the Chairman ruled to be out of order;*' upon which a Mr. Spurr, who obtained a hearing with some difficulty, complained of the treatment which Mr. Blackmore and Mr. Ridley had received—

'*protested against the meeting as a one-sided meeting—said he had attended many gatherings of working men, and had never seen such disgraceful proceedings as on that night. (Uproar.) The League was like one man saying to another, "Let me take the moat out of thine eye," while he had a beam in his own.*'

And then proceeding to say something in apology for the Corn-Laws—the Chairman interposed,

'and put it to the meeting whether they would hear Mr. Spurr any longer;'

and Mr. Spurr was *silenced* accordingly; by which—and by Mr. Blackmore's having been *pitched over neck and crop*—and Mr. Ridley's having got a *black eye*—the *freedom of discussion* was—without any assistance from Chief Baron Rhadamanthus—so completely established, that all the '*great Anti-Corn-Law Resolutions*' were passed with the usual *unanimity*, by 'THE FIRST, GREAT, PUBLIC MEETING (Section No. 1) OF THE METROPOLITAN ANTI-CORN-LAW ASSOCIATION!'

But we have not yet done with this affair. The '*Morning Chronicle*' of next day but one, 3rd of December, contained a letter from Colonel Thompson in reference to this meeting, censuring the conduct 'of those three individuals who insisted on combating the feeling of the immense majority, and who, he is convinced, acted, as what the French call *moutons*—that is, that they were employed to utter language in the meeting with a view to

walk from the Court-house, had resolved to defend it. Some of their workmen had been sworn in as special constables; and they sent to the Court-house to request further assistance, but it was refused. The mob commenced an attack on the closed doors of the mill, and again application was made to the magistrates for assistance, but with no better success than before. The mill, however, was still held out; but no relief arriving, it was at length forced, and Mr. James Bradshaw was severely beaten by the mob for his obstinate defence.

The magistrates not only refused aid, but they discountenanced Mr. Bradshaw's gallant attempt to resist the mob. On the 10th. Mr. Bradshaw and his people had been sworn in special constables, and Mr. Bradshaw on that day told several of the magistrates he should hold out his mill. The magistrates discouraged his intention, and recommended him to offer no resistance. Again, when Mr. William Bradshaw went to the Court-house for assistance, and informed the magistrates he apprehended an immediate attack, as the mob were then turning out the adjoining mills, he was told by Mr. Coppock, the clerk to the magistrates, '*that no assistance could be afforded until there was a breach of the peace;*' and he was asked by the same functionary '*Why he should offer resistance?*'—in a manner which was plainly meant to discourage the attempt.

After the successful attack on Mr. Bradshaw's mill, 'the turn-out' became general, and all the mills and the works of the town were stopped. During the progress of these operations—the closing the mills—which were in perfect accordance with the League's avowed policy and intentions, the mob met with no opposition from the magistrates. But here indulgence ceased. The mob, emboldened by impunity, attacked the Union work-house, carried it, and possessed themselves of the stores of bread and provisions. This was beyond the *programme* of the League, and the magistrates now put their force in motion; the mob were attacked and dispersed without the least difficulty and without any attempt to resist, and large numbers were made prisoners. The sufficiency of the force at the disposal of the magistrates was thus proved; and as that force was not employed either to check the mob in their approach to the town, or to interfere with their lawless operations in stopping the mills, and suspending labour, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion, that the inaction of the magistrates may have resulted from the wish not to interfere with proceedings which led to the accomplishment of the predictions which had been put forth. It is remarkable that one of the leaders, a man called Booth, who addressed the mob on the best means of supplying their wants, told them '*that they might, if they chose, do as the mayor of Stockport said, "Go to the stores and*

and help themselves.'' He added, '*I don't advise so, but when a great man like the mayor of Stockport advises so, I should think all would be right.*'

We have no means of knowing whether the mayor had said what was thus attributed to him; we hope not: but Booth is one of those with whom the mayor fraternized when he presided over the meeting of February, in which the League adopted the Chartist resolutions; and it will be remembered that words of much the same purport had been used by Mr. Cobden, the member for the borough, on the 8th of July, in the speech delivered by him in the House of Commons, in which *he spoke of outbreaks*, and said that *the people would be justified in taking food for themselves and their families*. This speech, it has been already stated, was printed and distributed in large numbers by the League, in the very towns where the outbreak occurred, and where the advice was so soon followed.

We cannot take upon ourselves to say that there is in the foregoing facts sufficient to justify a *criminal information* against these magistrates, because it would be very hard—perhaps, impossible—to *prove* that degree of *criminal intention* on which the criminal law would operate; but we think that the common sense of mankind will have no doubt that the circumstances we have stated appear to impeach very gravely the fitness of those magistrates for their office: they are at best very unsafe protectors of the public peace, and must be, after what has happened, very unseemly administrators of justice in the eyes of the people.

We do not propose to trace the further progress of these events. The 'turn-outs,' after long endurance of privation, returned slowly and sullenly to the mills, leaving many of their friends and fellows behind them prisoners in the gaols. The Chartists, broken and dispersed, were subjected to the punishment of the law. The League alone remained intact—and not only intact, but has again reared its front with new-burnished audacity.

It would double the length of our article, already too long, if we were to enter into the details of the misrepresentations, the calumnies, the artifices, and the activity of the revived agitation—nor is it necessary. It would, in truth, be not much more than a repetition—with little other variation than a considerable increase of *effrontery*—of the features and the scenes we have already described. But there are some particulars in which Mr. Cobden tells us that the new agitation is to be more effective and formidable than the former, not in the design, but in the energy and extent of its application. The League means, he tells us, with the aid of the 50,000*l.* subscription, which he thinks he shall not only raise but could double, to canvass personally, by means of a greatly enlarged number of hired lecturers, every elector,

couragement to violence and to crime, and more than enough of language, *uttered by the voice of authority*, to justify the commission of them. The very outrages which principally marked the insurrection, viz., the assembling in large numbers 'to strike terror,' the stopping of labour, and the attacks on the bread and provision shops, had all been directly encouraged by the proceedings and the language of the League.

Happily, beyond these outrages, no attacks were made, and there were no blood-stained crimes. The people, even in a state of tumult, did not fulfil in this respect the prophecies of the League, nor take its instigations for their guide. There were none among those excited crowds who sought to '*snatch the pike or wield the brand*,' none who evinced '*a longing for indiscriminate vengeance*,' or for '*blood*'—although '*aristocratical oppressors*,' '*tyrants*,' '*murderers*,' '*vampires*,' and '*demons*' had been incessantly placed before their eyes as objects of their '*just revenge*.' The conduct of the insurgents, even in the excitement of successful turbulence and of momentary triumph over the law, put to shame the cold-blooded atrocity of the language and instigations of the League.

The speeches made at the first gathering of the people in Manchester, after the mob had entered it, show the view they entertained of the designs of the League, and of the effects of their agitation. In the afternoon of Tuesday, the 9th, the people assembled in large numbers in Granby Row; and, according to the report of the '*Manchester Guardian*,' copied out of the '*Circular*,' the following speeches were made:—

'Mr. Pilling, an operative, was called upon to preside. Having inculcated on his audience the necessity of obeying the law, he stated that upwards of thirty thousand men, women, and children, from Staley-bridge, Dukinfield, Oldham, and the surrounding towns, had met that morning in Ashton-under-Lyne, and declared that they never would return to their work until the same prices were given them which they had had in the early part of 1840. They had turned out because some of their *Corn-Law repealing masters* had lowered the wages of spinners twenty-five per cent.'

'Mr. Challenger said, "*They had met on the present occasion, not for the destruction of property or machinery, but to obtain the co-operation of the people of Manchester in seeking a fair day's wages for a fair day's labour.*" Having again advised the meeting to keep the peace, and to render the magistrates every assistance in their power to prevent disturbance, Mr. Challenger concluded amid loud cheers.

'Mr. Dixon hoped the operatives would not allow themselves to starve, in order to amass splendid fortunes for their employers. *A certain party were no doubt well pleased with this "turn-out;" they thought they had accomplished their object, and that a certain state of things would soon be brought about which was predicted by MR. COBDEN in the Commons' House of Parliament.* He (Mr. Cobden) had declared that, unless

unless the Corn-Laws were repealed, it would be impossible to keep the people quiet in the manufacturing districts. He (Mr. Dixon) knew one man in Ashton who declared that *he had reduced the prices for the purpose of arousing the people to a state of frenzy; and that, if the people were once driven to acts of violence, it would induce Sir Robert Peel and his strong Government to give to the Anti-Corn-Law men their pet measure.* He (Mr. Dixon) hoped, however, that the operatives would not be made the tools of any party, but that they would struggle together for the obtainment of their just rights.'

These speeches afford a fair specimen of the views and feelings of the 'turn-outs.' They show that the Workpeople had been alive to the predictions, the agitation, and the designs of the League; and they disclose the firm belief entertained by the people—who lived among the Anti-Corn-Law manufacturers and knew them best, and who had witnessed all the stages of their agitation—that the *League* meditated and desired the outbreak.

But there was another class of working-people not so moderate—these were the *Trades*, whom, as our readers will recollect, at the great meeting on New Year's day, Mr. Hutchinson was commissioned to 'organize' for anti-corn-law agitation. In that, at least, he failed; for the Trades now employed their organization, such as it was, against the League—whom they reproached bitterly and justly for their tortuous and selfish policy—and they took altogether a Chartist and republican direction. They published inflammatory placards and passed revolutionary resolutions; but they rejected all overtures from the Anti-Corn-Law-men, though a body of *dissenting ministers*—always the ready tools of the League—had been put forward to negotiate an alliance. The result was, the magistrates of Manchester found courage at last to act against the Trades; and the chairman, Mr. Hutchinson, who had, under the auspices of these very magistrates, been commissioned to organize the Trades, was now, by the same magistrates, apprehended for sedition.

The immediate occasion of this arrest was the publication of a placard, in which the Trades recommend that the 'turn-out' should last 'until the *Charter* be made the law of the land.' If the Trades had declared for the objects of the *League*, and this placard had announced a resolution to suspend labour 'until the *Corn Law* be repealed,' instead of 'until the *Charter* be made the law of the land,' Mr. Hutchinson's fate would probably have been different; and the meetings of the Trades, which were now watched by the magistrates with the awakening eye of the law, might have been looked upon with more lenity.

Such observations naturally arise from the conduct of the magistrates, who have taken an active part in the proceedings we have described; and we feel it to be a particular duty to

the master manufacturers immediately set about a reduction of wages, and thereby produced the disturbances.

We should like to ask these gentlemen of the League, who are *just now* so disinterestedly zealous for the workmen's welfare, what other proofs they have exhibited of this philanthropy? Have the greatest of these capitalists ever shown any disposition to look at the workmen in any other light than as *machines*, which they work, *like any other machine*, at the least possible cost, and to the greatest possible extent that the frame will bear? Nay, have they shown anything like a sympathy for human labour? Do they ever, by choice, employ *flesh, blood, and mind*, in preference to *wood, iron, and the mechanical powers*? Quite the contrary: even where the *man* would be as cheap as the *machine* they prefer the engine, because, as one of these Utilitarians once said to us, *the engine never gets drunk*—the true reason being, that the engine never disturbs the comfort or the profits of the master with complaints of overwork and insufficient wages.

Need we give any other proof of the indifference with which these philanthropists can look through the medium of their own interest at human suffering, than the history of the *Factory Bills*, and the causes which forced the Legislature to such an interference, and the delays and difficulties which that interference has had to contend with? The recent Reports of the Factory Inspectors give abundant evidence of the eagerness with which every possible improvement of machinery is caught at, in order to *get rid of men*. 'Ingenuity,' says Mr. Horner, 'has been stimulated to the utmost to supersede manual labour by mechanical contrivances; and, where manual labour is still necessary, by getting it performed by *children and young persons instead of adults*.' And he gives the instance of one class of spinners, who were by a very simple invention thrown out of employment, who had been accustomed to live well upon high wages, and were now *too old to learn a new trade*. 'The case of these spinners,' adds Mr. Horner, 'is a very hard one, and entitled to great commiseration. The change has come *rapidly* upon them; and men advanced in life, and long accustomed to good wages, if they can find employment in the same trade, must take subordinate situations, and can only earn a scanty subsistence.' And by this change Mr. Horner found that the millowner made a saving of 1*l.* 16*s.* out of 6*l.* 10*s.*, or near 25 *per cent.* on the wages he had been paying.

Do we deprecate the use or improvement of machinery? We are guilty of no such absurdity: without machinery there could be no human labour at all, for everything beyond our naked fingers is machinery; the needle, the spade, the distaff, and the plough, are as strictly machines as the steam-engine. We therefore

fore shall never stoop to flatter the working classes by delusive declamations against machinery; but we feel, on the other hand, that, when new machinery is likely to eject an established class of human labour, those who introduce it are bound—in justice as well as charity—to make the change as gradual and the discharge of the poor people as little afflictive as possible. We think therefore that some of the exuberant philanthropy which the millowners of the League have been expending at ‘*Conferences*’ and ‘*Demonstrations*’ about the country, would have been better employed at home in alleviating the immediate distresses of their own people—in delaying rather than accelerating any unfavourable changes in the condition of the workmen—and when such changes become inevitable, in making them gradual instead of ‘*rapid* :’ one might expect from persons of such liberality and benevolence, that they would not have dismissed—as the Factory Reports state that they do—faithful and efficient servants fully equal to the work on which they had been employed, but ‘too old to learn a new trade,’ for the saving that might be made by the substitution of ‘*young persons and children*.’ We are not sanguine enough to dream that such indulgence could be exercised for any long time, or on any extensive scale—but is it ever attempted? Are these changes ever alleviated even by the cheap decency of sympathy, real or assumed? We desire these gentlemen to produce any circumstances in their management of their affairs or their dealings with their workmen, to show that they are, or ever have been, actuated by any other principle than that same object which they are pursuing as members of the League—namely, that of getting the most work they can for the least wages—a natural object we admit, and one which, as a matter of dry business, cannot be complained of; but we may, and we do, complain of the falsehood and hypocrisy which disguise this object under professions of liberality and philanthropy, and which endeavour to excite against other classes of the community all the odium of the frequent and extensive distress, which is, and, we fear, always must be, the inevitable result of *their own* manufacturing system.

To conclude. We are satisfied that we have made out such a case against the Anti-Corn-Law Association and League, as no rational man in the country—not even, we trust, Lord Kinnaird himself—can resist.

We have shown that these societies set out with a public and fundamental engagement to act by ‘*legal and constitutional means* ;’ but that, on the contrary, all their proceedings have been in the highest degree *unconstitutional*, and, to the common sense of mankind, *illegal*.

We have shown that their second fundamental engagement, that

'no party political discussion should be allowed at any of their meetings,' has been scandalously violated; and that the *language* of their speeches and their press has been not merely *violent* and indecent—but incendiary and seditious.

We have shown that, even from the outset, they endeavoured to menace the government and the legislature with the pressure of *physical force*, and that these threats continued with increasing violence, till lost at length in the tumult of the actual outbreak which they had provoked.

We have shown that the *Magistrates* who belonged to these societies, instead of maintaining the peace and tranquillity of their respective jurisdictions, were amongst the most prominent and violent promoters of every species of agitation; and that, while all of them talked language and promulgated doctrines that endangered the public peace, some, the highest in authority, volunteered declarations which those inclined to disturb the public peace might reasonably consider as promises of, at least, impunity.

We have shown that the League have spent, according to their own statement, 90,000*l.* in the last year, we know not exactly how, but clearly in furtherance of the unconstitutional, illegal, and dangerous practices which we have detailed.

We have shown, we think, abundant reason to conclude that the 50,000*l.* which they are now endeavouring to raise is probably destined to the same, or perhaps still more illegal, unconstitutional, and dangerous practices.

We have shown that—from first to last—their system has been one of falsehood and deception—from their original fundamental imposture of being the advocates of the *poor*—down to the meaner shifts of calling brutal violence freedom of discussion, and a subscription for feeding sedition and riot a fund for education or charity.

And, finally, we hope we have shown that no man of common sense, of any party—if he only adheres to the general principles of the British Constitution—can hesitate to pronounce the existence of such associations—*raising money—exciting mobs—organized*—and—to use a term of the same Jacobin origin as their own, *affiliated*—for the avowed purpose of coercing the government and the legislature—can hesitate, we say, to pronounce the existence of such associations disgraceful to our national character, and wholly incompatible either with the internal peace and commercial prosperity of the country—or, in the highest meaning of the words—the SAFETY OF THE STATE.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Le Rhin. Lettres à un Ami*, par Victor Hugo. 1842.

THIS work, which has created a great sensation in Germany, is perhaps amongst the most innocuous productions of a very able but exaggerated and mischievous writer. His novels and fictions afford in literature the species of interest resulting in vulgar life from the spectacle of an execution : an intense excitement, which, without being evil, decidedly prepares the way for all evil ; and never can they be perused without leaving a taint upon the mind. His delineations of passion are false : his descriptions wonderfully spirited, full of *verve* in their language, and of picturesque truth in detail ; and the species of grotesque romance with which he invests the middle ages gives an interest to his scenes, persuading even the most plodding antiquary to pardon the occasionally fantastic heightening received by the picture from the warm fancy of the artist. And we have here many excellent specimens of the talent, which on other occasions he has so deplorably perverted and misused.

It is curious to observe, on the Rhine, the contrast between the powerful steam-boats, and the relics of mediæval navigation—lingering upon the mighty waters. Such are the great rafts, bearing a whole population in the loghouses, which seem to have slid down bodily from the Alps ; and the grave sailing-boats, heavily and rudely built, whose names still remind us of the age when Faith entered into all the concerns of human life—the *Pius*, the *Amor*, the *Sancta Maria*, the *Gratia Dei*, &c.—whilst the rushing creations of modern science testify by their appellations—*Queen Victoria*, the *Grand Duke of Hesse*, the *Duke of Nassau*, the *Leopold*—how entirely the whole feeling as well as the aspect of society has changed. ‘Your steam-boat,’ says Victor Hugo, ‘is painted and gilded ; your old sailor contented himself with honest pitch and tar. Your steam-boat is a personification of speculation ; your sailor of faith. Your steam-boat advertises itself ; your sailor prays. Your steamer depends on man’s protection ; your sailor on the aid of heaven.’ This striking antithesis meets you—is forced upon you every moment

on the Rhine. It is to be found, in fact, wherever we encounter the 'spirit of the age';—but, perhaps, nowhere has Giant Steam effected a more potent change than on the great and national river of Germany.

Before the opening of the continent, we, in England, might know something more of the Rhine than we did of the Orinoco, but certainly not so much as of the Ganges. Nor can the portion now constantly traversed each season, literally by myriads of travellers, be said to have been a navigable river; the rocks in one direction impeding the downward navigation: whilst upwards, there was no contending with the excessive swiftness of the stream.

Dr. Burney (we think) drifted down upon a timber raft, and the account of his sufferings and privations in his little den offers a whimsical contrast to the comforts of the *Dampfschiff*, with its sofas, its table-d'hôte, its pavilion for the ladies, and what not besides.

It is one of the traditions of Strasburg, that they hesitated to accept the alliance of Bâle on account of the distance between the cities. 'Nay,' said the Baseler burghers, 'we will bring you a kettle of soup warm from our Rath-haus;' and this they effected by means of an enormous iron cauldron, which retained its caloric, whilst the exertions of twelve able-bodied rowers brought it to the capital of Alsace, just in plight to fulfil their promise, before the setting of the sun.

No human foresight can calculate the effect which steam will produce by the conjunction of the continental states. The one most apparent, is the extinction of any remains of independence amongst the smaller powers. At this moment, the Belgians are exulting in the importance to be acquired by their country, as the connecting bond between the French and Prussian lines of railway. Belgium, as they boast, can make her terms with either suitor: as if France or Prussia, one or the other of them, whether in battle-field or congress, will not assuredly, for the very reason which gives such new consequence to Belgium, take all that the chances of preponderance may enable either of them to demand.

All the romance of the Rhine is fast departing. We can hardly take account of the rapid changes which the physiognomy of its shores is sustaining, year by year. Old walls fall; venerable gates and battlements are replaced by Bellevues and British Hotels; churches are whitened and renovated, and castles restored—as Stolzenfels and the Rheinstein—in such a manner as to make the antiquary groan and the artist shudder. Nothing can possibly be in worse tea-garden taste, particularly as exhibited at Stolzenfels: miserable pasteboard battlements and cast-iron staircases encrusted upon the old grey walls; mullions of the true carpenter's Gothic
inserted

inserted in the windows; and no apparent indication of the slightest feeling which may induce us to hope for a cessation of these vulgar barbarities.

We can only land occasionally with our pleasant tourist. Victor Hugo wisely made a stay at Andernach, a place which, as he justly observes, is far too much neglected; and the good-tempered Landlord of the *König von Preussen* now (1842) shows you, with much complacency, the comfortable room which Hugo occupied, and commanding an admirable view of the very picturesque watch-tower which forms so conspicuous an object from the banks of the Rhine.

‘J’aurais voulu monter dans la curieuse tour que je vois de ma croisée, et qui est, selon toute apparence, l’ancienne vedette de la ville, mais l’escalier en est rompu et les voûtes en sont effondrées. Il m’a fallu y renoncer. Du reste, la magnifique mesure a tant de fleurs, de si charmantes fleurs, des fleurs disposées avec tant de goût et entretenues avec tant de soin à toutes les fenêtres, qu’on la croirait habitée. Elle est habitée en effet, habitée par la plus coquette et la plus farouche à la fois des habitantes, par cette douce fée invisible qui se loge dans toutes les ruines, qui les prend pour elle seule, qui en défonce tous les étages, tous les plafonds, tous les escaliers, afin que le pas de l’homme n’y trouble pas les nids des oiseaux, et qui met à toutes les croisées et devant toutes les portes des pots de fleurs qu’elle sait faire, en fée qu’elle est, avec toute vieille pierre creusée par la pluie ou ébréchée par le temps.’—p. 190.

The great, gloomy, ghostly church, with its double towers, is perhaps amongst the latest specimens of the romanesque; and the exterior of the east end still retains some very original, and as yet, very perfect frescoes, deserving much more attention than they have received. The whole is thoroughly German, and, having escaped renovation, save and except the horrible white-wash of the interior, may be consulted as a landmark in the history of architecture. Nor should we, though they are of another age and character, neglect the Giants, the Roland and the Oliver, who guard the interior portal of the Rhein-gate, the direct progenitors of the worthies, who, frowning, because tantalized, at the spectacle of the annual festivities of London city, still hold their station in Guildhall.

From Andernach the traveller should also, without fail, proceed to Laach. Our friend Murray’s hint, that at ‘Brohl there is a good inn, where a basket stored with eatables should be provided, as nothing of the kind is to be had at the abbey of Laach,’ is already quite needless; for the neat *gast-haus* within the Abbey Close will furnish all you can desire. The noble abbey church, first discovered by the Master of Trinity, is now in a condition

which would make him wince. The purchase of the church by the Prussian government, for the purpose of preserving this very singular building from destruction, was a most praiseworthy act; and the fabric is so sound, that plumber's work on the roof and glass in the windows, and perhaps a few iron clamps in the walls, would have been all that it asked or required. The *Bau-inspektor*, Herr Nägler, unhappily thought otherwise, and glaring whitewash on the walls and coarse colouring on the capitals destroy the effect of the interior; and hammer and chisel, hicking and hacking the mouldings, inflict irreparable injury. Much here reminds us of Italy. The atrium is very like that of Sant' Ambrogio, and the tabernacle over the founder's tomb is, we should say, an evident adaptation of the plan of Nicolo Pisano; and how came it here, so far away?

Friend Murray's 'Handbook' hardly speaks with sufficient emphasis of the Marksburg; the only entire castle standing upon the banks of the Rhine, and which is now seen at the best possible era of its existence—neither petted nor neglected—neither vulgarized into a modern fortress, nor theatricalized, like the *Stolzenfels*, into the *Ritter-schloss* of a novel published at Leipsig fair, the worst of all transformations which any ancient building can assume. Welcome cart-lodge or cow-house—welcome stable or pigsty—nay, even welcome muck-midden or dunghill, in a ruin, rather than the deckings of pseudo-chivalry. Marksburg seems now, as nearly as possible, to exhibit the state of those buildings during the time of the Thirty years' war. Much is of timber, and both picturesque and curious: the Burg is now garrisoned by half-a-dozen honest invalids. The worthy old sentinel will not touch your *trink-geld*; no persuasion will avail: but you may leave your groschen in the embrasure, and you are not bound to look behind you as you go away. Marksburg is the state-prison of the Grand Duchy of Nassau; but has long been untenanted. The last person confined here was a gentleman bearing a very noble name, a Lieutenant von Metternich, who has decorated the ancient chapel, which he used as his bed-room, with various frescoes not entirely analogous to the object of the structure. Many vestiges of what must truly be admitted to be the barbarity of the middle ages yet remain in this castle: particularly the horrible pit in which prisoners were confined, and into which they were let down by a windlass as in the shaft of a mine. Such a place of confinement was, in old German jail language, technically called the *Hunde-loch*—Anglicè, the dog-hole. The rack, which Mrs. Trollope saw here, has been removed to the museum at Baden, as an illustration of the history of jurisprudence.

prudence. For the same reason it might be advisable to place in the British Museum a series of historical monuments relating to our own humane prison discipline at various periods, chronologically arranged:—*e.g.* *Scavenger's daughter* from the Tower, which, after racking Anne Askew, performed the same duty upon Campion and Guy Fawkes; the *Double-darbies* of London Newgate, inclosing the limbs of the living man like the gibbet-irons which bound together the swinging, rotting carcase; the *Mouth-joke* of the Newgate of Dublin; the *Screwed scull-cap* of the Fleet; the *Iron-mask* of the Richmond Penitentiary; the *Collar and bars, connecting neck and hands*, of Norwich Castle, kept in use till the remonstrance of Dr. Rigby caused it to be discontinued not forty years ago;*—and last, not least, the *Foul cat* of Sydney, so wired by gore, that each of its nine lashes, two hundred times repeated, cuts like the blade of a knife into the quivering flesh.

Lorch, the subject of the nineteenth letter, furnishes our author with a capital scene, which he introduces with the motto of 'Feuer!'

'J'écrivais dans ma chambre, lorsque tout à coup je m'aperçois que mon papier est devenu rouge sous ma plume. Je lève les yeux, je n'étais plus éclairé par ma lampe, mais par mes fenêtres. Mes deux fenêtres s'étaient changées en deux grandes tables d'opale rose à travers lesquelles se répandait autour de moi une réverbération étrange. Je les ouvre, je regarde. Une grosse voûte de flamme et de fumée se courbait à quelques toises au-dessus de ma tête avec un bruit effrayant. C'était tout simplement le gasthaus voisin du mien, qui avait pris feu et qui brûlait.

'En un instant l'auberge se réveille, tout le bourg est sur pied, le cri *Feuer! feu!* emplit le quai et les rues, le tocsin éclate. Moi, je ferme mes croisées et j'ouvre ma porte. Autre spectacle. Le grand escalier de bois de mon gasthaus, touchant presque à la maison incendiée et éclairé par de larges fenêtres, semblait lui-même tout en feu; et sur cet escalier, du haut en bas, se heurtait, se pressait et se foulait une cohue d'ombres surchargées de silhouettes bizarres.

'Un horrible flamboiement remplissait les intervalles de toutes les têtes.

'Quant à moi, car chacun pense à soi dans ces moments-là, j'ai fort peu de bagage, j'étais logé au premier, et je ne courais d'autre risque que d'être forcé de sortir de la maison par la fenêtre.

'Cependant un orage était survenu, il pleuvait à verse. Comme il arrive toujours lorsqu'on se hâte, l'hôtel se vidait lentement; et il y eut un instant d'affreuse confusion. Les uns voulaient entrer, les autres sortir; les gros meubles descendaient lourdement des fenêtres attachés

* This engine of torture was till very recently, and perhaps still is, in the entrance or ante-room of the jail. The chains, the fetters, the manacles which decorate its walls afford a humiliating exhibition.

à des cordes ; les matelas, les sacs de nuit et les paquets de linge tombaient du haut du toit sur le pavé ; les femmes s'épouvantaient, les enfants pleuraient ; les paysans, réveillés par le tocsin, accouraient de la montagne avec leurs grands chapeaux ruisselants d'eau et leurs seaux de cuir à la main.

‘ Bientôt les pompes sont arrivées, les chaines de travailleurs se sont formées, et je suis monté dans le grenier, énorme enchevêtrement, à plusieurs étages, de charpentes pittoresques comme en recouvrent tous ces grands toits d'ardoise des bords du Rhin. Toute la charpente de la maison voisine brûlait dans une seule flamme. Cette immense pyramide de braise, surmontée d'un vaste panache rouge que secouait le vent de l'orage, se penchait avec des craquements sourds sur notre toit, déjà allumé et pétillant çà et là.

‘ Des lucarnes du grenier je plongeais dans la fournaise et j'étais pour ainsi dire dans l'incendie même. C'est une effroyable et admirable chose qu'un incendie vu à brûle-pourpoint. Je n'avais jamais eu ce spectacle ; puisque j'y étais, je l'ai accepté.

‘ Au premier moment, quand on se voit comme enveloppé dans cette monstrueuse caverne de feu où tout flambe, reluit, pétille, crie, souffre, éclate et croule, on ne peut se défendre d'un mouvement d'anxiété, il semble que tout est perdu et que rien ne saura lutter contre cette force affreuse qu'on appelle le feu ; mais dès que les pompes arrivent, on reprend courage.

‘ On ne peut se figurer avec quelle rage l'eau attaque son ennemi. A peine la pompe, ce long serpent qu'on entend haleter en bas dans les ténèbres, a-t-elle passé au-dessus du mur sombre son cou effilé et fait étinceler dans la flamme sa fine tête de cuivre, qu'elle crache avec fureur un jet d'acier liquide sur l'épouvantable chimère à mille têtes. Le brasier, attaqué à l'improviste, hurle, se dresse, bondit effroyablement, ouvre d'horribles gueules pleines de rubis et lèche de ses innombrables langues toutes les portes et toutes les fenêtres à la fois. La vapeur se mêle à la fumée ; des tourbillons blancs et des tourbillons noirs s'en vont à tous les souffles du vent et se tordent et s'étreignent dans l'ombre sous les nuées. Le sifflement de l'eau répond au mugissement du feu. Rien n'est plus terrible et plus grand que cet ancien et éternel combat de l'hydre et du dragon.

‘ La force de la colonne d'eau lancée par la pompe est prodigieuse. Les ardoises et les briques qu'elle touche se brisent et s'éparpillent comme des écailles. Quand la charpente enfin s'est écroulée, magnifique moment où le panache écarlate de l'incendie a été remplacé au milieu d'un bruit terrible par une immense et haute aigrette d'étincelles, une cheminée est restée debout sur la maison comme une espèce de petite tour de pierre. Un jet de pompe l'a jetée dans le gouffre.

‘ Le Rhin, les villages, les montagnes, les ruines, tous le spectre sanglant du paysage reparaisant à cette lueur, se mêlaient à la fumée, aux flammes, au glat continu du tocsin, au fracas des pans du mur s'abattant tout entiers comme des ponts-levis, aux coups sourds de la hache, au tumulte de l'orage et à la rumeur de la ville. Vraiment c'était hideux, mais c'était beau.

‘ Si

‘ Si l’on regarde les détails de cette grande chose, rien de plus singulier. Dans l’intervalle d’un tourbillon de feu et d’un tourbillon de fumée, des têtes d’hommes surgissent au bout d’une échelle. On voit ces hommes inonder, en quelque sorte à bout portant, la flamme acharnée qui lutte et voltige et s’obstine sous le jet même de l’eau. Au milieu de cet affreux chaos, il y a des espèces de réduits silencieux où des petits incendies tranquilles petillent doucement dans des coins comme un feu de veuve. Les croisées des chambres devenues inaccessibles s’ouvrent et se ferment au vent. De jolies flammes bleues frissonnent aux pointes des poutres. De lourdes charpentes se détachent du bord du toit et restent suspendues à un clou, balancées par l’ouragan au-dessus de la rue et enveloppées d’une longue flamme. D’autres tombent dans l’étroit entre-deux des maisons et établissent là un pont de braise.’— p. 264.

Mayence forms a prominent section. Most fully do we join with Hugo in deploring the exceeding devastation—the deterioration of picturesque and poetical character—which this once noble city has sustained, partly from war, but even more from the fever of demolition which appears epidemic throughout Europe. Certainly it is a great good fortune, that the gigantic *Dom* has been preserved. The massive vaulting resisted the tremendous bombardment of 1793; though it was rifted in parts, and the roofing entirely consumed. But afterwards, when the French took possession of the city, the commanding officer of the *Génie*, St. Far, used all his influence to cause the whole to be demolished. With the *Lieb-Frauen Kirche* he did as he chose. This was the Lady Chapel of the *Dom*, of the richest Gothic; the portal was sixty feet in height, the niches and mouldings filled with admirable sculptures. St. Far sold the materials for 1200 francs—the whole building was broken up as rubbish; and the same fate befell almost every other sacred edifice in the city. The *Dom* was only preserved because it happened to be useful as a storehouse for forage. During this period, however, the usual devastations were committed. Whatever was of metal was plucked up and sold, the graves opened for the purpose of rifling the leaden coffins, and the stone monuments battered, defaced, or destroyed out of mere wantonness. A small bounty was subsequently bestowed upon the cathedral by Napoleon, who allowed it a yearly grant, and even restored to the chapter a very small portion of the landed estates which anciently formed its endowment; but in 1813, after the battle of Leipzig, the cathedral was again occupied as a barrack, and again sustained profanation and devastation scarcely less in degree than before. Yet, in spite of all this mischief, the *Dom* is still one of the most impressive romanesque fabrics in Germany. The vast circular arches stand unshaken; and we may still contemplate the magnificent monumental

series

series of the tombs of the Archbishop-Electors, somewhat deteriorated by the necessary restorations which they have received, but which people, as it were, the sanctuary over which they once ruled.

These tombs usually exhibit the figure of the prelate in a most richly ornamented tabernacle, Gothic in the earlier specimens, passing on, through the style of the *renaissance*, to the gorgeous and corrupted Italian of the seventeenth century. The greater number are placed upright against the piers and pillars, and in a manner of which, we believe, no other example is found. We suspect that the earlier effigies were originally either inserted in the pavement or laid horizontally upon a tomb; and that, some individuals of the series having been removed into their present position, all the continuation was, as it were, made to match: hence originated this remarkable historical gallery. Let the stranger look at it attentively, for here he will read the progress and fall of the temporal grandeur of the German hierarchy; and lessons may be learned not entirely unprofitable. At the commencement of the series, you may look at such thorough out-and-out bishops as Siegfried III. (1249) or Adolph of Nassau (1390):—grave, stern, and thoughtful Priests—Priests to the very marrow of their bones—Priests full of their sacerdotal dignity—Priests entirely impressed with their pre-eminence, which the sculptor has, in the case of Siegfried, expressed by a species of symbolical allegory, resulting from the size of his figures. This tomb consists of a group of three: on the right is Henry, the Landgrave of Thuringia; on the left William, Count of Holland, upon whose head the archbishop places the imperial crown; and the figure of the churchman being about twice as large as those of the princes, (who, compared to him, look like good little boys,) it thus conveys to the beholder the opinion which the sculptor entertained of the prelate's importance. As you proceed, you find these ecclesiastics softening and fattening down into very comfortable temporal sovereigns; the point-lace ruffles and frills of the courtier protruding through the rich embroidered waistcoat, which seems ashamed of the cope dropping off from the back of the wearer: incipient mustachios are also seen. Towards the conclusion of the series, the effects of good cheer become victorious over any other expression. The fattest of fat cheeks and chins, double chins, treble chins, are represented by the diligent sculptor with the most provoking fidelity. This was the period when all traces of the real spiritual functions of the sovereign prelates of the empire were wholly lost. All episcopal functions were exercised by a coadjutor, hard worked and ill paid; and the circumstance (which, as is recorded, happened once)

of

of a Prince-archbishop having actually preached a sermon, was considered as much a marvel as if Sir Robert Peel were to discharge that duty in St. James's. The magnificence of the empire has passed away. The See of Boniface, the apostle of Germany, is now a poor bishopric—a suffragan, we believe, of Friburg in the Brisgau. The most modern of the prelatial monuments is erected to the memory of Bishop Humann, the brother of the late French minister of finance. It humbly imitates the earlier style. In detail, these tombs offer very curious specimens of German art, the more recent possessing a peculiarly clumsy and stupid character. Strange it is, that the successors of Albert Durer, and the predecessors of Cornelius and Overbeke, should have been so completely lost to all sentiment of art! The armorial shields exhibit the full richness of Teutonic heraldry, which bears a most distinct national character. Of secular tombs, the most amusing is that of Count Lamberk, slain in the attack on Mayence, 1689. In complete armour, but decorated with a full-bottomed wig of most ample dimensions, exceeding even the famous curls of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he is doing his best to scramble out of his coffin, and has stretched out his hand, holding the marshal's staff. Death tries to prevent the escape, by squeezing down the coffin-lid with all the might and main of his nerveless bones, just as you try to pack a full trunk; whilst a dear female angel, in capital *embonpoint*, smilingly beckons to the General, encouraging him to persevere.

Before we quit Mayence, we must notice the very beautiful cloister, which is undergoing a complete and, what is more, a very judicious restoration, at the expense of the present Dean; the government of Hesse, to which the city now belongs, having refused, as we were informed upon the spot, to contribute a single *heller* towards the charge.

Victor Hugo's concluding remarks upon the extinction of the power of the electors are striking, though not expressed in such terms as we should altogether have wished to employ.

'Chose remarquable et qui prouve jusqu'à quel point la révolution française était un fait providentiel et comme la résultante nécessaire, et pour ainsi dire algébrique, de tout l'antique ensemble européen, c'est que tout ce qu'elle a détruit a été détruit pour jamais. Elle est venue à l'heure dite, comme un bûcheron pressé de finir sa besogne, abattre en hâte et pêle-mêle tous les vieux arbres mystérieusement marqués par le Seigneur. On sent qu'elle avait en elle le *quid dicinum*. Rien de ce qu'elle a jeté bas ne s'est relevé, rien de ce qu'elle a condamné n'a survécu, rien de ce qu'elle a défait ne s'est recomposé. Et observons ici que la vie des états n'est pas suspendue au même fil que celle des individus; il ne suffit pas de frapper un empire pour le tuer; on ne tue les villes et les royaumes que lorsqu'ils doivent mourir. La révolution française

française a touché Venise, et Venise est tombée; elle a touché l'empire d'Allemagne, et l'empire d'Allemagne est tombé; elle a touché les électeurs, et les électeurs se sont évanouis. La même année, la grande année-abîme, a vu s'engloutir le roi de France, cet homme presque dieu, et l'archevêque de Mayence, ce prêtre presque roi.

'La révolution n'a pas extirpé ni détruit Rome, parce que Rome n'a point de fondements, mais des racines; racines qui vont sans cesse croissant dans l'ombre sous Rome et sous toutes les nations, qui traversent et pénètrent le globe entier de part en part, et qu'on voit reparaître à l'heure qu'il est en Chine et au Japon, de l'autre côté de la terre.'—p. 133.

Are we to believe in astrology? In 1243, Archbishop Siegfried, he whose tomb stands so sternly in the cathedral, condemned the old astrologer, Mabusius, to die: he was a wizard and a diviner; and, when brought to the gallows, which until the revolution stood upon the frontier dividing the electoral territory from that of the Palatinate, he rejected the crucifix offered to him by the priest, and again asserted his own prophetic powers. Giving way to a vain curiosity, the monk, whom he would not allow to act as his confessor, inquired, 'Say when will the archbishops of Mayence come to an end?' 'Let my right hand be unbound,' replies Mabusius: the limb is released from its bonds: he pauses for a moment, takes up a rusty nail which had fallen from the fatal tree, and upon the stone plinth engraves three monograms, which, devised according to the plan of the ancient merchant's marks, severally designate IV. XX. and XIII.; and then surrendered himself to the executioner. These ciphers, added together, make *fourscore and thirteen*; and century after century they remained, becoming fainter and fainter as the stone was covered with lichens, or crumbled under the hand of time; until, in 1793, the prophecy received its accomplishment, and all was swept away.

At Cologne, Victor Hugo confines his visits to the Hôtel de Ville and the *Dom*, or Cathedral. With respect to the first, travellers owe him thanks for inviting them to a building, which, though daily more and more vulgarised by the white-washings and *domestications* which it receives, still possesses great interest. We wish that our architectural societies would authoritatively settle an architectural nomenclature; for, with respect to this building, we feel ourselves entirely at a loss how to designate its style—Roman, we must call it, such as Rome appeared to the imaginations of the *savans en us* of the sixteenth century, and which Wren even, at one period, imbibed. Take, as an example, the theatre at Oxford, with its mullioned windows, its lucarns and lantern, in which he attempted to retrace the models of antiquity. Both Goths and Greeks will rail at us for
delighting

delighting in this style. It is pliable, rich, harmonious. It is *obedient*—that is to say, the architect never needs make use give way to form, or form to use. He can give the building a complete adaptation to its intent, and it is *singularly* applicable for all purposes of modern convenience and beauty. It may be as well to notice that the inscriptions in the Rath-Haus in honour of Cæsar Augustus and Agrippa are all coeval with that addressed to Maximilian, though they have been strangely quoted as genuine relics.

The *Dom* derives great interest from the resumption of the long discontinued fabric. The following may be taken as a good specimen of Hugo's descriptive powers:—

‘La place était toujours silencieuse. Personne n’y passait. Je m’étais approché du portail aussi près que me le permettait une riche grille de fer du quinzième siècle qui le protége, et j’entendais murmurer paisiblement au vent de nuit ces innombrables petites forêts qui s’installent et prospèrent sur toutes les saillies des vieilles masures. Une lumière qui a paru à une fenêtre voisine a éclairé un moment sous les voussures une foule d’exquises statuettes assises, anges et saints qui lisent dans un grand livre ouvert sur leurs genoux, ou qui parlent et prêchent, le doigt levé. Ainsi, les uns étudient, les autres enseignent. Admirable prologue pour une église, qui n’est autre chose que le Verbe fait marbre, bronze et pierre! La douce maçonnerie des nids d’hirondelles se mêle de toutes parts comme un correctif charmant à cette sévère architecture.

‘Puis la lumière s’est éteinte, et je n’ai plus rien vu que le vaste ogive de quatre-vingts pieds toute grande ouverte, sans châssis et sans abat-vent, éventant la tour du haut en bas et laissant pénétrer mon regard dans les ténébreuses entrailles du clocher. Dans cette fenêtre s’inscrivait, amoindrie par la perspective, la fenêtre opposée, toute grande ouverte également, et dont la rosace et les meneaux, comme tracés à l’encre, se découpaient avec une pureté inexprimable sur le ciel clair et métallique du crépuscule. Rien de plus mélancolique et de plus singulier que cette élégante petite ogive blanche dans cette grande ogive noire.

‘Voilà quelle a été ma première visite à la cathédrale de Cologne.’—
p. 135.

The first stone of this, the purest specimen of the purest Gothic, was laid in 1248, in the very year when the masons closed the vaulting of St. Cunibert, a stern, regular, and consistent romanesque building. There is in Cologne absolutely no kind of trace of the style called *transition*, so common in France and England; and therefore, now that we are standing upon German ground, we must admit, even against our wills, that any theory deduced from the appearance of that style of architecture does not here apply.

As

As is well known, some of the working drawings of Cologne still exist: they were dispersed when the French plundered the archives; and the most valuable was found at Darmstadt, nailed upon the door of a barn. The exact date also of the foundation is certain; but there has been much contest about the individuality of the architect, who is now supposed by some to have been a *Gérard* of *St. Trond*, in Flanders, which would give the glory to Belgium. The Germans warmly contest for the honour. Yet, at all events, the very buildings tell you that in Germany the *Gothic* was of sudden introduction or creation. It starts up in the fullest maturity; and it is difficult to understand, how the workmen, who had hitherto been accustomed only to such vaulting and sculpture as that of St. Cunibert, could immediately turn their hands to the mathematical groining and lace-like delicacy of the Gothic style. To increase our perplexity, other recent German inquirers have maintained that the Gothic was the invention of Albertus Magnus. A fierce battle rages; but may there not be peace? Professor Kugler, we believe, mediates between the contending disputants, by assuming a species of partnership between a *Gérard*, whoever he might be, and Albertus *de Groote*; so that the cathedral would be a joint concern. We must not, however, allow ourselves to wander further in these speculations, but simply express our belief that the origin of Gothic architecture is not to be found in mortar or stone, or in line or rule, but that it was the expression, as it were, of what, in Exeter Hall phraseology, would be called the 'religious mind' of the thirteenth century.

Hugo, who dates his letters in 1839, complains—and then he might do so with justice—of the neglected and ruined appearance of the choir. By the extensive repairs in progress, and which, though not commenced by, have received the most effective impulse from the present King of Prussia, its aspect is now entirely changed, and we may begin to appreciate the wonderful talent with which the Master who planned the work was endued. It is all cast at one jet. You see one pervading idea, worked out in every portion; no one thing appearing as an after thought, though perhaps not introduced till a period long subsequent to the first foundation. The true spirit of Gothic architecture is that of living vegetation: it is the expansion of the vitality of the germ; and, where this vitality exists, each addition harmonizes as naturally with the portion upon which it is based, as the leaf does when it springs out of the branch, and as the flower does when it blooms amongst the verdure. However the building may spread and fructify, it is still one organic whole; and this is truly a transcendent excellence, which no other production of human art ever acquired.

acquired. The vast windows of the choir have been thoroughly cleaned and repaired. They now shine like gems; and the architectural lines delineated in the stained glass, the tabernacles and borders, bright as they are, still carry on the perfect unity of the stone filagree of the vast shrine: for the whole cathedral is one glorious shrine of holiness. The late repairs have brought to light many hitherto concealed frescoes on the walls, the character of which is beautifully in unison both with the painted glass and the architectural ornaments. They are, however, much damaged, and need entire restoration, which, if funds can be found, will be effected by some of the best artists of the Dusseldorf school. The statues of saints affixed to the columns have been restored, and coloured with great ability. Colour is as essential an element in Gothic architecture—nay, in all architecture—as form.

The completion of the cathedral is partly effected, or rather will be effected, by government grants—not so large as might be desired, considering the importance of the object and the equitable claims which the cathedral has upon the State—since, in truth, *all* the dominions of Prussia on the Rhine were Church property—and partly, as we hope and trust, by the more efficient means of the *Dom-bau verein* of Cologne, or 'Cathedral Association,'—a voluntary society, as its name imports; and which, confirmed by the 'aller höchste' cabinet order of the 8th of December, 1841, has its branches in most parts of Northern Germany, including also some in Swabia and Bavaria, who transmit their collections to the parent society. One of these affiliated associations has been formed at Paris; and we hope that a *Londner-verein* will soon also arise, lending what assistance it can to the restoration and completion of one of the noblest monuments of Christian architecture. The sum needed, though large, is not enormous. The 'Regierungs baurath,' or head architect, Zwirner, who, we believe, is now on his way to this country, calculates the transepts and nave at 1,200,000 *thalers*; but we are surprised, and, we may add, grieved, to find that he proposes to omit, in the completion of the nave, the pinnacles and flying buttresses, which really form the chief beauty of the choir. This mutilation is suggested, in order to save 800,000 *thalers*, which they would cost. We earnestly hope that this pitiful economy will not be allowed to inflict a permanent *maim* upon the building. The façade and towers are calculated at 3,000,000 *thalers*. Thus the sum of 5,000,000 *thalers* (to cover all expenses of stained glass, paintings, and ornaments, say 1,000,000*l.* sterling) would enable us to behold the temple in its full magnificence.

The

The foundations for the whole were well laid by the original architect: they have been examined, and found quite sound. Within ten years the whole gigantic structure could easily be completed. It is in the nature of things that against every good work there is raised up an enemy. Many objections are openly started against the plan, more are whispered, and endeavours made to freeze the liberality of the people. The ultra-Protestant shakes his head at the bounty which assists a Roman-Catholic temple; and the ultra-Romanist looks grim, and suspects that orthodoxy will flee from the edifice raised under the auspices of a Protestant king. Politicians will tell you that the national monument is a symptom of the deeply-laid scheme, by which all northern Germany is to be rendered a Prussian empire; and the French sneer and gibe, and are the willing prophets of the undertaking's utter failure. To every doubt, to every objection, no other answer is required than the unfinished walls, and the character of the honest and pious Sovereign.

It is very instructive, with respect to this building, to trace the progress of opinion. In 1509 the works entirely ceased. It is hardly necessary to mention that this was the era of the greatest corruption of the members of the Western Church, when the Prelates had in fact secularised themselves; and the funds destined to the honour and glory of God were employed in pampering their vile vices or in aiding their ambition. Look on the unfinished tower, crowned by the crane projecting idly in the air. The axle of the wheel is rusted, the timber decays, rooks nestle unmolested amongst the beams;—who could anticipate that it ever would be set to work again, still less that the order would be given by a Protestant prince? Thenceforward, so long as the electorate subsisted, the very little which the archbishop and chapter did was nothing but mischief. They whitewashed the walls, removed the stained glass in order to give more light to the building, demolished the *baldacchino* and the high altar, a masterpiece of ancient German art, and introduced decorations in the vilest and most corrupted French Pompadour style, the outward tokens of the total loss of the ancient religious and ecclesiastical feeling. Matters thus continued till the Revolution. Elector, Dean and Chapter, are scared away by the tricolor. Horses are stabled in the aisle; heaps of forage stored in the choir. At this disastrous period the cathedral sustained so much of the damage which Victor Hugo laments; and, upon the accession of Napoleon, it was reported by its then bishop, Berdolet, as fast approaching to ruin. Napoleon refused the small sum of 40,000 francs, asked for the purpose of keeping the building up, and there

there seemed no means of averting its destruction. At this juncture, Sulpice Boisserée, the artist, supported by Goethe, the Schlegels, and other men of letters, determined to endeavour to preserve at least a memorial of the building. He began his now well-known architectural work, which, for the first time, taught the German public to admire what they had hitherto neglected, contemned, or despised; and in 1816 the late King of Prussia directed surveys to be made of the structure, for the purpose of preserving the fragment by needful repairs. The first grant was made in 1824, and from that period up to 1841 the sum of 215,084 *thalers* has been issued from the Prussian treasury, showing how much remains to be supplied. This first impulse resulted from mere love of art and of antiquity. It was entirely secular and unsanctified; and the same spirit would have induced the elegant individuals who were the instruments to have craved aid for the temple of Theseus or the Parthenon. To this has succeeded the high and holy feeling which now actuates King and people; and, in the emphatic words by which the address of the association concludes, '*Der ALLMAECHTIGER GOTT, zu dessen Preis und Ehre das Werk gerreichen soll, möge demselben seinen Segen verleihen! Unser Wahlspruch aber sei, Eintracht, Ausdauer.*'

It is an old jest, that the pith of a lady's letter always lies in the postscript; and when you arrive at the 'conclusion' of Victor Hugo's work, consisting of a spirited essay of 150 pages upon the political state of Europe from the seventeenth century to the present time, you find that the whole intent of his correspondence is to show that the very stones on the left bank cry out '*Il faut que la France reprenne le Rhin.*' It is the creed of all the generation, that the loss of that same left bank was to France the loss of the right arm.

Hugo, who, as the newspapers say, is about to be created a peer of France, bestows his most unwilling praise upon the wisdom of the Congress of Vienna. He acknowledges that the Anti-Gallic diplomatists effected a *chef-d'œuvre* of policy in bestowing the Rhenish provinces upon Prussia. By so doing, they placed, as he truly says, the advanced guard of the enemy within five days' march of Paris, and, as he forcibly expresses it, formed a perpetual ulcer in what had hitherto been the empire of Napoleon. Let Hugo speak out and speak on:—

'Austria is on the decline; Prussia, on the advance: a nation scarcely of yesterday, but which looks forward to the morrow for her future glories: her eagle, young and vigorous, will never abandon, if she can help it, what she has once seized within her grasp. Moreover, by this policy, wily England has separated the two nations who are to each other

other the most congenial in their feelings. France is a nation of the *mouvement*; Prussia is a nation of the *mouvement*. Both should be tending to the same end, both would work in the common cause of *regeneration*, Prussia in Germany, France in Europe, were it not for the antipathy raised by placing under the power of Prussia a territory which France must always covet, Prussia always jealously defend.—*Le partage du Rhin, crée une haine. Brouiller la France avec l'Allemagne c'était quelque chose: brouiller la France avec la Prusse, c'était tout: donner la rive gauche du Rhin à l'Allemagne, c'était une idée; l'avoir donné à la Prusse, c'est un chef-d'œuvre de haine, de ruse, de discorde et de calamité.*

Yet, in rapid perspective, his imagination discovers an easy remedy. He will hold out a morsel to the black eagle, which shall tempt her to relax the grip of her talons:—

'Hanover is separated from the British crown, and her speedy moral and physical extinction predicted. The house of Brunswick is struck with moral and physical imbecility. Let Prussia seize Hanover, and something more, such as Hamburgh, Oldenburgh, and other convenient *arrondissements*, so as to render the whole Baltic a Prussian shore; and she may then cheerfully surrender the Rhine to France!'

And so he runs on. That the lowest prejudices of the lowest of English factions against the King of Hanover, and his afflicted but admirable son, should be taken up by French rhapsodists—all this was to be expected!

Hugo nevertheless says some disagreeable truths. He stigmatises not too hardly—perhaps not hardly enough—the utter disregard with which the Congress of Vienna treated equally the rights of the smaller states and the feelings of the people. Instead of the natural divisions, which not unfrequently were continuous with political boundaries, and the still more important lines traced out by habits, customs, opinions, races, and, above all, by religion, you have now nothing but purely artificial demarcations. Here a black and white striped post shows you that you enter Prussia; there a yellow and red striped post, Hesse; here a green and white striped post, Nassau; there a yellow and black post, Austria; but no sense or reason in the formation of the frontier, except the arbitrary will and pleasure of a certain number of diplomatists, dividing amongst themselves, with a map of Europe outspread on the green-cloth table, the property which did not belong to them—a very convenient and pleasant employment; but when such a transaction is not diplomatical, folks, if the act concerns a sheep, or a horse, or a pig, or a purse, give it quite another name. Certainly, with all its weaknesses, errors, and incongruities, the constitution of the departed Roman Empire, the last *phase* of the Fourth Monarchy which we have seen come to

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an end, did at least effect what regenerated Europe does not afford,—the protection of the weak against the strong. The flag of the Count of Bentheim Steinfurth was as respected as the union jack of Great Britain. The abbot of St. Emmeran, with no more land than might have been covered by the copes in his sacristy, was as sure of his possessions as the Prince-Archbishop of Maintz. Hamburgh and Bremen were not more inviolate than Kempten or Lindau; and the Margrave of Anspach, whose sovereignty might have been included in Hammersmith parish, held his dominion by as good a title as the houses of Brandenburg or Hapsburgh.

That the seeds of great political changes, and of changes more than political, are now germinating in northern Germany, is highly probable. Germany, the father-land of gunpowder, printing, and Luther, may again convulse the world. But of one thing we are sure, and of one thing the French may be sure, that, whatever changes take place, there will be but one heart and mind in defending every hill or dale, every town or tower which bears the impress of German nationality. Dynasties may be raised or overturned; you may have a German commonwealth or a German empire; but on German ground the power of France is gone, and for ever. Let the standard of Arminius be unfurled, and every jealousy, every rivalry between king and king, state and state, people and people, will be appeased. The National Confederation will be cemented by the blood of the enemy; and whenever the *Welschen* may be emboldened to the assault, all Germany will, with one voice, join in the chorus:

No—*they* shall never win it,
Our free, our German stream;
No—though like starving ravens,
They Rhine-ward, Rhine-ward scream.

'*Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den deutschen freien Rhein;
Ob sie wie gierige Raaben
Sich heiser darnach schrei'n.*'

- ART. II.—1. *The Catechetic Lectures of St. Cyril, Archbishop of Jerusalem*. Translated, with Notes and Indices. (Library of the Fathers, vol. ii.) Oxford. 1838.
2. *A Help to Catechising*. By James Beaven, M.A. London. 1842.
3. *A Catechism for the Use of St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh*. By the Rev. E. B. Ramsay, M.A. London. 1841. (Third Edition.)
4. *Hints on Scriptural Education and on Catechising*: a Charge, by E. Bather, M.A., Archdeacon of Salop. London. 1842. (Second Edition.)
5. *Documents and Authorities on Public Catechising*. By the Rev. J. Ley, M.A. London. 1840.

THE great model of the Christian *Catechesis* is to be found in the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel; where we are told that the child Jesus was 'found in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions; and they were astonished at his understanding and answers.' These words of our version describe the process with sufficient clearness; but it may be noticed that, in the original, the same word (*ἐπερωτᾶν, ἐπερωτήματα*) is here interpreted of *questions*, which, in St. Peter's 1st Epistle (iii. 21, speaking of the promises made in baptism*), is translated *answer*; comprehending, as in fact it does, the mutual questions and answers which make up the teaching in the one case, and the stipulation in the other.

Of course this part of the teaching, from its humble character and its necessary variety, is the part least likely to be preserved to after ages; so that we need not wonder if, in point of form, the Catechetic Lectures of St. Cyril differ but little from ordinary homilies. They rather *accompanied* the catechising than comprised it; their peculiarity being in the character of those to whom they were addressed, and the consequent choice of their subjects. They were delivered to those catechumens who, though still unbaptised, were to receive the sacrament of baptism immediately afterwards; and their subjects, consequently, lie between the ordinary instructions of the catechumen, and those which were *reserved* † for the edification of the baptised. The peculiar

* Compare St. Luke, iii. 10, 14. It was a legal term in stipulations.

† In the controversy in which this word has become technical, much confusion on both sides would have been avoided, had the broad distinction been made clear between the absolute reserve used towards unbaptised catechumens, and the discretion with which the milk and strong meats of the Gospel were imparted to *the Illuminated*. The former part of the system has no parallel among us; the latter is what every clergyman must use; and the only question is, whether he does so consciously or unconsciously, systematically or empirically, well or ill.

position of these catechumens, at a time while the members of the Church were principally, or in great part, recruited from among the heathen, instead of growing up a seed of 'holy children' (1 Cor. vii. 14) under her fostering care, involved the need of peculiar details in their training, such as are not applicable to later times. And, for this reason, it is needless to plunge into a discussion of the various catechetical schools, at Alexandria (chiefly famous, indeed, for the Senior Theological Institute which was engrafted upon it, and appropriated its name), at Antioch, and elsewhere. Our purpose being chiefly practical, we will take leave to pass over the details of ecclesiastical antiquity; content to have indicated the foundation of the apostles and prophets on which the institution rests, and the essential oneness of its principle, whether the catechumens be a class of adults converted, but as yet unbaptised, or whether they be youths who, having received baptism in infancy, are now to be trained and instructed in the rudiments of their religion, according to the stipulation of the initiatory sacrament.*

It will be more interesting, and perhaps useful, to consider the subject of catechetical teaching practically, as one of our own Church's institutions in her prophetic character. Indeed, even thus, there is still some risk of seeming to fall into vague generalities in trying to investigate principles. The subject may, therefore, be limited yet more to the case of our rural population and parishes. It is probable, indeed, that much which may be said will be applicable to all alike: the main principles, if true at all, will be true everywhere: but there is no need to embarrass or complicate the question by taking into account the special necessities and difficulties arising from the confessedly peculiar character of a town-population. We leave such parishes out of the question, reserving our opinion as to what, in *their* case, is really impossible, or hazardous, or only difficult—that is, what should be unattempted, what should be carefully considered, and what should be energetically done.

The first thing to be ascertained is the rule of our own Reformed Church on the subject; and we are abundantly furnished with this, text and comment, by Mr. Ley in his *Documents and Authorities*.

The following are some, out of many, of his quotations:—

The Rubric. 'The curate of every parish shall diligently, on Sundays and holidays, after the second lesson at Evening Prayer, openly in

* It is to be hoped, in further illustration of this point, that St. Augustine's *Treatise de Catechizandis Rudibus* will be included among the translations in the 'Library of the Fathers.'

the church, instruct and examine so many children of his parish, sent unto him, as he thinks convenient, in some parts of the Catechism.*

Abp. Whitgift to the Bishops of his province, 1591.—'This mischief (that the youth, being as it were the frie and seminarie of the Commonwealth, are not trained up in the chief and necessary principles of the Christian religion) might wel in mine opinion be redressed by catechising and instructing in churches the youth of both sexes on the Sabbath dayes in the afternoon—and that (if it may be conveniently) before their parents and others, who thereby may take comfort and instruction also . . . Give strait charge unto parents to come themselves, or at least to send their children, to the church at such times; and especially unto ministers, to expound unto them, and to examine the child in that little Catechism which is allowed by authority.'

King James I. to Abp. Abbot, 1622.—'That no parson, etc., shall preach any sermon hereafter in the afternoon but upon the Catechism, or some text taken out of the Creed, Ten Commandments, or Lord's Prayer, and that those preachers be most encouraged and approved of who spend the afternoon's exercise in the examining of children in their Catechism, and in expounding of the severall points and heads of it.'

King Charles I. to Abp. Laud, 1633.—'That in all parishes the afternoon's sermons be turned into catechising by questions and answers, where and whensoever there is not some great cause apparent to break this ancient and laudable order.'

King Charles II. to Abp. Juxon, 1662.—'That where there is an afternoon's exercise it be especially spent in explaining some part of the Church Catechism, or in preaching on some such text of Scripture as will probably and naturally lead to the handling of something contained in it, or may conduce to the exposition of the liturgy and prayers of the Church.'

Such is the state of things amongst us at present that the citation of these documents will by many be looked upon as equivalent to an attack upon *preaching*; and this because preaching has built itself a throne upon the ruins not only of catechising, but also of prayer and the sacraments. This is emphatically an age of preaching, in the most invidious sense of the word—the only sense in which catechising is opposed to it. And this has cut both ways: on the one hand, a belief in the pulpit has become the *articulus stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiæ*; and, on the other, those who have been moved to resist this monopoly have yielded to the temptation to decry that which has been overrated; to choose an offensive instead of a defensive position; and, through fear of the disparagement of sacraments, almost to deprive the

* The 59th Canon (1603) may seem to transfer this duty to the half hour before Evening Prayer. But the Canon cannot repeal the Rubric; and indeed the latter has, since that date, been as it were re-enacted as a law of the land. But both will be obeyed by clergymen who attend the Sunday school before the evening service, and during it catechise the children.

Christian flock of this portion of their instruction, as if it were not written that 'man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' The sober Churchman will scarcely agree with either.

'I am not ignorant,' says the Bishop of Exeter in his Charge delivered last summer, 'that many good men have thought that the most valuable portion of public worship is the ordinance of preaching; and we are sometimes told, in a tone of seeming triumph, that the great work for which our holy office was appointed is "to preach the gospel." From the earliest days of the Reformation there have been two parties in our Church—each of them including many sincere and excellent men—who are and have been more strongly distinguished by their feeling, if not their language, on this particular, than by almost any other differences whatever.

'On which side the voice of the Church has spoken I need not say. But let me ask, has not experience also spoken? and is not its testimony with the Church? What are the results, *the enduring results*, of the most eloquent, the most fervent, the most successful preaching, if it be not kept in due subordination to the immediate and proper purpose for which the congregation is assembled in God's house—emphatically called by God himself "the House of Prayer"—humbly to acknowledge our sins before God—to render thanks to Him—to set forth His praise—to hear His Holy Word—to ask those things which He knows to be necessary as well for the body as the soul—above all, to feed together spiritually on the body and blood of our Blessed Redeemer? . . .

'And, after all, what is it to preach the Gospel? Is it merely the delivery of oral discourses? In proclaiming the Gospel to the heathen this may indeed be the best and only way; but in the instruction of those who have been already brought, by God's mercy, into the fold of Christ, can the same be truly said? What is *catechising*? What the reading publicly in the congregation the written word of God? What the intelligent and devout use of our own admirable Liturgy?" &c.—pp. 8, 9.

It may then, *incolumi sobrietate*, be inquired (and this concerns the present subject most nearly) *what is preaching*? For undoubtedly many things are contained in the scriptural meaning of this word besides the delivery of sermons from the pulpit. Not to expatiate on all the manifold preachings of the press, through which it has come to pass that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, we *read* where the ancients *listened*—and not to distinguish the various senses which manifestly belong to 'the Word' in very many passages of Holy Writ, which are continually brought forward, one thing may be plainly laid down—that *catechising is preaching, in every sense in which preaching is scriptural*. The contrast, if a contrast must be drawn, is between one sort of preaching and another. The question is, whether one style is to swallow

swallow up all the rest? We would only plead, and plead humbly, that the preacher of sermons may not be allowed to claim a prescriptive right to the whole of that territory in which the Catechesis had an original and legitimate share. Let him look at the state of things under Archbishop Whitgift,* (remembering that, at that date, catechising on *every* Sunday and holiday was enforced,) and be content with the modern pulpit's prosperous estate.

Nor would we be understood to imply that, in modern times, this had been unfairly acquired; though it was clearly an irregularity and encroachment (carried on chiefly by the Puritan engine of afternoon lectureships) during the times to which our quotations carry us back. Unhappily, as the zeal for *preaching* grew, that of those who ought to have maintained catechising *pari passu* with it seems to have decayed. The ground was in a great measure abandoned and empty, and it was engrossed by sermons.

Evelyn (quoted by Mr. Ley, p. 17) says,—

‘On Sunday afternoon I frequently stayed at home to catechise and instruct my family; those exercises universally ceasing in the parish-churches: so as people had no principles, and grew very ignorant of even the common points of Christianity; all devotion being now placed in hearing sermons and discourses of speculative and notional things.’

And the transition is indicated in two anecdotes of Bishop Ken's life (to be found in Mr. Round's excellent edition of his prose works, pp. 8, 208); one of which proves that the itching ear had already taken to itself a congenial partner in the irreverent spirit.

But, by whatever means effected, the result is clear. Catechising has been generally, if not universally, abandoned; for can language less strong be used, even though it be true that there is a periodical resuscitation of it for perhaps one Sunday in the year, when the children of a parish appear in their gayest attire, and those who seldom enter the church at other times go to hear them repeat—merely repeat—the Church Catechism? This is not catechising, but *the mummy* of it: the same sort of memorial of what *has been* and *is not*, which is furnished in some of our colleges by the appearance of an old wooden trencher, to give the signal for grace after meat. And yet it is more than a mummy. As in all the old forms, which seem so lifeless in the eyes of the children of this generation, there is a providence in its

* ‘Item. Every licensed preacher shall yearly, *in propria persona*, preach twelve sermons at the least, within every diocese where his benefice doth ly. Of the which twelve, eight at the least shal be in his own cure. But if the said licensed preacher have two benefices, then he shal preach eight sermons at each of his benefices every year at least.’—*Strype's Whitgift, Appendix of Records*, B. iii. § 32.

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preservation. It is not dead, but sleepeth; and it may encourage us to hope that a day will come when our hearts shall wake from their slumber, to realise the waking spirit of the forms which we have retained. But in the mean season we must confess and deplore that catechising, as an engine of the Church, has been tacitly abandoned.

And what sort of a time was it which beheld this abandonment without interfering? It was the time of the dead palsy—an age whose soberness was latitudinarian, and whose zeal was schismatical. Who can wonder at the success of those who possessed life and energy in an age of death, though it were but a spasmodic life—a jerking, paralytic energy? And thus not only were souls lost to the Church, in the generation that then was, but the seed was sown everywhere of that anomaly, *hereditary schism*, by which the very first principles of Church feeling were enlisted against the Church herself. Does she now appeal to the simple evidence of that which has been transmitted to us?—She is met by the allegation of a contrary *tradition*! Does she demand submission to authority?—Alas! to uneducated minds, an authority of a century's standing seems as awfully primitive as that of her eighteen hundred years. And further, unless extreme caution and wisdom be shown, there is danger even in the recovery of such schismatics to the Church. For if the pastor begins by shaking the deepest natural foundations of their faith—faith in the religion of parents, in the instructions of infancy, in all the associations of youth and nurture—what manner of Churchmen are his neophytes likely to become? The roots of the tree will have been cut in transplanting it. The converts, having yielded up all this to one man's argument or persuasion, must, upon principle, be the readier to listen to another's.

Such is the disadvantage at which the ministers of the Church are placed, in contending with enemies who have, as it were, stolen the defensive armour of Church feeling, while wielding all the offensive weapons of schism. And it is not unadvisedly that we ascribe all this, originally, to the decay of the catechetic discipline. Proximately, the undoubted cause is the general ignorance; which, in spite of all the efforts which have been and are made to remedy it, is as deplorable in itself as it is likely to be fearful in its consequences. The indications of an impending Jacquerie are, alas! not obscure. This is a melancholy admission; but one which brings no shame, for themselves at least, to the present generation of churchmen, whose glorious reproach it is that they claim to interfere too much instead of too little in education. And the truth is plain, that if, through the hostility
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of many and the coldness of more, the efforts of the Church are inadequate, all others are futile. If she can do but little—thanks to those who would have her do less—others can do nothing, either to remove the present evil or to avert that which threatens us. Nay, if ever so much were done otherwise than in her paths, the evil would be increased, not lessened. For what is teaching without a rule of life?—what is the communication of knowledge without the inculcation of duty? It is but to light a candle and put it into the child's hand before you turn him loose in a powder-magazine. Let politicians look to it; for theirs are the combustibles which are in danger. And if they *will* educate people without precautions against their turning out anarchists and infidels, they will have furnished Chartism and Socialism with able leaders. It is not knowledge, but principles, which are to be imparted—not the intellect, but the character, which must be formed—whether we look to men as good citizens on earth, or as partakers of a heavenly *citizenship*.^{*} This the latitudinarian scheme cannot effect—scarcely, indeed, professes to attempt or to wish. The Church attempts it, and in the most thorough way, by teaching the duty of the Christian, as such; knowing that in this the *citizen's* training is included.

It is true that the members of the Church, lay and clerical, have in time past been supine; and the clergy, who as a body *are not* supine, have to bear the taunts, and struggle against the evil of it all. They find continually the labouring classes unable to send their children to school after eight or nine years of age. They have to struggle, very often with little effect, to make those who are themselves uneducated appreciate the importance of education. So that, in a great number of instances, the Sunday school, which perhaps is rather better attended, cannot be devoted to the purposes of the holy day, to religious instruction and study under the pastor's eye, as a relief from the work of the daily school, but must be much occupied with the preparatory process of reading and spelling. Again, country farmers ('O dura messorum ilia!') are frequently unwilling that their apprentices, &c., should attend regularly; or at least, which comes to the same thing, they let it be seen that they care nothing about it. They think it much to make them come to church; the school's claim seems utterly unreasonable. On the ignorance which results from this state of things the reckless schismatic builds his structure, with all the instinctive confidence of his own congenial ignorance.

The knowledge of the truth will not be sufficient to secure men from error: for we know that there must be heresies, like

^{*} Philipp. iii. 20, where our version has *conversation*.

other evils, in the world, for the trial of mankind. But is it possible that *such* teaching as many of our sectarians deal in could have been listened to, had the catechetical discipline been systematically maintained; had the flock had the Scriptural doctrines of the Church Catechism, *e. g.*, repentance, faith, obedience, prayer, and the sacraments, inculcated, expounded, fixed in the memory and engrafted on the understanding by the process of such teaching? Could they have been led to believe, for instance, that schism was a nullity, and the one Catholic and Apostolic Church a phantom, if they had been instructed in *all* the articles of the Creed in their due order and proportions? We cannot resist the temptation to quote, from Dr. Pusey's letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the remarkable words of the late Mr. Sikes of Guilsborough:—

‘I seem to think I can tell you something which you, who are young, may probably live to see, but which I, who shall soon be called away, shall not. Wherever I go, I see amongst the clergy a number of very amiable and estimable men, many of them much in earnest, and wishing to do good. But I have observed one universal want in their teaching; the uniform suppression of one great truth. There is no account given anywhere, so far as I see, of the one Holy Catholic Church. I think that the causes of this have been mainly two:—the Church has been kept out of sight, partly in consequence of the civil establishment of the branch of it which is in this country, and partly out of false charity to dissent. Now, this great truth is an article of the Creed; and if so, to teach the rest of the Creed to its exclusion, must be to destroy “the analogy” or proportion of the faith. This cannot be done without the most serious consequences. The doctrine is of the last importance, and the principle it involves of immense power; and some day, not far distant, it will judicially have its reprisals; and whereas the other articles of the Creed seem now to have thrown it into the shade, it will then seem to swallow up the rest. We now hear not a breath about the Church: by and by, those who live to see it will hear of nothing else; and just in proportion, perhaps, to its present suppression will be its future development. Our confusion now-a-days is chiefly owing to the want of it: but there will be yet more confusion attending its revival. The effects of it I even dread to contemplate, especially if it come suddenly; and woe betide those, whoever they are, who shall have, in the course of Providence, to bring it forward! It ought, especially of all others, to be matter of catechetical teaching and training. The doctrine of the Church Catholic and the privileges of Church membership cannot be explained from pulpits; and those who will have to explain it will hardly know where they are, or which way they are to turn themselves. They will be endlessly misunderstood and misinterpreted. There will be one great outcry of Popery from one end of the country to the other; it will be thrust upon minds unprepared, and upon an uncatechised Church: some will take it up and admire it as a beautiful picture;

ture ; others will be frightened and run away and reject it ; and all will want a guidance which one hardly knows where they shall find. How the doctrine may be first thrown forward we know not, but the powers of the world may any day turn their backs upon us, and this will probably lead to those effects I have described.'—pp. 33, 34.

But it may be said that these doctrines (*that of the Church*, however, *excepted*) have been continually handled, if not in catechising, at least in the pulpit : so that only the vehicle has been changed. Again let it be acknowledged, that where catechising had fallen into disuse, those who supplied its place with sermons did the best that they knew how to do, under the circumstances. We blame no one—God forbid !—for being zealous to preach the Word in sermons : ' these things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone : ' the blame rests on their *exclusive* devotion to one style of preaching it, and that not the one of primary necessity. Men should have observed the order of the exhortation at the end of the Baptismal Service :—' Ye shall call on the child to hear sermons ; and *chiefly* ye shall provide that he may learn the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments,' &c. Sermons are to be heard ; but, *chiefly*, the Catechism is to be taught. Nor was this change of views brought about without many solemn warnings. The distinction of style between sermons and catechising, their separate objects, their comparative utility, were continually set forth, long before the evil came to a head. To illustrate this, we had marked several passages from Mr. Ley's tract : but time and space can as little be extended as they can be annihilated ; and it must suffice to refer especially to the citations from Abbot, Ussher, Wren, Hall, Fuller, and More.

And, as the Bishop of Exeter says, has not experience also spoken ; and is not its testimony on the same side ? And does not common sense speak in like manner ? Is a boy taught to write, or to mend shoes, or any other accomplishment, by a course of lectures only ? Such attempts have indeed been heard of ; but we need not dwell on the results. It is '*the preaching conference*,' to use the happy designation of Bishop Hall, which gives the due degree of variety to keep up attention, and familiarity to create an interest ; which enlists the catechumens themselves in the business in hand. The very tone of the clergyman's voice and his colloquial manner—so different from that of the pulpit—have their important results. *He is not shooting over their heads*. It is a difference similar in kind to that which is observable when one sits by a person who is *reading* or *talking*. In the former case it has often been remarked that it is difficult to keep the attention from wandering : in the latter, not less difficult to abstract it.

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The faculty of attention varies (more than any other) in direct proportion to the intellectual cultivation. With the young, and those who are children in education, it is at the minimum. They are like those little birds which must rise and fall on the wing, instead of sailing along in a sustained and steady flight. The attention, which cannot be kept fixed, must be continually roused and excited to a series of exertions. It is very true that the teacher may not be able to go on so fast in his course as if he were merely to lecture; but surely the general cannot be said to be throwing away time, who only waits till his troops may come up. *He* might advance, perhaps, much faster; but it would be *alone*. As Archdeacon Bather, with his strong sense and quaint language, remarks: 'The little matter which the child *has told you* he will remember; *which is better than having a wise saying of yours to forget*' (p. 25). It would, in fact, be a waste of words to expatiate on so trite a theme as the excellence, the necessity, of adopting the Socratic scheme for teaching; in which (to use the archdeacon's words again) the catechist 'first *instructs* his pupils by questioning the meaning into them; and then *examines* them by questioning it out of them' (p. 18). But there are various collateral advantages besides, making it supply a place for which the more elaborate style of preaching, by sermons, is insufficient. Not, be it remembered, as superseding this, but as paving the way for it, and going hand in hand with it, lest the seed, however good, be sown at random or in vain.

For instance, how great are the facilities which it offers for handling trifles or incidental circumstances, or anything which may be casually suggested, such as might be a less desirable subject for a sermon; or such as, if preached upon once or twice, could not be treated over and over again, and brought back, and impressed on the mind so well by any other means. The value of this, in reference to children, is clear. Nor is it less, if the case of uneducated adults be considered. For its value, in reference to children, is not derived from any occult sympathy with the *age* of childhood, but from its suitableness to the weakness and ignorance of the unformed mind. Every one, therefore, who 'occupieth the room of the unlearned,' is in so far in the condition of childhood, and to be dealt with accordingly. And is not this the case with the majority of 'hearers' in country places? What are they but children of a larger growth in understanding, though without, alas! some of the most precious parts of childish character? For those who can benefit by it, the sermon ought, indeed, to be retained. But does the majority in a rural congregation consist of the advanced, the full-grown men, who, by doing the will of

God,

God, have come to understand the doctrine; or of babes, as yet unfit for strong meat? * Have they advanced, morally, beyond the need of continued instruction in the first principles of their religion; or, intellectually, so as to appreciate or understand the characteristic excellencies of a sermon? Rather these very characteristics, the points which to the educated (*i. e.* those for whom it is calculated) are its excellencies, prove stumbling-blocks to the unlearned. Harmony of parts—close concatenation of argument—all that pertains to unity of composition, requires from the hearers the power of following from beginning to end, and of retaining all, from first to last. This is only for the educated, or at least for persons of disciplined mind, to do. The many bear off only disjointed bits, here a little and there a little, which either, like ‘that sweet word Mesopotamia,’ mean nothing, or from their isolation assume a meaning not their own. Perhaps, indeed, the secret of such success as some ranting preachers have, who go on for hours together merely enunciating one and the same proposition with every possible variety of tone, language, and action, is simply this, that whatever is carried off from their sermon is worth as much by itself as it was there—is, in fact, very often *the whole sermon*. Whereas, in a well-digested discourse, this would be to pick a piece of glass out of a mosaic—a link out of a chain—a letter out of a word. Such a hint might be taken without loss of dignity even from ranting preachers; for there is little of evil out of which no good can be drawn; and it is an effort worth the hazard of some portion of dignity to open to the uneducated their share of the Church’s instructions in a form in which it will come more fully home to them. There is nothing, provided it be applicable to the hearers, which may not be interwoven with the catechising. If the children have betrayed thoughtlessness, or passion, or stubbornness, this will be in the catechist’s mind, and his teaching will take the appropriate turn; if the rest of the congregation are unpunctual in coming to church, or inattentive while there, there can be no difficulty in gliding to the consideration of those particular matters, and eliciting from the Catechumens (without a knowledge on their part, which might do mischief) the fitting admonition or rebuke. And all sorts of allusions to neighbouring places, recent occurrences, matters of local history or tradition, can be used and worked into the catechetical teaching in a manner which would be inappropriate and ridiculous in a sermon. But, above all, the series of our Lord’s discourses and miracles, which are known to

* Old Fuller says, ‘Sermons are like whole joints for men to manage; but catechising is mince-meat, shred into questions and answers, fit for children to eat, and easy for them to digest.’

every child who knows anything, form an inexhaustible fund of materials for illustration and comment. And if the meaning of what has been written above is at all indistinct, nothing more can be requisite than to meditate on the contrast in style between these discourses of our Lord and any description of *pulpit* discourses, to explain what is meant, and enable one to realise that particular system of instruction which the practice of catechising would encourage.

And the evidence of facts seems to establish the insufficiency of that adverse system which has wrought so determinedly, and, unhappily, so effectually, to the destruction of our catechetical discipline. The assailants have pursued their plan with a courage and perseverance worthy of a good cause; and their success is a good lesson of what may be effected by these qualities: for, looking at the subject historically, it will be found to divide itself into several periods, in which *the afternoon preaching* was successively forbidden—rebuked—complained of—connived at—*sanctioned*—RECOMMENDED;—until at the present time, when we are rubbing our eyes, and beginning to see a little more clearly the real value of the *original* scheme,—when we would seek for help in the restitution of such a precious portion of our system,—we find that the legislature has *all but* peremptorily forbidden* the ministers of the Church to do that which the Prayer-book *quite peremptorily* commands them to do. And yet the Act of Uniformity remains nominally unrepealed!

From the beginning it was foretold by wise men that certain results would follow from the substitution of sermons for catechising: notwithstanding this, the substitution was made; and *the predicted state of things has come to pass*. Is it not reasonable, then—is it not our practical duty, to return to the humbler instrument originally provided?—an instrument rejected, not because it had failed, but simply because it was too humble, too laborious, too churchlike, for persons whose besetting temptation was always to slight the body of Christ, and glorify individual members; as the Church of Rome loses sight of the communion of saints in an idolatrous veneration for their relics. Be it remembered that these are the old paths—the paths in which we are *commanded* to walk—the paths in which wise men of old found it their wisdom to walk—the paths which were systematically followed in the purest ages, and gradually neglected as ignorance or corruption prevailed, until the Reformers came, and made it one of their proudest boasts that they had restored the old way of catechising.†

* Where shall the example stop? We know an instance where a parish priest has expelled the *Church Catechism* from his very Sunday-schools!

† Luther's Works, xvi. p. 820, &c., as quoted in the Church-histories.

There

There are two antagonist principles in our nature, by which men admire most the most opposite things—those of which they best understand the good, and those which they do not understand at all. And so it is with sermons. There are two descriptions of them which are eminently popular with the mass (*i. e.* the unlearned) of mankind. One, eloquent and redundant, with fine words and rhythmical sentences; now lulling the hearers with its measured cadences, like the majestic flow of a brimming river—now tearing up trees and rocks, and sweeping all before it in one overwhelming flood of irresistible superlatives: but to the unlearned, in either case unintelligible; or if, by chance, intelligible, still unedifying, because identified with the thought of the abilities displayed. It was characterised, better than we could characterise it, by the enraptured old woman's meek reply to the question, 'Could you understand the preacher you admire?' 'Would I presume? blessed man!' The other is quite the opposite of what has been described. It makes no attempt at oratory; is independent of rhythmical sentences or musical delivery; is homely, though rich and metaphorical in language; abrupt and irregular in style; profuse in illustration; in manner almost colloquial; abounding in short sentences, with frequent questions interspersed; and continually full of suggestions, which it moves the hearer to follow up for himself. The characteristic of this, too, we will borrow, from one who said, 'It was nothing fine; *but one's conscience does not talk fine.*' The reader will have recognised in these descriptions the preacher who (making due allowance for the difference between the pulpit and the desk) comes nearest to the catechist, and the one who is most remote from him. Both are, unquestionably, favourites with the unlearned, far beyond any intermediate class. But are both legitimate? Are both likely to do good?

If this praise must be withheld from the high-flown preacher, it will be no slight incidental recommendation to the catechetic system, that it is calculated, beyond anything else, to train and accomplish the clergy in pointing their more elaborate discourses also, right at the consciences of their hearers. We believe that few of them, after a little parochial experience, will hesitate to confess that one of the difficulties which have been most forcibly presented to them has been that of adapting the matter and style of their sermons to a country congregation. To such as are fond of speculation, it is by no means an unusual or uninteresting study to contrast their first with their latest compositions of the kind; and we believe that it is by no means without practical utility. We have ourselves seen an instance

of

of this sort, in which a sermon, written when the author was fresh from the university, had been revised and corrected some years afterwards. Alas for the calligraphy of the MS. ! It had once been elaborately neat : but it was now more like a blotting-book than a sermon ! Every tenth verb and noun (on a moderate computation) had been scored out to make way for shorter, simpler, and more idiomatic phraseology. But all would not do. Our friend had, it is true, got rid of his

‘long-tail’d words in *osity* and *ation* ;’

but ‘the full-resounding march, the long majestic line,’ was only halting, not destroyed : Cicero was still there, though it was Cicero on crutches ; and the rhythm which remained was, by the effect of contrast, more striking than ever ; as a party of deserters are detected, in plain clothes, by the sound of their footsteps.

Some may perhaps think that the ground is too narrow and limited for real advantage, inasmuch as the Rubric confines it to the exposition of some part of the Catechism. But, simple as that little manual seems, every page of it teems with never-failing matter for edification. Let those who doubt the sufficiency of the materials look at the little ‘Scheme of Christian Theology, according to the arrangement of the Church Catechism,’ which Dean Ramsay gives in p. 3. Let them consider even the Lord’s Prayer *alone*, which we are almost tempted to analyse, sentence by sentence, by way of indicating the scope which each offers to the most excursive treatment. But this is not necessary. There are various works sufficient to furnish any one who is willing to try—even if it be but as an experiment—how far obedience to the Prayer-Book will make his ministry effectual. Bishop Nicolson’s exposition is now republished : those of Ken, and Beveridge, and Wilson, and Hammond, and Wake may easily be procured. And, for further illustration, there are Andrewes,* Hooker, Jackson, Barrow, Pearson, Kettlewell, and a host of other giants of our Church.

But we do not ask for over-precision ; and the Rubric will be sufficiently obeyed, even though the actual Catechism be from time to time departed from, in favour of portions of the Gospel history, discourses, parables, or miracles of our Lord. These may be read or repeated, and expounded by questioning, provided that the pastor leads his lambs continually back again to the Catechism, eliciting illustrations of it from the Scripture lesson, and commentaries on the Scripture in its familiar words. To catechise well is indeed, with all the helps that can be fur-

* We would recommend a glance at Bishop Andrewes on the Ten Commandments to any one who fears that there might be a lack of matter !

nished,

nished, no easy task. It requires not only a great deal of closet preparation and of natural talent, but other qualifications too, which nothing but time, observation, and labour can bestow. Yet '*helps*' may be used with good effect: with beginners, Mr. Beaven's will be of service, while Mr. Ramsay's Catechism seems equally valuable for those who are a little less ignorant; and the introductory remarks to each volume will well repay a diligent perusal. Archdeacon Bather's charge is invaluable—stamped with thought and experience in every line. While the catechist is a novice, he would do well to read it over before every meeting with his catechumens. But all these helps are little in comparison with the lessons of his own practice, which his weekly visiting, and the school, especially the Sunday-school, will furnish. Here he must educate himself that he may edify others; learning how to put his questions so as to be understood, and to *lead* (for this is his legitimate object) to the right answer; observing how the laws of association vary in the minds of different individuals and classes, and how, therefore, his questions are to be arranged to make the chain easy; studying their characters, moreover, that to all he may give their meat in due season. And thankful may he be, if, as generation after generation pass away from the school, he finds his power of communicating and eliciting knowledge increase—yea, but a little! Most thankful, if he sees the young men and women, whom he has known as boys and girls, regularly bringing their well-kept Prayer-books and Bibles (memorials of their good conduct at school) to church, Sunday after Sunday; retaining their relish for the evening's catechising, while they have attained the capacity for profiting by the morning's sermon.

But though the Catechesis must thus begin in the school, it must not be remanded altogether thither from the Church. If it were, it would fail of much of its effect even upon the children; and, besides, they were not the only persons for whose advantage it was designed.* To those who occupy the place of the unlearned in the congregation, it is as necessary as it can be to the children; and these, to be instructed in that which children ought to know, must be got at *through* the children. Frequently, they are untaught as children, without their teachableness; way-

* George Herbert says of the country parson,—‘He requires all to be present at catechising; first, for the authority of the work; secondly, that parents and masters, as they hear the answers prove, may, when they come home, either commend or reprove, either reward or punish; thirdly, that those of the elder sort, who are not well grounded, may then by an honourable way take occasion to be better instructed; fourthly, that those who are well grown in the knowledge of religion may examine their grounds, renew their vows, and by occasion of both enlarge their meditations.’ But we must stop, or we shall be tempted to transcribe the whole chapter.

ward as childhood, without its humility. They cannot be brought to school, and therefore their teaching must be in the church. Too often they will not submit themselves to teaching of any kind, and so the lesson must be *reflected upon them* from the catechumens: they must be taught as by a parable, as if they were listeners and lookers-on, judges and not doers. To this end the catechetic system of the Church, if carefully followed, will afford the surest means in laying down the plain doctrines and enforcing the practical principles of Christianity. They will thus reach many who would have stopped their ears and hardened their hearts against any 'exhortation which spake unto *them* as unto children;' and if at last the thought arises in their minds that the catechist 'spake of *them*,' this will itself be a proof that the lesson has been laid to heart.

ART. III.—*Edwin the Fair; an Historical Drama.* By Henry Taylor, author of 'Philip van Artevelde.' London. 12mo. 1842.

THIS has been a money-making age. We are bringing no charge against it: we are only stating a fact, the boast of many and admitted by all. But, whatever other advantages may belong to the extreme of industrialism, it certainly does not seem peculiarly likely either to cherish the dramatic instinct in the mass, or to furnish the poet with the best materials for the drama. The pursuit of wealth, however honourable it may be in particular cases, is not calculated, when it becomes a characteristic of the nation at large, to develop the more heroic portion of our nature, or to present us with the humorous side of things, or to familiarise us with those purifying agonies, unselfish struggles, and dauntless encounters which form the subject matter of the drama. It is not in a golden mirror that society can see its own face reflected with clearness.

It will not be denied that another prevailing characteristic of our time, as far as the highly-educated classes are concerned, is its morbidness. From whatever source this morbidness may proceed, whether from an excessive indulgence in private judgment and individual caprice, from vanity, from repletion and satiety, or from a critical habit indulged as if we were the end of all things, and had nothing to do except judge those that went before us—from whatever cause or combination of causes it may have arisen, this morbidness undoubtedly exists, and exists to a degree which in many cases makes our bodies an hospital for diseases, our

religion a spiritual nightmare, and society a continual sore. We feel our own pulse in hand and foot, and record the progress of our digestion; we know how our affections have been secreted, and do not much object to turn our moral being with the whole of our experiences inside out to gratify the philosophical curiosity of the passer-by. Such a tendency is fatal to the interests of the drama. It is not so injurious to that species of poetry whose interest is merely individual and personal; and, on the other hand, it may be so entirely thrown off for a time (abstinence being more easy than temperance) as to allow of the composition of works whose character is wholly external. But the drama is the exact balance of the subjective and the objective: it requires the mingled strength of intuition and of observation—the ‘*prudens interrogatio*’ of the philosopher inspiring that eye which yet can see objects as they are—and therefore the dramatic art can never be healthfully exercised except where there exists a certain equipoise between the faculties which converse with outward things and those which acquaint us with our own souls. This morbidness also, be it remembered, engenders egotism, and egotism with the mass degenerates soon into selfishness, and selfishness is destructive of sympathy; and one main attraction of the theatre is that noble sympathetic vibration by which a single feeling is communicated at the same moment to a multitude of brother-men held thus in union.

An analogous obstacle to the drama will be found in the extreme metaphysical tendencies of the present day. To pore over the psychological tablet of man, half map, half picture, to watch the growth of nascent instincts, to listen for the inorganic voice of objectless appetites, to wait for the breezelike movement of emotions newly awakened and slowly advancing from the shores of Lethe, to combine these semi-torpid elements of humanity with what art we may, and at last to look through the mists of our metaphysical dream till we behold the phantom forms of men—our own reflection—all this may be most excellent in another walk of poetry, but it is not dramatic.

It is not, however, from its intellectual bias only that we think the spirit of the age (as distinguished from the accidents of the time) wanting in dramatic aptitudes. Its moral qualifications also appear not exactly of the right sort. It is deficient in simplicity, in earnestness, in robustness—in that intrepid and impassioned adventurousness which desires and dares to watch the great battle of the passions on the broad platform of common life; and in that elasticity of soul which makes renewed vigour the natural recoil from suffering, and a deeper self-knowledge with a firmer self-government the chief permanent results of calamity. These are
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the heroic virtues of our nature; and the Drama is the heroic walk of Poetry. Without these qualities it is as impossible heartily and practically to value a great dramatic literature as it is to produce it. We may be drawn to the theatre by the fame of a successful actor, or the splendour of scenic decoration; we may go there from idleness or caprice: but all that is deepest and best in the drama will be thrown away upon us. Everything else we may have, things better or things worse, but not this. We may write ornamental poetry as we may paint furniture-pictures, or descriptive poetry, or the noblest lyrics, or the most profound philosophical pieces. We may descend into the depths of meditative pathos, or ascend into the regions of the mystic and the spiritual: but dramatic poetry we shall aim at in vain, unless we sincerely appreciate those manly qualities which are the firm foundation of real life, and therefore of imitative art. This is the reason that the time at which the drama rises up is the heroic period of a nation—the heroic period not yet extinct, though passing into the intellectual, and therefore at once present in power and beginning to be associated with the records of a sacred and legendary past. We put off our coat-of-mail to assume the iron buskin and the tragic robe; and the first sound from the stage is the note of self-gratulating strength,—

‘Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths.’

It is while we still thirst for the great enterprises of active life that we desire to see them represented, while the game of society retains yet some of the warlike graces of a tournament, and before our youth has relinquished its reckless humours or its ideal and half-fantastic elevation. It is before the social principle has become merged in the selfish instinct that the popular feeling so necessary for all true art, and so useful both by exhibiting the average and spontaneous judgment of men under very various circumstances of life, and by enkindling through sympathy the deepest powers of the artist, retains its unity and its collective force. This social and sympathetic principle has been materially impaired by the exclusive character of modern intercourse, and by those arbitrary distinctions which break up society into cliques and sets. It is before the principle of division and mechanical arrangement has supplanted the essential ties by the conventional modes of life, and weakened the tone of the individual mind even while increasing its stores and multiplying its implements, that the poet possesses that many-handed versatility of resource combined with that fiery and yet majestic intensity of mind, which is necessary to awaken his creative faculty and endow its creations with life and reality.

We have stated a very few of the many reasons which incline us to believe that the age in which we live is undramatic. Life, however, is life in every age, and there can never be a time in which dramatic art will not find its resources if the impulse of the poet be strong enough to bear him up against circumstances. Of this we had one proof eight years ago in the publication of '*Philip van Artevelde*;' and we have now another, to our minds not less conclusive, in that of '*Edwin the Fair*.'

The story of the drama may be summed up as follows:—At the accession of Edwin, the kingdom was divided into two parties, the adherents of the monks on the one hand, and those of the secular clergy on the other. Edwin, taking part against the monks, proceeded, before he had been formally crowned or firmly established on the throne, to eject the regulars from the benefices which they had usurped in the previous reign. He betrayed, moreover, an inclination to ally himself with his cousin Elgiva, whose family, and especially her brother Earl Athulf, were the chief support of the secular cause. Edwin's first struggle is to bring about his coronation, notwithstanding the resistance of the monks, headed by Dunstan, and Odo the Archbishop of Canterbury. In this he is successful: but he rashly proceeds to solemnize his marriage on the very day of his coronation, and he neglects the military precautions requisite to protect such a proceeding. The wisest of his councillors, Earl Leolf, whose presence might have guarded him against this indiscretion, had been a lover of Elgiva's, and had retired from the Court when the king became his rival.

The instant that Dunstan discovers the nuptials to have been solemnized, he causes the new queen to be seized and sent to Chester, there to be imprisoned until a synod should have been convened to decide as to the validity of the marriage—the king being also put under restraint.

The chiefs of the defeated party, Athulf, who had escaped from Dunstan's hands, and Leolf, who had remained aloof, faithful as a subject though supplanted as a lover, rejoin each other in force at Tunbridge, whence they send proposals of peace to the synod assembled in London. A stormy debate ensues; but at last the terms offered by the royal party are rejected through the art of Dunstan. The marriage is declared void; the chiefs on the king's side, as well as Elgiva, are excommunicated; and here ends the third Act.

In the fourth Act we find Dunstan practising on the king, first by promises and then by threats, with a view to procure his abdication. At the critical moment, however, the Tower is stormed by Earl Athulf, and the king released, Dunstan escaping by flight.

In the fifth Act the flight of Dunstan is arrested by the rising
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of the populace in his favour; and he makes his way to Malpas, where the chiefs of his party had assembled to consider the expediency of making peace. Dunstan scatters the Assembly to the winds, and prepares for hostilities. At this moment, however, the natural result of the divisions produced by Dunstan takes place in the Danish invasion. For Dunstan this calamity is aggravated by the greatest affliction that could befall him, in the death of his mother, who lay sick at Glastonbury when the Danes assaulted that place, and expires from the terror and fatigue of her flight. To her son she sends her last injunction that he should heal his country's wounds and turn his arms against the Danes. The spirit of the monk yields at last to necessity, calamity, and filial piety, and he sends an overture to Edwin; but it comes too late. Elgiva, impatient of her confinement, had induced Leolf to aid her in a premature escape from Chester Castle. They are surprised and slain by Dunstan's adherents; and Edwin, infuriated at the loss of his wife, rushes into battle, is defeated, and receives a mortal wound. Dunstan's party, however, in the very act of thanksgiving for victory, are overwhelmed by the terrible onslaught of the Dane.

It will be seen, if not from this sketch of the story, from the elucidation for which this sketch will prepare the way, that the subject of 'Edwin the Fair' is not wanting in variety of interests, political, ecclesiastical, personal, and romantic; and not less various are the modes of treatment. It is the privilege of the mixed drama to include and reconcile many different styles, the lyric and the comic as well as the tragic. Our first quotation shall be from a part in which the lyrical element has a large share—the scene preceding the coronation banquet. The songs of the two fortune-tellers foreshow the fortunes of the Earls Athulf and Leolf:—

'A Thane. Hark ye! are we blind?
The Princess was led in by brave Earl Athulf;
And didst thou mark the manner of it, ha?

Scholar. Methought she leaned upon him and toward him,
With a most graceful timid earnestness;
A leaning more of instinct than of purpose,
And yet not undesigned. But think you then . . . [*They pass.*]

Heida (sings to a harp).

She was fresh and she was fair,
Glossy was her golden hair;
Like a blue spot in the sky
Was her clear and loving eye.

He was true and he was bold,
Full of mirth as he could hold;

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Through the world he broke his way
With jest, and laugh, and lightsome lay.

Love ye wisely, love ye well;
Challenge then the gates of Hell.
Love and truth can ride it out,
Come bridal song or battle shout.

First Priest. Our gallant Heretoch, the good Earl Leolf,
Should have been there methought.

Second Priest. He should have been;
But there are reasons, look ye,—reasons—mum—
Most excellent reasons—softly—in your ear— [*They pass.*]

Thiorbiorga (sings). He stood on the rock, and he looked on the sea,
And he said of his false Love, "My Love, where is she?
Have they bought her with bracelets, and lured her with gold?
Is her love for her lover a tale that is told?"
From the crest of the wave, in the deep of the gulf,
Came a voice that cried, "Save! for behold the sea-wolf!"
He stood on the rock, and he looked at the wave,
And he said, "Oh, St. Ulfrid! Who's this that cries Save!"
Then arose from the billow a head with a crown,
And two hands that divided the hair falling down.
As the foam in the moonlight the two hands were fair,
And they put by the tangles of seaweed and hair.
He knew the pale forehead—a spell to his ear
Was the voice that repeated, "The sea-wolf is here!"
"I come, Love," he answered. At sunrise next day
A fisherman wakened the Priest in the Bay:
"For the soul of a sinner let masses be said—
The sin shall be nameless, and nameless the dead."—pp. 87-91.

These are good songs, and there are few things which it is so difficult to write. The moment we endeavour to give completeness or wholeness to a song the true lyrical spirit is lost. It is a vain labour to balance part against part; to elaborate some central thought, and illustrate it with metaphors which have already done service elsewhere and are now served up cold. A song is essentially fragmentary. It is a mass of closely charged feeling suddenly finding vent, catching in its passage a stream of imaginative thought—melting into it, and scattering itself abroad in harmonious words. One characteristic of a good song, and a reason why in modern poetry we have so few, is its objectivity. The passion expressed is unconscious of itself: it is borne by a happy instinct at once to its object: it sinks into that object and loses itself. There exists a remarkable analogy between the lyrical and the dramatic faculties. The mind of a dramatic poet must, like the island of Prospero, be

'full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delights and hurt not.'

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The ground should be firm and strong, but the air which hangs above it must swell and undulate with music ever ready to shoot a sweet note through the discords of the world below, to put a kind interpretation on every chance, and to promise better things for the future. The characters of a drama are not mere individual men: they belong at least to a generic, if not to a moral ideal, from which they have in fact been subtracted. Nor is nature in poetry mere nature: it borders more closely than common life on an archetypal region of justice and of glory. Throughout the whole drama there must thus be infused a certain lyrical spirit, that is, a spirit of elevation, buoyancy, and vitality. Songs are this spirit condensed and made visible: they are the sudden and electric flashes of this poetical element concentrated, mating itself to new forms, and restoring the equilibrium of imagination and passion. By no other attribute of Mr. Taylor's poetry are we more convinced of its naturally dramatic character than by the freedom and grace of his songs.

The Greek Tragedy, as is well known, originated in the choral ode, and retained to the end of its nobler period a predominance of the lyrical character.* This circumstance is alone sufficient to account for the ideal structure of that drama, as well as its elevated spirit, and in part for the impassioned rapidity of its action, in which event followed event with a turbulent precipitance like the successive notes of a triumphal song. In England the species of poetry which, before the period of the drama, had most found its way to the hearts of the people was the narrative ballad; and if we imagine the ballad to have had something of the same influence in suggesting our historical drama as was exerted by the Ode on the Greek Tragedy, the conception will facilitate our understanding the great difference between those two species of composition. We shall thus observe the necessary superiority of the classic Tragedy in poetic loftiness, and its inferiority in variety, in detail, in familiar pathos, in local associations, and in picturesque effect. In some of these latter qualities the Historic Drama would seem to have an advantage over our own Tragedy also. There is one remarkable difference between our romantic Tragedy and Historic Drama, which is forcibly recalled to our recollection by the work before us. In pure Tragedy there is, or there ought to be, more of intensity, of compact energy, and consequently of elevation, than in the Historic; but in the latter species of composition the deficiency may be atoned for by a greater breadth of effect and more of philosophical equability. Hence too the historic drama presents us with a calmer and more widely instructive picture of human life. In

* See an article on the 'Orestea of Æschylus' in our last Volume.

Tragedy the problem of life is pressed upon our attention: in the historic play it is solved. The former, from its very superiority in compactness, does not leave, as it were, room for light: the different characters stand so close together as to overshadow each other; the struggle of the action is, to a certain extent, a battle in the dark; and the reader's interest partakes, therefore, of a certain breathless and supernatural awe. It is not, however, when the nerves of feeling are strung to a degree of extraordinary tenseness that we can appreciate the average motives of men—or trace out the threads of the web woven by human beings, as they move by a natural instinct through the concentric circles of domestic, social, and political life. To learn this lesson we must observe the course of action and of passion developing themselves, by a process more leisurely and relaxed. It is thus that we shall recognise in man a being who, as an individual indeed, is invested with a mysterious Freedom which renders his desires and designs inscrutable, but who at the same time, as a social being, is subject to a Law that moves in him without his consciousness, and by virtue of which Society becomes capable of possessing a natural history of its own. In Tragedy the general law is often lost in that disproportionate development of individual Will which is necessary for the resistance of overwhelming circumstance: in the wider and less tempestuous expanse of the Historic Drama, we have opportunity and patience to follow out the working of the general law as it influences the actions even of men whose motives appear most different; and, pursuing the social instinct thus along its devious course, we are gradually initiated into that '*philosophia prima*' of man which gives us a clue to the true nature of society, supplying a principle of unity where confusion seems to reign, and striking the key-note to the harmonies of human life. The great idea of Tragedy is, as has been a hundred times observed, that of Fate: what then is that of the Historic Drama? It appears to us to be a very different idea—that namely of Providence: we trace the circle all round, and, observing the converging lines to point to one spot, we find the solution of the complex system of actions and reactions in the words *Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή*. We acknowledge an Olympian power, not a hand from the shades—a providence, not oppressing and subduing man, but working with his strivings while it works beyond them; and thus, while it vindicates the ways of God, the Historic Drama instructs us likewise in the philosophic lore of nature and of man.

It is obvious that, to fulfil this its peculiar office, the Historical Drama ought to embrace a wider sphere and compass of interest than Tragedy. Such appears to us the character of the work
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before us in a remarkable degree. Indeed in its comprehensiveness and in its amount of detail it differs from most historic dramas as they do from Tragedy.

Dunstan, Wulfstan, Leolf, and Athulf, are all characters of primary importance: each of them commands our interest in its own way; while the different sources of interest are so balanced as to prevent the historico-dramatic and the poetical effects from being lost in mere intense anxieties for individuals. Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, though age has deprived him of the keener part of his intellect, and Dunstan's craft of that weight which would otherwise belong to his vehement and uncompromising temper, remains on the whole a considerable person from his past energies and present station. Clarenbald, the chancellor, may be described in a few words:—orderly, upright, versed in affairs, and efficient. The young King, though, from youthful precipitance as well as carelessness, hardly equal to the needs of the time, is worthy of his throne, brave as well as gentle, single-hearted and royal-minded, and exciting a deeper interest as we become acquainted with his strength through his trials. The Queen-mother is the darkest of all the figures introduced, and has least to redeem her: malignant, wrong-headed, and narrow-hearted; blundering on with a paralytic obliquity of mind; her religion a fear; her maternal love an animal instinct. Of a very different order is Wulfstan the Wise;—a recluse and a philosopher; subtle of intellect, yet simple as a child; a mind rather than a man; searching all things for their inner laws, and scarcely noticing their outward effects; seeing *through* all objects, and therefore seeing them not; drawing his manifold wisdom from the springs of intuitive and discursive reason, and yet, with amusing and not unnatural perverseness, fancying his especial gifts to be knowledge of the world, and skill in the conduct of business. By the very largeness of his being, exempted from the agitations of life, like a ship which lies along too great an expanse of waves to feel their shocks; yet prompt in sympathy as well as daring where need is, and at a word of kindness moistening his visionary eyes with dews that rise from no philosophic fountain or Olympian spring. We are much pleased also with the character of the Princess Ethilda, though it may be too slightly drawn to be generally appreciated. She is one of those beings whom in real life we love without exactly knowing why, or caring to know—innocent, devout, solicitous, yet trusting, and adding the gracefulness of her illustrious descent to that of her youth and sex. She has in a singular degree that womanly charm of blamelessness which consists mainly in the absence of salient points or disproportionate qualities; and for this reason we think

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it was well contrived that we should not see much of her, but grow in part to understand her through the impression she makes on others. The scholar, the minstrel, the soldier, all love her; and even the queen-mother does not hate her. The character of Elgiva does not much interest us; nor has that of Sidroc left a strong impression on our mind. For Earl Athulf we shall quote the account of him given by Wulfstan in his programme of a speech carefully constructed in his study for the benefit of a public assembly, but, like many such orations, not destined to find a seasonable utterance:—

‘As one whose courage high and humour gay
Cover a vein of caution: his true heart,
Intrepid though it be, not blind to danger,
But through imagination’s optic glass
Discerning, yea, and magnifying it may be,
What still he dares.
. prompt for enterprise
By reason of his boldness, and yet apt
For composition, owing to that vein
Of fancy which enhances, prudence which wards
Contingencies of peril.’—p. 137.

This character, Athulf, strikes us as drawn mostly from observation,—that of Dunstan from reflection and imaginative induction. Leolf, more than all the rest, bears the impress of that poetic sympathy on the part of the author which is so essential to the vividness of the picture as well as to its accuracy. He is, on the whole, our favourite; but as a character so simple and majestic would be rather confused than explained by criticism, we shall make our readers acquainted with him through the following soliloquy. He has quitted the court, and is pacing the sea-shore near his own castle at Hastings:—

‘*Leolf.* Here again I stand,
Again and on the solitary shore
Old ocean plays as on an instrument,
Making that ancient music, when not known?
That ancient music, only not so old
As He who parted ocean from dry land,
And saw that it was good. Upon mine ear,
As in the season of susceptible youth,
The mellow murmur falls—but finds the sense
Dulled by distemper; shall I say—by time?
Enough in action has my life been spent
Through the past decade, to rebate the edge
Of early sensibility. The sun
Rides high, and on the thoroughfares of life
I find myself a man in middle age,

Busy

Busy and hard to please. The sun shall soon
Dip westerly,—but oh! how little like
Are life's two twilights! Would the last were first,
And the first last! that so we might be soothed
Upon the thoroughfares of busy life
Beneath the noon-day sun, with hope of joy
Fresh as the morn,—with hope of breaking lights,
Illuminated mists and spangled lawns,
And woodland orisons and unfolding flowers,
As things in expectation.—Weak of faith!
Is not the course of earthly outlook, thus
Reversed from Hope, an argument to Hope—
That she was licensed to the heart of man
For other than for earthly contemplations,
In that observatory domiciled
For survey of the stars? The night descends,
They sparkle out.—Who comes! 'Tis Wulfstan's daughter.

Emma (to Ernway in the side-scene).

Go now and bring my father.—Good my Lord,
I fear you 've fallen in love with solitude.

Leolf. A growing weakness—not so tyrannous yet
But that I still can welcome from my heart
My pretty friend.

Emma. I thank you, my good Lord.

Leolf. You find me here discoursing to the sea
Of ebbs and flows; explaining to the rocks
How from the excavating tide they win
A voice poetic, solacing though sad,
Which, when the passionate winds revisit them,
Gives utterance to the injuries of time.
Poets, I told them, are thus made.

Emma. My Lord,

It is not thus through injury, I would hope,
That you are made poetical?—p. 73.

The soliloquy above quoted appears to us very beautiful; and not less observable is Emma's womanly impatience of abstractions, and her immediate reference of Leolf's deep sayings to the personal well-being of him she loves. We regret that our limits permit us only to refer our readers to the continuation of this scene, which is rendered to us not more interesting by the philosophical disquisitions of Wulfstan than by a profound moral pathos which pervades the whole, and harmonises it. Characters more unlike in many respects than Wulfstan, Leolf, and Emma it would be hard to find; yet circumstances draw out in them that common element which exists in souls the most dissimilar. If Leolf revolves the woes of life, not less deeply (though he knows it not, and she but half) has the inevitable shaft of sorrow pierced the bosom of his young companion. If Wulfstan can moralise the fortunes

fortunes of others, he is not himself secure: it is announced to him that his daughter has made a clandestine marriage, and his metaphysical dissertations are suddenly reduced to the brief summary, 'I have lost my child.' It is in vain that his friend would console him:—

‘*Leolf*. Nay, nay, my worthy friend,—
 Wulfstan. My lord, 'tis so.
 She is my daughter, but no more my child;
 And therein is a loss to parents' hearts
 Exceeding great.’

Yet, as *Wulfstan* the Wise forgets his wisdom when touched himself, so *Leolf* forgoes his musings to converse with his ‘pretty friend,’ and *Emma*’s gaiety triumphs over her pain. Her heart seems but the lighter for its bleeding; and thus the three are made—as sorrow and joy can make all human beings—fit companions.

We have already remarked that in the Historical Drama the interest is as much of a social as of a personal kind. Known rather by his misfortunes than his actions, King *Edwin*, though sufficient to supply the whole interest of a romantic poem, could hardly have held, except nominally, the chief and central place in the plot of a drama. The character of the age described required also, we think, that the various interests of the play should not adhere to an individual as a centre, but rather revolve round the focal point of a philosophical idea. The periods of history most worthy of dramatic treatment are not always those in which occur events of such obvious interest as of themselves to rivet our attention. Strange escapes, sudden exaltations, unforeseen calamities,—these will never appeal in vain to the sympathies of the most careless reader; but such events, if they involve no moral lesson, can yield us no increase of political wisdom, and afford therefore (if there be any truth in what we have said on the function of the Historic play) no sufficient field for the art of the dramatist. He requires one of those periods of social fermentation during which the national energies are evolving themselves according to some internal law; in which principles which have grown up naturally in the human heart, and matured themselves in the mind of the recluse, receive a mission to go forth and wield the destinies of social man; in which several such principles meet together in a war-struggle, and manifesting through opposition their latent might, attest the great truth that the progress of nations, like that of men, is the progress of mind, and depends not merely on the transmission of outward impulses. Such a state of affairs is presented to us by the contest between the monastic orders and the civil power. As the interest

interest of this struggle was one of a general nature, so the result was one of permanent instruction for the statesman and the philosopher.

We think, then, the subject of the drama before us on the whole well chosen, though it possesses not the advantage of concentrating the interest on an individual character, and involves, therefore, a considerable sacrifice of obvious effect, and perhaps of immediate popularity. Without a principle of unity, indeed, no dramatic work can possibly be good; but that harmony of effect which is produced by some one predominant character, is, though a very effectual mode, still only one mode of giving unity. In painting and in sculpture, it is not merely by means of a central figure that unity is given to a group. When the persons constituting that group, or the larger number of them, direct their attention to a common object or a common action, there we have unity; and we feel it the more strongly if something of a common expression be found in the different faces. Variety is, of course, necessary also; but where variety exists there may be found a remarkable degree of analogical likeness. There may exist in the various faces a resemblance, as of kindred; or they may express the same passions in different degrees and stages; or the passions which they express may be allied to each other, or supplemental to each other. Such is the unity which we generally find in pictures of the old masters: and every one who has ever admired them will admit that the effect of harmony thus conveyed to the mind (whether through a science now forgotten, or by the unconscious genius of the early artists) is often far more full and satisfactory than that which we receive from modern works, designed according to the strictest rules of composition, and executed with the most laudable desire to balance colours, and to subordinate accessories to principals.

Of this nature is the unity which pervades the drama before us. Throughout it we find one spirit; the spirit, namely, of England in the time of that struggle which raged with such violence between the 'men of arms and the men of thought.' Throughout the whole play we trace this spirit working its way in different characters according to their constitution, varying with their varieties, but everywhere active. No one is too high or too low to take a part in this great contest. The Queen-mother's 'mean and meagre soul' attaches itself to Dunstan as the only defence, while persecuted by her 'past misdeeds and ever-present fears.' The Princess, too, has caught the infection, and superstition has touched though not tainted 'her pleasant purity of spirit.' The monks are 'raving of Dunstan,' and see signs and wonders in his mode of coughing and discussing the weather; the nobles

nobles allow themselves to be marshalled at his pleasure in the field of battle. The Archbishop of Canterbury grows jealous ere long; but endeavours in vain to separate his fortunes from those of the master-spirit of the age. The characters arrayed on the other side are not less deeply impressed with the antagonist principle. Elgiva is hardly more earnest in her love for Edwin than in her hatred of the monastic party: the Earls Leolf and Athulf are full of the high-minded indignation of nobles who have long felt themselves supplanted in the affections of the people, and at last find themselves assailed even with their own weapons of military force. The king's jester has learned to value a sharp saying against Dunstan above his other witticisms: even the recluse philosopher, Wulfstan the Wise, though, as he rather unnecessarily assures us, 'never factious or inflamed,' forgets his secluded habits to mingle in the tumult of the time, and gives an account of Dunstan's character, which, however applicable to a part of that strange complex, does not intimate that the philosopher has in this instance exercised his great faculties with an entire fairness and equanimity:—

'*Wulfstan.* His, Sir, you shall find
A spirit subdolous, though full of fire.
A spider may he best be likened to,
Which creature is an adept not alone
In workmanship of nice geometry,
But is beside a wary politician:
He, when his prey is taken in the toils,
Withholds himself until its strength be spent
With struggles, and its spirit with despair;
Then with a patient and profound delight
Forth from his ambush stalks.'

We think it would imply more of boldness than of discretion to draw, after the lapse of so many years, a character for Dunstan, with any very implicit belief in its actual correctness. That character was a problem which, in his own time and the succeeding ages, men laboured in vain to solve. All that we can be certain of now is that a man whom posterity has found it equally impossible to understand and to forget, and over whose reputation such fierce battles have been fought in our day, must have been—whether one of the true heroes or false heroes of the world—at all events, a man of very marvellous qualities. In him, as in other men, there was doubtless both good and evil; but in what proportions they were mingled we cannot, considering how little instructive are mere historical facts when we are ignorant of the historian's principle of selection and mode of combination, affect to decide. Mr. Taylor has acted, in refer-
ence

ence to this character, as he tells us he has done with regard to incident, 'choosing from amongst the accounts of the reign given by its early historians, where they conflict, those which best suited his purpose.' The dramatist is, however, bound at least to ideal truth when historical veracity is impossible; and the inquiry, therefore, which his readers will make is whether the character, as conceived by him, be founded on nature, and be consistent with itself. The delineation, then, of Dunstan, as given in 'Edwin the Fair,' appears to us, after a careful consideration (for a glance will not enable us to understand it), profoundly in harmony with itself, and consistent with nature—but nature under unnatural circumstances—nature 'erring from herself.' He is not altogether evil: far from it. He has great aspirations—great thoughts—great, though not invariable, self-control. Nay, in an important sense, he is sincere. He believes in the reality of his struggles with Satan; and esteems himself the chosen instrument for promoting the glory of God in the world:—

' Spirit of speculation, rest, oh rest!
And push not from her place the spirit of prayer!
God, thou 'st given unto me a troubled being—
So move upon the face thereof, that light
May be, and be divided from the darkness!
Arm thou my soul that I may smite and chase
The spirit of that darkness, whom not I
But Thou through me compellest. Mighty power,
Legions of piercing thoughts illuminate,
Hast Thou committed to my large command,
Weapons of light and radiant shafts of day,
And steeds that trample on the tumbling clouds.
But with them it hath pleased Thee to let mingle
Evil imaginations, corporal stings,
A host of Imps and Ethiops, dark doubts,
Suggestions of revolt.'—p. 13.

Contemplating, however, the Supreme Being as a God of Power, and forgetting that he is also a God of Truth and of Goodness, Dunstan can only conceive his glory promoted by the bringing of all secular powers under submission to the church; and his whole soul is thus contracted and distorted by the tyranny of a single idea. Connecting also the notion of God invariably with that of the church considered as a dominant power, he gradually learns to associate the church with himself, its chief champion; and the result is a species of self-inebriation, which, when undiverted by those natural ties from which he had cut himself off (but which were intended for us equally as drains to carry off our corrupt tendencies, and channels to feed us with healthful emotions), has the effect of heating and hardening the soul almost to mad-

ness.

ness. A man so constituted has escaped from all those genial influences which are the gravitating principle of the moral world. Such a mind by its ardour alone resolves all the solids and liquids of life into their aerial form, and then rushes forward, scarcely conscious of an obstacle, or even a resisting medium. As, however, it has not pleased Heaven to allow man an authority equal to the desires of an ambitious spirit, such men as we have referred to are forced to work upon the imagination of those who are dazzled by their greatness, or on other accounts wish to be duped, through the exercise of craft; and in such an attempt they are not likely to fail, since they unite the cunning of madness to the courage of fanaticism, and are frequently favoured by circumstances, as well as by all the vices in man's heart, and many of its virtues. The union of enthusiasm and knavery, incongruous as it seems, is necessary in order to produce one of those spiritual potentates who have succeeded in shaking the social fabric, and effecting a religious revolution not truly sent from above, or called for by the wants of the time. Without faith there can be no strength; a truth well known to Dunstan, who observes, on an important occasion, 'Who trusteth—knoweth.' On the other hand, without a ready command of charlatanism the impostor would find it impossible to make the most of accidents, to fall seldom and rise quickly, to keep down rivals, and to preserve his authority among the multitude, whose appetite for wonders is ever craving, and who can be kept quiet only by repletion. The false prophet must have faith enough to believe that he can move mountains, and address enough to go to the mountain which will not come to him.

The use of pious frauds may at first sight appear inconsistent with the sincere holding of a faith thus basely supported. Such an opinion is however founded on a confusion of two very different qualities—sincerity and honesty. We may cling to an illusion as sincerely as to truth; but if our religion be, in the main, corrupt, as well as imperfect, it can no more protect us from dishonesty than from any other vice. It is not by a sincere worship that purity or virtue is maintained in us, but by divine aid, through a right worship; the benefit of religion not consisting in any mere reaction of the mind upon itself, but in a blessing *ab extra* bestowed on us from heaven. In the absence of that moral rectitude which makes us worship God as the God of Truth, it is in fact not the true God that we worship: and thus beguiled into a sort of subjective idolatry, we are left practically to our fallen nature; and are little likely to resist the temptation of governing men, as we believe for their own good, by means calculated at once to gratify our love of power and our spiritual as well as intellectual pride. We shall
lie

'lie for God' in the beginning of our career, and for ourselves before the close of it.

Tempted, at once, and tempter, Dunstan could hardly have yielded to a more plausible suggestion than that of addressing the people in a language intelligible to them, and fighting the Evil One with his own weapons. This latter motive we find touched on at a later part of the play:—

‘ But God,
Who to the Devil incarnate in the Snake
Gave subtlety, denies not to his Saints
(So they shall use it to his glory *and gain*)
The weapon he permitted to the Fiend.
Erratic Spirit, here thou art, wild worm,
Piercing the earth with subterraneous toil,
And there with wings scouring the darkened sky !
Still do I meet thee ; still, wherever met,
I foil thee ; sometimes as with Michael's sword,
Sometimes as with thine own.’—p. 128.

Here, as throughout, we find deceit founded on self-deception ; and the words which we have marked in italics will serve to illustrate the manner in which both are connected with a false and degraded notion of the Supreme Being. As for the particular frauds practised by Dunstan, it is a mere prejudice which regards them as more base than any other deceptions. How slightly we now condemn the fraudulent abuse of rhetoric, the law-courts and the parliamentary debates alike witness ; and yet is there really less of evil in ‘ God's great gift of speech abused ’ than in the wicked application of mechanical skill ? Every deluder will of course use those arts best adapted to his own age, and indulge in much virtuous indignation against men like himself, who in their day worked with implements suited to the time : but falsehood is falsehood still, whether the tools it works with be coarse or fine.

Such, then, is the character of Dunstan, as delineated in ‘ Edwin the Fair.’ A fanatic devoting himself to the schemes of a distorted religion ; an impostor working on the religious affections of others for his own exaltation and that of his order. In youth not exempt from those excesses which in later life he so easily suspects in others. A lover of science and of art in an age when the former was accounted for witchcraft, and the latter for paganism. While young attaching himself to the sect of those who touch the viol or harp cunningly, and work in iron and brass ; learning ere long to subordinate the artist to the fanatic leader—to play on the heart of man as an instrument—to heat society to the temperature of glowing metal, and mould it at his pleasure.

Trampling underfoot those ties of life which he in fact did not understand, and yet shrinking with constitutional softness from shedding blood, except in a case of necessity; mortifying his flesh, yet exalting his spirit; vehement, yet patient—wary, yet precipitate—and, at last, like a serpent which has caught itself in a hard knot, ensnared by the triumph of his own art, and self-strangled as it were through the success of his own designs. A character dark indeed, and calamitous; yet not without redeeming points, to which justice will not be done in the present age, or by those who—

‘Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.’

There are too many who speak as if priestcraft were the only sin in the world—or, at least, the chief of sins—and who value themselves on a certain *hiereu-phobia* as if this singular disease were a virtue. Nothing, however, can excuse injustice; and therefore it is that we have been anxious to point out (we fear at too great length) that in the character of Dunstan, the personage of whom we see most in the drama, there are many other qualities besides imposture. ‘*Pessima enim res est errorum apotheosis*’ is the motto prefixed to ‘*Edwin the Fair*’: we must, however, be allowed to observe that an exaggerated condemnation—not only of the error, but of the person in error—is an evil as great, and more uncharitable; and, furthermore, that we shall never be able to cope with any evil so long as we are afraid or unwilling to do full justice to the good mixed up with it.

The character of Dunstan is powerfully brought forward in the second scene of the third act. He has imprisoned the young king in the Tower of London, and is meditating on his success, as well as on the means by which he may most easily carry his next great object, and induce the synod to annul the marriage of Edwin.

‘*Dunstan*. Kings shall bow down before thee, said my soul,
And it is even so. Hail, ancient Hold!
Thy chambers are most cheerful, though the light
Enter not freely; for the eye of God
Smiles in upon them. Cherished by His smile
My heart is glad within me, and to Him
Shall testify in works a strenuous joy.
—*Methinks that I could be myself that rock*
Whereon the Church is founded,—wind and flood
Beating against me, boisterous in vain.
I thank you, Gracious Powers! Supernal Host!
I thank you that on me, though young in years,

Ye

Ye put the glorious charge to try with fire,
 To winnow and to purge. I hear your call!
 A radiance and a resonance from Heaven
 Surrounds me, and my soul is breaking forth
 In strength, as did the new-created Sun
 When Earth beheld it first on the fourth day.
 God spake not then more plainly to that orb
 Than to my spirit now. I hear the call.
 My answer, God, and Earth, and Hell shall hear.
 But I could reason with thee, Gracious Power,
 For that thou givest me to perform thy work
 Such sorry instruments. The Primate shakes,
 Gunnilda totters.—Gurmo! And of those
 That stand for me more absolutely, most
 Are slaves through fear, not saints by faith! 'Tis well!
 The work shall be the more my own.

Enter Gurmo.

What now?

Gurmo. You called.

Dunstan. I think I did. Send me those bishops.'

It will not be denied that many of the thoughts expressed here and further on, in the sincerity of self-communion, are the meditations of a great spirit: but all that is true and just in them the sin of the fallen angels converts into poison. 'The church is great,' but Dunstan is greater; he can fancy himself 'that rock whereon the church is founded.' The monstrous audacity of such a feeling is in essence as blasphemous as the device by which he afterwards deludes the synod: it is, however, in human nature. Dunstan was not the first man who had mistaken himself for God. In a lesser degree the same mistake is made by every ambitious man who endeavours to play the part of God in the world—by every self-constituted potentate—who, instead of doing his own duty humbly, and leaving the consequences to Heaven, persuades himself that he can see the beginning and end of things—affects to move his fellow-creatures like puppets—and devises, whether for secular or sacred ends, a scheme of polity supposed to be capable of meeting all contingencies, and triumphing over all impediments.

Our next quotations shall be from the synodical scene, which is the centre of the action, and the part on which the main interest of the drama turns. Dunstan has now discovered, through his emissaries, that the archbishop has secretly deserted him, and that a large proportion even of his own friends have resolved on making peace with Edwin. He arms himself, however, for the conflict, and not in vain. When, after a stormy debate, the synod is about to acquiesce in the terms proposed, he comes down into the battle, and as usual his genius is triumphant:—

‘ [DUNSTAN *throws himself on his knees, and bows his head on the ground.*

Sidroc. He bends before the storm.

Wulfstan. Will he not speak?

Sidroc. I know not—yes—he is in act to hatch
A brood of pestilent words, if I mistake not.

He stirs, he moves—few moments are enough.

Wulfstan. They say a louse that ’s but three minutes old
May be a grandsire; with no less a speed
Do foul thoughts gender.

Sidroc. Ha! we ’ll see anon—
Faith of my body! up he goes—sit—sit.

Dunstan (rising slowly). I groan in spirit. Brethren, seek
not in me

Support or counsel. The whole head is sick,
The whole heart faint; and trouble and rebuke
Come round about me, thrusting at my soul.

But, brethren, if long years of penance sore,
For your sake suffered, be remembered now,

Deem me not utterly of God forsaken,
Deem not yourselves forsaken. Lift up your hearts.

See where ye stand on earth; see how in heaven

Ye are regarded. Ye are the sons of God,

The Order of Melchisedeck, the Law,

The visible structure of the world of spirit,

Which was, and is, and must be; all things else

Are casual, and monarchs come and go,

And warriors for a season walk the earth,

By accident; for these are accidental,

But ye eternal; ye are the soul of the world,

Ye are the course of nature consecrate,

Ye are the Church! one spirit is throughout you,

And Christendom is with you in all lands.

Who comes against you? ’Scaped from Hell’s confine,

A wandering rebel, fleeting past the sun,

Darkens the visage of the Spouse of Christ.

But ’tis but for a moment; he consumed

Shall vanish like a vapour, She divulged

Break out in glory that transcends herself.

The thrones and principalities of earth,

When stood they that they stood not with the aid

Of us and them before us? Azarias,

Azias, Amaziah, Saul himself,

Fell they not headlong when they fell from us?

And Oza, he that did but touch the ark?

Oh then what sin for me, what sin for you,

For me victorious in a thousand fights

Against this foe, for you as oft redeemed,

That now we falter! Do we falter? No!

Thou

Thou God that art within me when I conquer,
 I feel thee fill me now ! Angelic Host,
 Seraphs that wave your swords about my head,
 I thank you for your succours ! Who art thou
 That givest me this gracious admonition ?
 Alas ! forgive me that I knew thee not,
 O Gabriel !—pp. 173-176.

Then comes the celebrated *miracle* of the voice from the crucifix,—‘ Absit hoc ut fiat :’—

‘ *Most of the Assembly fall prostrate. There is a pause of some moments. Then DUNSTAN, who had remained erect, with his hands stretched towards the Crucifix, resumes.*

Oh precious guidance ! Oh ineffable grace !
 That dost from disobedience deliver
 The hearts of even the faithless ! We obey,
 And these espousals do we now declare
 Avoided and accursed. The woman espoused,
 By name Elgiva, from the man called Edwy
 We separate, and from the Church’s pale
 We cast her forth ; and with her we cast forth
 Those three that have been foremost to uphold her,
 Earl Athulf, and Earl Leolf, and Earl Sidroc.
 Them we proclaim, by sentence of the Pope,
 From Christian rites and ministries cut off,
 And from the Holy Brotherhood of the Just
 Sequestered with a curse. Be they accursed !
 Accursed be they in all time and place,
 Accursed be they in the camp and mart,
 Accursed be they in the city and field,
 Accursed be their flying and abiding,
 Accursed be their waking and their rest—
 We curse the hand that feeds them when they hunger,
 We curse the arm that props them when they faint ;
 Withered and blasted be that hand and arm !
 We curse the tongue that speaks to them, the ear
 That hears them, though it be but unawares ;
 Blistered and cankered be that tongue and ear !
 The earth in which their bodies shall be buried
 We curse, except it cast their bodies out :
 We shut the gates of Heaven against their souls,
 And as this candle that I fling to the ground,
 So be their light extinguished in the Pit !’—p. 176.

The business of the synod is concluded by Dunstan’s speech ; and, regarding that speech as in itself a work of art, we beg our readers to look at the construction of it. He begins apparently in a state of entire prostration, in order that the lofty courage of his subsequent harangue may appear inspired, and not his own. Gradually he rises into a tone of rhetorical elevation, which

which itself ere long passes into a loftier strain of genuine passion. Still, however, he keeps his faculties in hand, economizes his enthusiasm, and balances his assumed and his real inspiration, until, kindling at last as with the velocity of his own motion, his suppressed ardour bursts into a flame which communicates itself at once to the assembly; and, finding the moment favourable—for agitators like actors keep their powers of observation serene in their most violent paroxysms—he throws himself on the credulity of his hearers, with that strange mixture of faith and impiety which belongs to the fanatic impostor, and triumphs. Equally well imagined is Dunstan's change of tone when his craft has been crowned with success. No more poetical raptures or mystical visions, but words, sharp, plain, and concentrated, comprising a brief enumeration of the offenders, and definition of their punishment.

The introductory address of the Archbishop we consider of not less artistic merit, though that merit is of a less obvious sort. It is an example of that level writing which tries the powers of a dramatist as much as his noblest passages, a species of writing which must ever constitute a large proportion of a poem, since without a ground of level writing it is impossible to estimate aright those more elevated passages which rise from it, or to prevent variety from becoming confusion. No part of a poem requires more art, both as to diction and metre, or a more delicate executive skill, combined with temperance and severe self-command, in order to give intrinsic value to a passage which allows itself to borrow no interest from imaginative ornaments. The speech, to which we would also refer our readers, is a business speech; it gets through its work well, and seeks no more. A few single lines strike us as worthy of note, from the manner in which they bring the paragraphs preceding each to a sharp and decisive close; and a few others, by a subtle alternation of succinct with periodic writing, illustrate the occasional outbreking of the Primate's vehement temper, through the official dignity which keeps it on the whole in restraint. The speech of Cumba, the conciliatory priest and meek man of the world,

‘ Whose faith is mounted on his charity,
And sits it easy—’

is an instructive example of that wisdom which knows that to convince before you have persuaded is a process as painful as shaving without soap, and which understands also how dishonesty may be kept within such bounds as neither to hinder a man's fortunes, nor, in case his ambition should extend to posthumous honours, to hurt his epitaph.

We shall next quote from the scene in which Dunstan, appearing

ing in the character of Tempter, visits Edwin in prison; and desiring, if possible, to avoid the spilling of royal blood, solicits him to the unkingly and unmanly act of surrendering his crown, and usurping that humble but secure happiness which Heaven does not accord to those who are called to fill the seats of terrestrial power:—

Dunstan. How does your Grace?

Edwin. What need for you to ask?

Let me remind you of an antique verse:

What sent the Messengers to Hell

Was asking what they knew full well.

You know that I am ill and very weak.

Dunstan. You do not answer with a weakened wit.

Is there offence in this my visitation?

If so, I leave you.

Edwin. Yes, there is offence.

And yet I would not you should go. Offence

Is better than this blank of solitude.

I am so weary of no company,

That I could almost welcome to these walls

The Devil and his Angels. You may stay.

Dunstan. What makes you weak? Do you not like your food,

Or have you not enough?

Edwin. Enough is brought;

But he that brings it drops what seems to say

That it is mixed with poison—some slow drug;

So that I scarce dare eat, and hunger always.

Dunstan. Your food is poisoned by your own suspicions.

'Tis your own fault. Though Gurmo's zeal is great,

It is impossible he should so exceed

As to put poison in your food—I think.

But thus it is with Kings; suspicions haunt

And dangers press around them all their days;

Ambition galls them, luxury corrupts,

And wars and treasons are their talk at table.

Edwin. This homily you should read to prosperous kings.

Dunstan. Who shall read homilies to a prosperous King!

'Twas not long since that thou didst seem to prosper,

And then I warned thee; and with what event

Thou knowest; for thy heart was high in pride.

A hope that, like Herodias, danced before thee

Did ask my head. But I reproach thee not.

Much rather would I, seeing thee abased,

Lift up thy mind to wisdom.

Edwin. Heretofore

It was not in my thoughts to take thy head;

But should I reign again... Come then, this wisdom

That thou wouldst teach me, Harmless as the dove

I have

I have been whilome ; let me now, though late,
Learn from the serpent.

Dunstan. To thy credulous ears
The world, or what is to a King the world,
The triflers of thy Court, have imaged me
As cruel and insensible to joy,
Austere and ignorant of all delights
That arts can minister. Far from the truth
They wander who say thus. I but denounce
Loves on a throne, and pleasures out of place.
I am not old ; not twenty years have fled
Since I was young as thou ; and in my youth
I was not by those pleasures unapproached
Which youth converses with.

Edwin. No ! wast thou not ?
How came they in thy sight ?

Dunstan. When Satan first
Attempted me, 'twas in a woman's shape ;
Such shape as may have erst misled mankind,
When Greece or Rome upreared with Pagan rites
Temples to Venus, pictured there or carved
With rounded, polished, and exuberant grace,
And mien whose dimpled changefulness betrayed,
Through jocund hues, the seriousness of passion.
I was attempted thus, and Satan sang
With female pipe and melodies that thrilled
The softened soul, of mild voluptuous ease
And tender sports that chased the kindling hours
In odorous gardens or on terraces,
To music of the fountains and the birds,
Or else in skirting groves by sunshine smitten,
Or warm winds kissed, whilst we from shine to shade
Roved unregarded. Yes, 'twas Satan sang,
Because 'twas sung to me, whom God had called
To other pastime and severer joys.
But were it not for this, God's strict behest
Enjoined upon me,—had I not been vowed
To holiest service rigorously required,
I should have owned it for an Angel's voice,
Nor ever could an earthly crown, or toys
And childishness of vain ambition, gauds
And tinsels of the world, have lured my heart
Into the tangle of those mortal cares
That gather round a throne. What call is thine
From God or Man ? What voice within bids thee
Such pleasures to forego, such cares confront ?

Eminent as is the art of Dunstan in this scene, we find him on
all other occasions appealing with equal craft to the weak point
in

in the character of those whom he deals with. He moulds the queen-mother to his purpose, by irritating her jealousy. The people he governs through their fear of goblins and devils. The drunken nobles he infuriates, by suggesting to them that the king holds their debauched habits in contempt. For military leaders he has all the incentives of glory and revenge. For Synods and Wittenagemots he provides miracles; and for his creature Gurmo, when he halts in their flight, overcome with fatigue, an argument likely to weigh with him:—

Gurmo. Can I fast so long,
And not be hungry?
Dunstan. 'Tis the cry of a wolf,
And he is hungry too. Make forward still.'

The low estimate which Dunstan has formed of domestic life is not without importance as a clue to his character and conduct. He addresses one who has just become a husband: yet the picture of love and happiness which he draws is wholly meretricious. Such sentiments are not an unnatural result of early dissipation and too late asceticism; and we certainly cannot feel surprised that one who so little understands the sanctity of the affections should trample them under foot when they stand opposed to his schemes for the exaltation of his order. There exists an asceticism connected with a profound sensibility to all that is pure and beautiful in the human charities, and which renounces what it could appreciate only too well: asceticism, which indulges in cynicism, has probably arisen from sin, and leads back to it by a path not very circuitous.

Dunstan, who has escaped from his pursuers and roused the country-people into rebellion, appears next surrounded by armed men, and ordering about the military leaders as easily and unceremoniously as he had before made bishops and monks his puppets. His fortunes are gradually darkening. In one of the earlier scenes we were made acquainted with Dunstan's mother:—

'The Abbot listens to no mortal voice
Except his mother's; and old Cynethryth
Is fearful of divisions: for in her youth
The splitting of the realm within itself
Was wont to sound a summons to the Dane,
And fetch him o'er the seas.'—p. 7.

Her apprehensions have turned out prophetic. The Danes, profiting by the divided state of the kingdom, make one of their terrible descents upon it; and both parties, the royal and monastic, are scattered before their fury, like two fleets overtaken by a storm while engaged in deadly combat:—

Dunstan.

' *Dunstan*. No more of Wittenagemôts—no more—
 Councils and Courts we want not.—Get ye back,
 Back to your posts, and pluck me forth your swords,
 And let me hear your valiant deeds resound,
 And not your empty phrases. *Ecfred, Gorf,*
 Look to your charges—Nantwich stands exposed—
 Whitchurch lies open to the enemy—
 Burley and Baddeley have sold themselves—
 Wistaston is as naked as *Godiva*,
 And not so honest. *Eadbald, Ida, Brand,*
 What seek ye here, when honour is in the field?
 Forth to your charges!—What! *Ceolwulf* too!
 (*Enter the Coastwardens, Ceolwulf and Æthelric.*)
 And *Æthelric*! Why come ye hither, *Sirs*?
 Must ye too have your parley and your prate,
 And leave your charges in extremity
 To join this gossiping *Gemôt*? *St. Bride*!
 Is *Somerset* not worth your pains, my *Lords*,
 Or hath the *Dane*, too, from the seabord slunk,
 To prattle about peace?

Ceolwulf. Lord Abbot, hear us;
 We are not come

Dunstan. Not come to pule and prate?
 What are ye come for? If aught else ye seek,
 Ye seek it where it is not. Back to your charge!

Æthelric. You will not hear, my Lord. We have no charge—
 We have no force. Our men are slain—ourselves
 Escaped by miracle. The Northmen, led
 By *Sweyne* and *Olaf*, landed yesternight
 In *Porlock Bay* and clipped us round at *Stoke*,—
 And, thinned as we had been, we fell perforce
 An easy prey. Not twenty men are left
 To tell the tale.

Dunstan. In *Porlock Bay*! At *Stoke*!
 —Have I not bid you to your posts, my *Lords*,
 And must I bid you twice? Get ye hence all.
Ceolwulf. Whither go the Northmen next?

Ceolwulf. To *Glastonbury* it is thought, my Lord.

Dunstan. To *Glastonbury* do they go? Alas!
 My mother there lies sick.

In this scene, the most impassioned of the play, *Dunstan* appears in a new character; and the sudden change of his tone, when informed of his mother's danger, is worthy of a high dramatist.

Before we meet *Dunstan* again a further change has come over him. His mother is dead—dead in consequence of the success which has attended her son's pernicious intrigues. Retribution has begun. If *Edwin* is deprived of his bride, *Dunstan* stands bereft

of

of his mother, the only link that bound him to the humanities of life. A deeper calamity still has overtaken him. His faith in himself is gone; and henceforward his strength is the strength of dogged resolution alone. As such it bursts forth once more in the concluding scene of the drama. In one point he was vulnerable; and we feel that the iron has entered into his soul. He has lost the wholeness and adamantine unity of his being. He may stand among the ruins which he overshadows, but the fortress of his soul is rifted from the base to the battlements. Victory itself could not restore Dunstan to what he was:—

‘Why did I quit the Cloister? I have fought
The battles of Jehovah; I have braved
The perfidies of Courts, the wrath of Kings,
Desertion, treachery,—and I murmured not,—
The fall from puissance, the shame of flight,
The secret knife, the public proclamation,—
And how am I rewarded? God hath raised
New enemies against me,—from without
The furious Northman,—from within, far worse,
Heart-sickness and a subjugating grief.
She was my friend—I had but her—no more,
No other upon earth—and as for Heaven,
I am as they that seek a sign, to whom
No sign is given. My Mother! Oh, my Mother!’—p. 236.

From this moment calamity after calamity overtakes the monastic party. Every hour brings intelligence of some new town sacked, or monastery burned, by the Danes. Thirsting for revenge on the murderers of his mother, Dunstan stoops to conciliate, and offers terms to the king: but Elgiva has fallen; and the following is the reply with which his reluctant proposals are greeted:—

‘*Herald.* My Lord, he saith
That with a bloody and a barbarous hand
You have torn out the very sweetest life
That ever sanctified humanity.
He saith that should he covenant to make peace
With the revolted Angels, yet with you
He would not, for he deems you more accursed,
And deeper in perdition. And he saith
Not she that died at Gibeah, whose twelve parts
Sent several through the borders and the coasts
Raised Israel, was avenged more bloodily
Than shall Elgiva be, the murdered Queen.
Wherefore he bids you come to battle forth,
And add another crime or answer this.’—p. 244.

The concluding scene is in the Cathedral of Malpas, where the monks

monks have been performing a service of thanksgiving for their victory. On a bier in the transept lies the body of Elgiva awaiting burial, where it is found by Edwin, who, mortally wounded, has risen from his bed in the delirium of fever and made his attendants conduct him to the church in which his wife was to be interred. The wanderings of the young king on recognising the corpse, and the breaking out of his mind into light and passion the moment before his death, are deeply affecting, and appear to us, when compared with Leolf's last interview with Elgiva, a remarkable and instructive instance of the difference between the tragic and the pathetic. In this scene the injurer and the injured are once more, and for the last time, confronted. The king's wound opens again, and as the blood flows from him his fever abates, and he knows the voice of his destroyer. He dies summoning Dunstan to answer the cry of innocent blood at the judgment-seat of Heaven. At the same moment the battle-shout of the Danes is heard as they surmount the walls and burst the gates of the destined city; and it is in the strength of despair that Dunstan, collecting once more his energies, exclaims—

'Give me the crucifix. Bring out the relics.
Host of the Lord of Hosts, forth once again!"

The scene which we would contrast with this, as exemplifying the pathetic without trenching on the tragic, is the only one which suspends for a moment the precipitated movement of the fifth Act; and it is the more touching for its stillness in the midst of commotion, as it hangs like one of those little woody islands so often seen dividing the waters of rivers just before they reach the rapids:—

Elgiva. Oh Leolf! much
I owe you, and if aught a kingdom's wealth
Affords could pay the debt . . .

Leolf. A kingdom's wealth!
Elgiva! by the heart the heart is paid.
You have your kingdom, my heart hath its love.
We are provided.

Elgiva. Oh! in deeds so kind,
And can you be so bitter in your words!
Have I no offerings of the heart, wherewith
Love's service to requite?

Leolf. The least of boons
Scattered by Royal charity's careless hand
O'er pays my service. To requite the rest,
All you possess is but a bankrupt's bond.
This is the last time we shall speak together;
Forgive me, therefore, if my speech be bold.
I loved you once; and in such sort I loved,

That

That anguish hath but burnt the image in,
 And I must bear it with me to my grave.
 I loved you once; dearest Elgiva, yes,
 Even now my heart doth feed upon that love
 As in its flower and freshness, ere the grace
 And beauty of the fashion of it perished.
 It was too anxious to be fortunate,
 And it must now be buried, self-embalmed,
 Within my breast, or, living there recluse,
 Talk to itself and traffic with itself;
 And like a miser that puts nothing out,
 And asks for no return, must I tell o'er
 The treasures of the past.

Elgiva. Can no return
 Be rendered? And is gratitude then nothing?

Leolf. To me 'tis nothing—being less than love.
 But cherish it as to your own soul precious!
 The heavenliest lot that earthly natures know
 Is to be affluent in gratitude.
 Be grateful and be happy. For myself,
 If sorrow be my portion, yet shall hope,
 That springs from sorrow and aspires to Heaven,
 Be with me still. When this disastrous war
 Is ended, I shall quit my country's shores,
 A pilgrim and a suitor to the love
 Which dies not nor betrays.—What cry is that?
 I thought I heard a voice.

Elgiva. Oh Leolf, Leolf!
 So tender, so severe!

Leolf. Mistake me not.
 I would not be unjust: I have not been;
 Now less than ever could I be, for now
 A sacred and judicial calmness holds
 Its mirror to my soul; *at once disclosed*
The picture of the past presents itself
Minute yet vivid, such as it is seen
In his last moments by a drowning man.
 Look at this skeleton of a once green leaf:
 Time and the elements conspired its fall;
 The worm hath eaten out the tenderer parts,
 And left this curious anatomy
 Distinct of structure—made so by decay.
 So, at this moment, lies my life before me,—
 In all its intricacies, all its errors—
 And can I be unjust?

Elgiva. Oh, more than just,
 Most merciful in judgment have you been,
 And even in censure kind.

Leolf. Our lives were linked

By one misfortune and a double fault.
 It was my folly to have fixed my hopes
 Upon the fruitage of a budding heart.
 It was your fault,—the lighter fault by far,—
 Being the bud to seem to be the berry.
 The first inconstancy of unripe years
 Is Nature's error on the way to truth.
 But, hark! another cry! They call us hence.'

If this scene is the only break in the changeful rapidity of the action towards the conclusion of the drama, on the other hand, in the earlier part, there are few exceptions to the smoothness and even tenor of its way. We consider the contrast in this respect to be stronger than is warrantable; yet some justification may be alleged in the art with which the earlier portions prepare us for the catastrophe, not only by familiarising us with the characters of the drama and the part assigned to each, but also by impressing us with the magnitude of the interests at stake, and making us thoroughly enter into the spirit of the age. We feel that the action of the drama is advancing surely, though silently. All day long we watch the exhalations ascending: gradually they form themselves into a canopy over the fatal plain; and as in a moment the sun sets, the collected storm bursts, and the thunderbolt falls.

The instantaneousness of the retribution which overtakes the monastic party is not warranted by the chronological fact; but we are not prepared to say that Mr. Taylor has stretched too far the dramatist's privilege by this condensation of events. The true cause of the Danish conquest is to be found in the divisions of England; and by the eye of the Seer, cause and effect are seen together as one. In real life our actions are so various, the tissue so confused, and the interval between our deeds and their results so considerable, that few men discover the moral of the drama; experience comes too late, and we are left practically to walk by faith, not sight. The poet, by a selection of events not less ideal than his creation of character, and by a privilege of compression which connects historical facts with their moral causes, reduces the chaos of outward circumstance to order, and illuminates it with the light of intellectual truth. For this reason 'all injurious bonds' of Time are as easily broken through in the poet's marshalling of causes and effects as are those of Space in the battles of the Gods.

We should have wished to give some specimens of the humour with which several scenes abound, as well as of the keen remarks, sarcasms, and truths put in edgewise, that diversify them. We should have been well pleased also to extract Wulfstan's description

tion of Oxford: it will touch a sympathetic chord in many a heart that turns with gratitude and love to that 'ancient and venerable University,' which, after the lapse of so many centuries, remains still a secure asylum for learning and recluse genius. But our space admits only the following passage taken from the first scene in which Edwin and Elgiva converse together:—

What a charm

The neighbouring grove to this lone chamber lends !
I've loved it from my childhood. How long since
Is it that standing in this compassed window
The blackbird sang us forth ; from yonder bough
That hides the arbour, loud and full at first
Warbling his invitations, then with pause
And fraction fitfully as evening fell,
The while the rooks, a spotty multitude,
Far distant crept across the amber sky !'

We shall now proceed to observe on some faults and failures in 'Edwin the Fair,' one failure especially which surprises us in so elaborate a work, and one fault which we regard as by no means a trifling one. The underplot of Emma and Ernway, which in the beginning holds out the expectation of a light and pleasant interest to be interwoven with the darker tissue of the main story, very soon falls short of its promise, is but imperfectly blended as the play proceeds, and at the conclusion is left at a loose end with hardly a hint of what we are to suppose the upshot. Ernway is utterly superfluous; and Emma, but that she makes herself agreeable, would be felt to be almost equally so. It is clear to us that in the introduction of these characters the author made a false start, that he did not see his way before him distinctly, that he trusted to Fortune to 'shape his ends, rough-hew them as he might,' and that Fortune used him but scurvily in the matter. This failure we cannot regard as unimportant; but the other fault which we have to notice is a more serious one. The device of Dunstan, in conjunction with the Queen Mother, for betraying Edwin and Elgiva into an intercourse fatal to honour and innocence is in our judgment not only a blemish in the poetical conception of Dunstan's character, but a feature as derogatory to the higher interests of the story as it is offensive in itself. Dunstan is sufficiently exhibited in his character of tempter by the scene in which he endeavours to procure the abdication of Edwin: it was therefore unnecessary to embody the craft of the fanatic in a form so mean as well as so wicked. The scene in question too occurring so early in the work may have the effect of presenting Dunstan in a light so odious as to incapacitate some readers from doing justice to the loftier part of Dunstan's character.

The

The most remarkable characteristics of Mr. Taylor's poetry appear to us its manliness and its truth. It is obvious that he writes not from any peculiar theory of the poetic art, though this has been often attributed to him, but in the manner most natural to him, and most congenial with his general estimate of things. It is on a moral base that the intellectual fabric of his poetry rests. Hence an entire absence of false sentiment and factitious effects: hence also, in a volume which is a perfect storehouse of observation and reflection, we shall search in vain for a single remark put forward for its brilliancy rather than its truth. He never solicits our sympathy for morbid sorrows: for real afflictions he never pushes it beyond the limits of what is just and salutary. An excess of pathos is a frequent source of weakness in modern poetry, though, as we are glad to observe, it exists in a much less degree than it did once. In the lower departments of our literature we still find the traces of an evil as great. We allude to that gross and plebeian craving for the harrowing and the horrible, which disgraces the popular literature of a neighbouring country. No doubt persons will always be found who prefer intoxicating drugs to the purer aliments of the mind: but as there exists also a class of readers who look for moral and mental benefits as the result of study, and who have not forgotten that poetry is a study, we rejoice, not only on literary grounds but also for higher reasons, that for this class such books as '*Edwin the Fair*' are still provided. It is a work full of those thoughts which make books dear to us, and yet leave us independent of books. It is solid in its material, severe in its structure, and elevating in its spirit. It has no ornaments that distract the attention from the robust and permanent attributes of true poetry, no subtleties that destroy breadth of dramatic effect. It is nowhere so concise as to be obscure, and, on the other hand, it is free from that diffuseness which makes the best thoughts as ineffective as a musical string relaxed till it can yield no sound.

With reference to our introductory remarks, we must also observe, that in some respects Mr. Taylor's poetry is distinguished from that of other poets of this age, whose merits are unquestioned and have stood the ordeal of time: we allude in particular to his aptitude for observing character and action. It is not only man, but men, that he takes for the subject-matter of his verse: men in all the relations of social and political life, civil or ecclesiastical,—men awake to all the excitements of a busy career, and fulfilling their parts with a healthy energy. Mr. Taylor seldom writes as a metaphysician, though frequently as a philosopher. As unconsciousness is a necessary condition of healthfulness of character, so a certain suspension of poetic consciousness appears

to be requisite for the vigorous conception of character;—which is perhaps the reason that metaphysicians have never been dramatists. It is as ill-judged to exercise the critical and the creative faculties at the same moment as it would be to combine the statue with the anatomical model by the use of some transparent material, and call upon us at once to admire the outward beauty of man's shape and the marvels of his internal economy. In Mr. Taylor's poetry we never come to an analysis of the feelings, for it is not the passions, but men impassioned, that he describes: we seldom come to any long strain of merely speculative meditation, for his subject is not *thought* in itself, but thoughtful men. Passion appears to be valued chiefly as leading to action: nay, action itself is in some degree subordinated to reflection, though reflection of so practical a character as to be in fact a form of action. It is in this respect that he pays his tribute to the age and reflects its spirit. Belonging, on the whole, to the active school, his poetry is, though never 'sicklied over,' yet sometimes shadowed over with the cast of thought (we do not mean mystical thought), in a degree which makes the principal difference between him and our early dramatists. So far as this predominance of practical thought and fixed purpose tends to weaken his sympathy for natural and healthy passion, it necessarily tends to injure the popular interest of his dramas, and to deprive them of that perfect spontaneity of movement and redundant life which characterizes those of our early literature. On the other hand, the blended dignity of thought and a sedate moral habit invests Mr. Taylor's poetry with a stateliness in which the drama is generally deficient, and makes his writings illustrate, in some degree, a new form of the art—such a form indeed as we might expect the written drama naturally to assume if it were to revive in the nineteenth century, and maintain itself as a branch of literature apart from the stage.

ART. IV.—*Medii Ævi Kalendarium: or Dates, Charters, and Customs of the Middle Ages, with Kalendars from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Century; and an Alphabetical Digest of obsolete Names of Days; forming a Glossary of the Dates of the Middle Ages, with Tables and other Aids for ascertaining Dates.* By R. T. Hampson. 2 vols. London. 1841.

THE plan and intention of this work may be best told in the words of the author.

'Of a work which is chiefly founded on information derived from manuscript or printed sources, little explanation can be necessary. The

original intention was to cast into the form of a glossary as many of the terms now obsolete, being employed in mediæval chronology, as could be obtained by a diligent research, and to assign the bearing of each as nearly as it could be satisfactorily ascertained. In the prosecution of this plan it soon became obvious that the utility of the glossary would be considerably enlarged by determining the age of the term itself; and the attempt to effect this object with exactitude has necessarily introduced a multitude of ecclesiastical and legal antiquities which were not contemplated in the first design, but which are indispensable in many cases to confer probability on explanations respecting which there may be conflicting opinions. Writers of considerable eminence on ecclesiastical subjects connected with chronology do not always agree in determining the year in which several of the principal feasts were instituted. The variation sometimes extends to one or two centuries, and occasions difficulties which are not always to be surmounted. In such cases the leading opinions are given, with references to the authorities on which they are founded. . . . Innumerable instances may be readily collected from the glossary, in which it has been a principal object to assemble, in an alphabetical order, whatever might tend to elucidate the obscurities of the chronology of the middle ages. In order the better to preserve the utility of this department of the work by removing from it everything that did not immediately belong to the explanations, it became necessary either to reject many curious and not altogether useless facts, or to embody them in a separate department. The latter course has been pursued.

'The Kalendars, it is presumed, will be found of considerable service. They are six in number, of which two are incorporated in one, but the others are distinct. They range from the middle of the tenth century to the end of the fourteenth, and may therefore be supposed to contain all the information which can be expected from works of their description. Of one, of which the original is believed to have been the property of King Athelstan, it must be confessed that it contains much matter that is not likely to prove remarkably useful, and it has been presented more as a literary curiosity than as an assistant in chronology. The obits of another have been retained, so far as they could be read by the transcriber, because it is possible that one or other of them may determine the date of some particular fact. For instance, we know from the Saxon Chronicles that the battle of Malden was fought in the year 993, and we ascertain, what is not mentioned by our historians, from the obit of Byrhtnoth, that it took place on the 11th of August.'

Mr. Hampson makes no parade of his researches, but he has diligently consulted manuscript authorities, and brought forward much new and very curious matter, hitherto neglected or unemployed. He is, nevertheless, rather deficient in knowledge; and he has fallen into many errors and inaccuracies, displaying want of editorial care. These defects, which we will pass over, are, however, of very secondary importance when compared with the flippant and irreverent spirit by which the work is completely deformed.

deformed. Such passages as those relating to the anointing of our Queen (i. 194), and the observance of the Lord's Day (i. 242), and the articles upon the Sunday (ii. 344), and the Sabbath (ii. 344), are most reprehensible; and the coarse and outrageous abuse of the Roman Catholic Church is in that tone which, instead of checking superstition, only promotes scoffing at all faith, all devotion, and all religious observances whatever. We regret to be compelled to pass this heavy censure upon a work which might have been rendered very useful to historical students: but we must do our duty; and strongly therefore recommend, in its place, the clear and accurate '*Chronology of History*,' by Sir Harris Nicolas—which, though less discursive, and less costly, contains all the information which can be practically required.

Those of our readers who are free from the labour of ascertaining the dates occurring in historical or legal documents can have no notion of the perplexity in which such inquiries are involved. Take, for example, an era apparently occasioning so small a hitch as the beginning of the year. Yet our New Year's Day was, in the middle ages, only New Year's Day to a comparatively small fraction of the European community. Double-headed Janus, it is true, maintained his place at the head of the written kalendars, which, by tradition, always followed the Roman computation, so as to enable those who chose to reckon by kalends, nones, and ides to do so: still the practical *caput anni* shifted about, so as to compel you to be constantly on your guard. A very general commencement was on the Feast of the Annunciation, or the 25th March, which continued in use in this country until the introduction of the New Style in 1752; and although this change is a matter of great notoriety, it has nevertheless been repeatedly forgotten by those who have had to deal with documents of comparatively recent dates, but anterior to that alteration. We have known persons, otherwise well-informed, woefully puzzled at the fractional-looking dates, *e.g.* 14 January, 174 $\frac{2}{3}$, by which careful writers included the strict legal computation, and the other which was finding its way into use, though not recognised by law.

Midwinter, Yule, or Christmas day, was a very common era for the commencement of the solar year, and appears to have been in use from the age of the Anglo-Saxons to about the thirteenth century. There was a considerable degree of thought, or, as we should now call it, philosophy, in causing the new year to begin from the 'mother-night,' whence, as it seems, the sun, having completed his circle, starts forth again in his race. How amusing it is to trace etymologies to their remote source, and yet how

sure and certain is the path when once it is found. *Yule* and *Golgotha* look as if there was not the slightest kindred between them: yet they are both of the same stock, about as near as first cousins once removed. Their common parent is found in the Hebrew גלגל, to turn or roll. This root reappears in *volvo*, κυλιω, *quellen*, *wallen*,* and all their derivatives. From hence comes, by emphatic duplication, גלגל, a wheel; and, as denoting its round and rolling form, גולגולת, a skull, whence *Golgotha*. Such was the flow of form and thought in this great branch of the Semitic language. In the Teutonic, the primitive root became *Hweol* (A. S.) and *Hiul*, more commonly written *Yule*; and this term grew to be applied to the winter solstice, because the sun then begins to turn or *wheel* round: hence the season is also termed *Sonnenwende*—as will be well recollected by those who are familiar with the great Teutonic epic, the *Nibelungen Lay*.

Yule, at least, is easily found, being a fixed *time*-mark; but a more puzzling mode of computation was the one which very generally prevailed in legal documents and transactions in France, according to which the new year began at Easter. Consequently, the computable solar year varied in duration as well as in its commencement in every year of the paschal cycle; and, inasmuch as the paschal year may include thirteen lunar months, or nearly *two Aprils*, it is impossible, except from internal evidence, to determine to *which* end they respectively belong.

But all these puzzles, with respect to the commencement of the year, are as nothing compared with the difficulties of ascertaining the particular days in the course of it. Amongst us, nothing appears so easy and so evidently *the thing*, as to count on and on consecutively, through the kalendar month as it runs: but this plain mode of computation was, during the middle ages, entirely disregarded. The nearest approach they ever made to such a mode of reckoning was when they employed the Roman Kalendar. But that plan was rarely adopted: they almost universally quoted the date simply by what, as the case may be, was

* Gesenius, in his *Lexicon Hebraicum Manuale*, an able though deeply-tainted work, has a very curious article in which he pursues the ramifications of this root through many other languages and dialects. Gesenius is, throughout, an excellent example of German industry, and also of the conceit of German neology. He illustrates a peculiar Hebrew idiom by a comparison with German and English phrases in the following manner: "der Fremde mit welchem ich gegessen habe: im Englischen mit *which*—z. b. *the books which I did*." (*Lehrgebäude*, p. 744.) But, after a while, he bethought him, and he favours us in his *Errata* with a correction—"S. 744 l. 8, muss die Englische redensart vollständig heissen: *the books which I did you say of*." This reminds one of George Faulkner's celebrated erratum, 'In the last number of our Gazette—For *her Grace the Duke of Richmond*—*read*—his Grace the Duchess of Richmond.' And this acute judge of the niceties of living languages asks us, upon philological grounds, to surrender our belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures!

either.

either the Christian name or the nickname of the day. Thus, the 29th of December might be quoted as '*Dum medium silentium*,' or the Martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket, or the Feast of St. Marcellus or St. Evroul. The 30th of December might be equally the Feast of St. Sabinus, or of St. Anysia, or St. Maximus. The 12th of April may be quoted as *Broncheria*, or the Feast of St. Saba, or St. Zeno, or St. Julius, or St. Victor, and so on; and what may be termed the governing name—that is to say, the one in most repute—varies in each country, and often in each diocese.

The first of the before mentioned classes of denominations arose from the designation given to the day from the initial words of some one of the Introits, Lessons, Collects, or other portions of the church service, which emphatically impressed themselves in the memory of the hearers. Such phrases as '*Da pacem*,' a common denomination of the eighteenth Sunday after Whitsuntide; '*Commovisti terram et conturbasti eam*,' for Sexagesima Sunday; and '*Dum medium silentium*,' for Sunday in Christmas-week (being the instance above quoted), are all portions of the Introits or other services appertaining to the respective festivals. Something like this prevails at the present day amongst school-boys, or at least did prevail in our time. 'Hurrah! to-morrow is *Stir up Sunday*'—the Sunday before Advent, whose Collect announces the glad approach of the Christmas holidays.

A second class of denominations arose from usages and games annexed to peculiar days or feasts. '*Carniprevium*' announced the sorrowful news that flesh-meat was to be banished from the table, and '*Carnivora*' that beef might appear again. '*Broncheria*,' or Palm-Sunday, told of the strewing of the branches; '*Bohordicum*,' of the mock fight (or rather not mock, for many a head was broken in right earnest) on the first and second Sundays in Lent. '*Der blaue Montag*,' and '*Der schwarze Sonntag*,' are so called in Germany from the colours of the church-hangings on Septuagesima Monday and Passion Sunday.

But the great source of these denominations arose from the practice of appropriating each day to the commemoration of the Saints of Holy Church—their birth, their sufferings, their death. Thus did the temporal history of the Church militant become incorporated, so to speak, in the chronicle of life; at first, by popular veneration or ecclesiastical usage, not having any positive sanction, but in later periods by the direct authority of the papal see.

We have inserted three red-letter days in our kalendar by Act of Parliament, which ought long since to have been expunged—the 5th of November, the 30th of January, and the 29th of May.

The

The services appointed for those anniversaries nourish any feelings rather than those of Christian devotion, love, or charity. It is a pain to hear them. Whatever may be said for those who framed them, in these days they are merely angry memorials of political sentiments travestied into devotional language. The heathen Roman raised his trophies of perishable materials, in order that the memory of the triumph over the enemy might decay and wear away: we engrave the chronicle of our unhappy dissensions upon the very altar of holiness. Repeal the statutes passed when men's minds were troubled by fear, or excited by hatred or revenge. Let the Church appoint one annual solemn day of thanksgiving for national mercies, and one other annual day of humiliation for national sins, and relieve herself from the odious necessity of casting three annual gauntlets of defiance against those whom she seeks to reclaim into her fold.

Without doubt, many a name was inserted in the mediæval kalendar upon doubtful traditions; yet these have been somewhat exaggerated; and when it has been triumphantly pointed out (if we recollect rightly, by Geddes) as a proof of the ignorance of the middle ages, that they converted the Almanac itself into a saint, under the title of *Sanctus Almachius*, the critics quite forget the fact that Saint Almachius, a primitive martyr, being appropriated to the 1st of January by Venerable Bede, it is possible that his name, altered and corrupted, became that of the kalendar. At least, this etymology is about as satisfactory as any which we find in the dictionaries.

Such immethodical modes of marking time by names and quotations, appear strange enough to us; but the system will become perfectly intelligible if we advert to the fact, that mere numbers obtain hardly any hold upon the memory. In those ages, when little was written and less could be read, when you had neither an almanac bound in your pocket-book nor hanging on your wall, the old fashion was the best process by which to fix a day, in the common run of life, permanently in the recollection. The mind yearns for distinct identity. We have often thought it must be the last stage of human annihilation when John Thompson, upon entering the police service, is sunk for ever thereafter in G 26; and such a topography as that presented by the city of Washington, where A 3 and B 7 are the only denominations of streets and squares, will for ever destroy any pleasant or historical associations to any given locality. We can read with interest of Queen Philippa witnessing a tournament in Cheapside; but who would care about it if he were told that the scaffold upon which she sat to view the sports was erected in Z 16? Thus, the mediæval denominations of the days

days constantly raised up pictures in the minds of the people, which supplied the want of written information ; and, even in our own age, we may find how much more vivid are any recollections annexed to analogous instances, than those which you must designate by mere numbers. Try, if you can, to remember any given event which happened to you last year, and you will find how much more naturally you can fix yourself by any of the few festivals which are left us—yea, even by the Lord Mayor's day—than by any figure in the kalendar.

It is a matter of considerable interest at the present era, when the principles of the Church are so anxiously scrutinised by friends and foes, to recollect how and in what manner our present kalendar of Festivals and Saints' days was formed. Our Reformers truly and reverently proceeded upon the principle of honouring antiquity. They found 'a number of dead men's names, not over-eminent in their lives either for sense or morals, crowding the kalendar, and jostling out the festivals of the first saints and martyrs.' The mediæval Church, as the Romanists still do, distinguished between days of Obligation and days of Devotion. Now, under the Reformation only some of the former class, the Feasts of Obligation, were and are retained, being such as were dedicated to the memory of our Lord, or to those whose names are pre-eminent in the Gospels:—the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, the Baptist as the Precursor, and St. Stephen as the Proto-martyr ; St. Mark and St. Luke as Evangelists ; the Holy Innocents, as the earliest who suffered on Christ's account ; the Feast of St. Michael and all Angels, to remind us of the benefits received by the ministry of angels ; and All Saints as the memorial of all those who have died in the faith. Surely no method could have been better devised than such a course for making time, as it passes, a perpetual memorial of the Head of the Church.

The principle upon which certain festivals of Devotion still retained in the kalendar prefixed to the Common Prayer, and usually printed in italics, were selected from among the rest, is more obscure. Many of them evidently indicate names which had been peculiarly honoured of old in the Church of England :—St. Alban, the proto-martyr of Britain ; Augustin, the apostle of the English race ; Venerable Bede ; and King Edward the Confessor, the real patron of England, supplanted in the age of pseudo-chivalry by the legendary St. George. Others must have been chosen for their high station in the earlier ages of the Church—St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Martin, and St. Cyprian ; others from their local celebrity.

A third class are, Saints who are simply commemorated ; and it is a very curious fact, and, as we believe, hitherto quite unnoticed,

ticed, that these Saints'-days, now considered as the distinctive badges of Romanism, continued to retain their stations in our popular Protestant English almanacs until the alteration of the style in 1752, when they were discontinued. By what authority this change took place we know not, but perhaps the books of the Stationers' Company might solve this mystery. We take the first which lies before us, the almanac of the venerable Philomath Gadbury:—

JANUARY, 1733.

1 Circumcision.	17 Anthouy.
2 Abel.	18 Cathed. Petri.
3 Enoch.	19 Woolstan.
4 Chromach.	20 <i>Pr. W. born.</i>
5 Edward, Confessor.	21 <i>Septuages.</i>
6 Epiphany.	22 Theodore.
7 1 p. Epiphany.	23 Term begins.
8 Marcellus.	24 Wilfrede.
9 Lucian.	25 <i>Conv. St. Paul.</i>
10 Agatha.	26 Cletus.
11 Higinus.	27 Christopher.
12 Arcadius.	28 <i>Sexagesima.</i>
13 Hilary b.	29 Samuel.
14 2 pp. Epiphany.	30 K. Charles I. mart.
15 Maurus.	31 Cyriacus.
16 Kentigern.	

More amusing, however, is one of Gadbury's rivals, whom we find included in the same volume:—

'Poor Robin, 1733, a new Almanack after the old fashion, wherein you have an account of the eclipses, the new moons, full moons and half moons, commonly called quarters; also the sign governing, telling you when to cut your corns, pare your nails, and many useful things not to be had anywhere else, with a discovery of an infallible method to tell fortunes by the Twelve Houses, being the first after Bissextile or Leap-year, containing a two-fold Kalendar, viz.: the *honest, true-hearted* PROTESTANT OLD ACCOUNT, WITH THE MARTYRS FOR PURE RELIGION ON THE ONE SIDE, and those who were justly executed for plotting treason and rebellion on the other.'

We select the month that is the richest, namely:—

OCTOBER, 1733.

1 Remigius.	1 Jack Adams.
2 Leodegar.	2 Phalaris.
3 Thomas b.	3 The season now
4 Francis.	4 declines a little.
5 Constantine.	5 Leave physic off,
6 Magnus.	6 and stick to victual.
7 20 aft. Trin.	7 <i>Will. Say.</i>
8 Pelagio.	8 Perillus
9 Dearris.	9 <i>Rainsborough.</i>
10 Pauline.	10 Simon.
11 K. George II. cr.	11 Nestorius.
12 Wilfred.	12 Charon.
13 Amantius.	13 That flesh upon your

14 21 aft.

14 21 <i>aft. Trin.</i>	14 back to lay,
15 Severus.	15 That summer labour
16 Gallus.	16 washed away.
17 Audrey.	17 <i>Harrison, the Butcher.</i>
18 St. Luke Evan.	18 <i>Cook, the Solicitor.</i>
19 Ptolemy	19 <i>Seot, the Brewer.</i>
20 Faust. Virg.	20 <i>Hugh Peters, the Jester.</i>
21 22 <i>aft. Trin.</i>	21 <i>John Carew.</i>
22 Cordula Virg.	22 <i>John Jones.</i>
23 Term begins.	23 <i>Adrian Seroop.</i>
24 Areta.	24 <i>Daniel Axtel.</i>
25 Crispin.	25 Crispin.
26 Amandus,	26 Who loves the law
27 Florence.	27 the term is come,
28 23 <i>aft. Trin.</i>	28 But my advice is
29 Narcissus.	29 'gree at home.
30 <i>K. George II. born.</i>	30 Owen Bowen.
31 Julian.	31 <i>Phelps the Scribler.</i>

We wish our diligent and erudite friend Sir Henry Ellis would take 'Poor Robin' in hand. He beats us; alas! how the keenest wit evaporates in the course of a century. We are utterly unable to explain the joke of introducing 'Jack Adams' and 'Phalaris' amongst the 'roundheads.' 'Poor Robin,' in his day, was the delight, the counsel, the guide of the English country-folk. They made love and beer by his directions; wooed the sweetheart and tapped the barrel, in the assigned planetary hour. His kalendar is the great treasure-house for allusions to local customs and popular sports. Quaint rhymes and ludicrous prose fill his pages, not always the most delicate or refined, yet perhaps as innocuous as the 'useful information' now presented to the 'intelligence of the masses,' by his untaxed successors—'B. Franklin born,' 'Voltaire died,' 'Day when Oxford Dons get drunk,' and so on, as may be seen in the Temperance Almanac, to the great edification, without doubt, of the numerous respectable clergy and pious ladies by whom the said Society is patronized. 'Poor Robin' affords much matter for consideration. He shows that the tradition respecting the appropriation of the days to particular saints was considered by the common people as eminently *Protestant*, that is to say, as a part and parcel of the Church of England; and that an almanac without Saints for every day was nought. We have neither space nor leisure to pursue this inquiry: but we do earnestly wish that some one well versed in ecclesiastical history, for instance Mr. Palmer, would investigate the 'Kalendar;' not with the view of ministering to antiquarian curiosity or idle amusement, but as involving principles of the highest importance. The secular power came to the aid of the Church by the statute 5 and 6 Edw. VI. c. 3. This Act commands all our present liturgical festivals to be observed; and their non-observation is by no means an act of discretion, but a breach of the law of the land. Of the peculiar sports and observances which

which had been attached by ancient usage and custom to peculiar days—the dancing round the maypole on the festival of St. Philip and St. James—the bonfires on the feast of the Baptist—and the like—it is unnecessary to speak; but the main feature, anterior to the Reformation, was the cessation from work and labour upon such festivals. The people had a time provided to rejoice before the Lord; and the exceptions in the Act show that such was still the spirit of the age: those who chose to work are merely *permitted* to labour.

The Puritans abolished the Church fasts and festivals; and by their ordinance, 8th June, 1647 (Scobell's *Acts and Ordinances*, p. 81), the feast of the Nativity of Christ, Easter, Whitsuntide and all other holidays, were utterly suppressed. But they were not so blind as not to see how this abolition might have an injurious effect upon the comfort and well being of the people. If, on the one hand, they discarded the festivals of the Church, they felt that, on the other, some substitute must be provided. 'To the end, therefore, that there might be a convenient time allotted to scholars, apprentices, and other servants for their recreation,' it was by the same ordinance enacted that they should have '*such convenient, reasonable recreation and relaxation from their constant and ordinary labour, on every second Tuesday in the month throughout the year, as formerly they had used to have on the festivals commonly called holydays.*' And in case of any difference arising between master and servant concerning the liberty thus granted, the next justice of the peace was to have power to reconcile the same. Yet the foregoing ordinance was not thought sufficient to secure the comfort of the people; and by another, passed on the 28th of the same month of June, 1647, it was ordained 'that all windows of shops, warehouses, and other places where wares or commodities are usually sold, shall be kept shut on the said day of recreation, from eight in the morning till eight in the evening; and that no master shall wilfully retain his apprentice or other servant within-doors, or from his recreation, unless on account of market-days, fair-days, or other extraordinary occasion;' and in such case the master was to allow unto such apprentice, or other servant, one other day of recreation in place of that one thus taken away.

The Puritans—we do not use the word in reproach, but as a term of description—were wise in their generation. In 1644 they had enacted, by the ordinance 'for the restraint of several evils on the Lord's-day' (Scobell, p. 37), what they considered, and not without truth, as a great moral reform. Maypoles, 'a heathenish vanity, generally abused to superstition and wickedness,' fell at one stroke. The recreations hitherto practised on the

the Sunday were to cease. The arrow ceased to fly at the butt; the bowl rolled no more; down fell all the skittles; and the 'lewd dancers' on the green were to be indulged with three hours' rest in the stocks, for their own comfort and the edification of the neighbours.

Let us be careful how we carp at these men. With whatever sourness, whatever asperity, whatever 'anti-prelatical' feeling this enactment was made, it was founded upon a true and holy principle; and the general neglect of the Sabbath—nay, the encouragement given to its desecration by the Book of Sports—so entirely contrary to the principles and practice of the early Christians—can be viewed only as amongst the national sins which drew down upon the Church of England that tribulation and punishment which she then experienced. Why should we be ashamed to confess the fact? we make no claim to infallibility.

'All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy.' Even the ass cannot be always kept in the mill; and the Puritan legislation points out one great practical object to be attained by the due observance of the Church of England Festivals—practical, because what may be termed the machinery of the Church all works to one end,—and if you maim one portion, it is like damaging a wheel in a clock, the whole goes wrong. The Saints'-days and other Festivals were intended by the Church to become outworks, defences protecting mankind in the solemn enjoyment of the Lord's-day. The Puritans, by their 'recreation ordinance,' scanty as their allowance was, showed that they understood the question in its practical bearings. Observe these holy-days according to their true intent; let the morning be spent in the house of God; let the remainder of the day be given to cheerfulness, and you afford to the labouring population—and we take the word 'labouring' in its widest sense—the means of reasonable and healthful recreation equally needed for body and mind; and you remove at once the temptations which lead the 'masses' to encroach on the sanctity of the Sabbath. Penal laws defeat their own object in such cases. Sorrowful as the desecration of the Lord's-day may be, in or around any great town, or still more in our tremendous metropolis, it is far more sorrowful to feel that we urge and scourge the labouring classes to this great sin, by the intense worry and drive of morbid activity which pervades the entire frame of society. Enter the squalid wildernesses of Spitalfields or St. Giles. Even make your progress through the quarters inhabited by the bettermost sort of operatives and working traders, the hives of courts and narrow streets where the brightest blaze of summer never affords more than an adust and sickly ray—where the sweetest shower of spring falls polluted to the ground. Go farther—
breathe

breathe the stifling vapour of the Arcade or the Bazaar, and look at the pallid countenance of the pining maiden, and you will be convinced that the absolute animal want of mere fresh air, at least for one day in the weary week, must become irresistible.

Perhaps, however, there are no localities where we could so successfully begin to permit the poor, the needy, and the humble to enjoy again the liberty which the Church so joyfully wishes to bestow, as in the manufacturing districts. How many of the plans about which we now dream and talk for the benefit of the operatives, were really effected by the Church long ago, long before there were steam-engines or power-looms? Daily service secured the remission from labour sought by Lord Ashley's bill; and the Festival would now give the means of healthful relaxation and mental improvement, without trespassing upon that seventh of our existence in which we are not to seek our own pleasure, nor speak our own words.

'What!' exclaims the mill-owner, 'stop the works for forty days in the year?' Certainly. Do not you lose ten times more by strikes, and turn-outs, and Chartist-meetings, than by all the superstitions of preceding centuries?

Never can the Lord's-day be duly and strictly observed, and yet in a kindly and affectionate spirit, until the whole system of the Church service is restored. Those who seek to propitiate the 'masses' by throwing open museums, and galleries, and libraries on the Sunday, give nothing of their own; they take away that which belongs to the Lord. Those who duly observe the commandment equally give nothing of their own; they give to the Lord what is his, and which costs them nothing. And, so long as they who profess to honour the Sabbath continue, during the remainder of the week, to exact that crushing and continuous labour from those classes who are either directly or indirectly under their control, which drives the objects of their rule to worldly amusements and recreations, or 'intellectual pursuits,' on the day which should be the day of holy rest—so long are they co-operating in the most efficient manner with the advocates of indifferentism and infidelity. You may give the most 'exemplary attendance'—alas! what a root of self-deception and bitterness is there in that word 'exemplary,' so applied—at church, or chapel, or Exeter Hall; always appear at the proper time in your pew or on the 'platform;' be an active member of 'The Lord's-Day Observance Society;' distribute tracts from 'the Repository, No. 56, Paternoster Row;' or Bibles and Prayer-Books from 'the Christian Knowledge Society's House, No. 67, Lincoln's Inn Fields;' hunt all the donkeys off Hampstead Heath; bowl and roll the oranges down Primrose Hill; kick the cake-baskets off the kirbstone;

stone ; wheel all the old apple-women to the workhouse ; trundle the barrows to the 'green yard ;' explode all the ginger-beer ; swallow all the 'annual reports ;' never read the Sunday newspaper—except in the 'Monday's edition ;'—and yet with all these professions and exertions, if you so chain your clerk to the desk, your shopman to the counter, in short, all your slaves to the oar, as to destroy the comfort of week-day life, and only release them from their bondage when you are compelled to strike off the fetters, you merely goad them to violate the word of God, and mock the spirit of Christianity. What are termed the ordinances of the Church are only applications of the Divine Law. You must take all or none. Difficulties unquestionably there are in the way ; but as is most truly and powerfully remarked by Archdeacon Manning, with whose words we shall conclude,—

'The habits of life are not so absolute but that a little firmness would soon throw them into a better order. Let us only resolve to "seek first the kingdom of God," to take the cycle and the seasons of the Church as our governing rule, and to make our lives bend to its appointments. When once the Church has restored the solemn days of fast and festival, and the stated hours of daily prayer, there will be an order marked out for all men of good will to follow ; and, at the last, we shall once more see this fretful, busy world checked, and for a while cast out by the presence of the world unscen. Its burthen will be sensibly lessened, and the hearts of men will have some shelter and rest to turn to in the dry and glaring turmoil of life. Then among us, as of old, men may go up in secret to the house of prayer, to make their sin-offerings, and their peace-offerings, and their offerings of thanks. No sun should then go down on sins unconfessed, or blessings unacknowledged ; and if any be truly hindered, still in their own home, or by the wayside, or in crowded marts, or in busy cities, or in the fields—when the bell is heard afar off, or the known hour of prayer is come—they may say with us the Confession and the Lord's Prayer, and though far from us on earth, may meet us in the court of heaven.'—*Sermons*, pp. 206, 207.

NOTE.—Since this article was paged for working off, Lord John Manners has published a 'Plea for National Holidays,' in which he has taken much the same view of the question which we have attempted to advocate. Regretting that under these circumstances we cannot at this moment enter into an examination of his production, we do *most earnestly* recommend it to all who are interested in the welfare of the community. It is written with ability, and, what is of far more importance than ability, in an excellent spirit. May the young author be strengthened and guided in the good course which he has begun, and may others of his rank and station follow his example ; for it is amongst such men as he promises to be, that the Crown will find its best defenders, the poor and needy their most sincere and steady friends.

ART. V.—*Handley Cross; or, the Spa-Hunt.* London. 1843.
3 vols. 12mo.

FROM the days of John Gilpin down to those of John Jorrocks the doings of our citizens have had interest for country as well as for town. The furthest removed, whether in station or in location, like to know how the Londoners proper live—how and where they ride, fish, shoot—above all, whereabouts, and after what fashion, they *hunt*. Still there has always been an unworthy leaning to disparage and ridicule the prowess of the East; as if it were not hard enough in all conscience for people to be cooped up in bricks and mortar all the year, without having the slow-pointing finger of scorn proclaiming them cockneys whenever they venture forth for a breath of fresh air. 'The unkindest cut of all' is, that city sportsmen are mainly indebted to city pencils and city pens for this unenviable notoriety.

The late Mr. Seymour, for instance (a thorough-bred cockney), published as many sketches as filled half-a-dozen volumes, of which the field-sports of Londoners formed the staple, and which will outlive his more elaborate productions. Nobody can resist the fun of some of these delineations—especially in the fishing and shooting departments. At one page we have a country practitioner (a jolly-looking clown in a smock-frock) about 'to serve an ejectment; that is to say, shove a smart fisherman into a river in which he is poaching; and hard by we have a *City swell*, with shot-belt and gun, pointing to a dead sparrow across a piece of water, and exclaiming to a plethoric pugdog—'Fetch it, Prim; fetch it: vy, vot a perverse dog you are!' We have two urchins with one gun, tugging along a poodle pup by a great heavy chain; the puller observing to the shooter—'Vot vith buying powder and shot, and keeping that 'ere sporting dog, shooting's werry expensive!' A few Numbers further on, we have a sportsman taking a deliberate aim at a Billy-goat on a bank by a cottage; while his companion, as he opens a sack, exclaims—'Make sure of him, Bob; I'm told it's as good as wenison.' Then comes a tattered ruffian seizing a common-councilman just about to fire—'Vot the divil are you shooting at through the hedge?' 'Ares!' 'Them 'ere brown things arn't hares—them's gipsy babbies!!'

Strype enumerates respectfully among the recreations of the Londoners in his own day (the reign of George I.) 'riding on horseback and hunting with my Lord Mayor's hounds when the common hunt goes out.' We need hardly say, indeed, that the maintenance of a pack of hounds formed a part of the expenses of many of the corporations in former times, just as the donation of purses or pieces of plate to the race meetings does at present.

But

But even in Strype's day the joking had begun—witness Tom D'Urfev on the Lord Mayor's field-day :—

' Once a-year into Essex a hunting they do go ;
To see 'em pass along O 'tis a most pretty show :
Through Cheapside and Fenchurch-street and so to Aldgate-pump,
Each man with 's spurs in 's horse's sides, and his backword cross
his rump.

My Lord he takes a staff in hand to beat the bushes o'er ;
I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before.
A creature bounceth from a bush, which made them all to laugh ;
My lord, he cried, A hare, a hare ! but it proved an Essex calf.*

We like the Londoners—their joyous enthusiasm is like the hearty gaiety of a girl at her first ball, while the listlessness of many of what are called regular sportsmen resembles the inertness of the *belle* of many seasons. Colonel Cook, who hunted what may be called a cockney country—part of Essex—bears testimony to the excellence of their characters :—

' Should you happen to keep hounds,' says he, ' at no great distance from London, you will find many of the inhabitants of that capital (cockneys, if you please) *good sportsmen*, well mounted, and riding well to hounds : they never interfere with the management of them in the field, contribute liberally to the expense, and pay their subscriptions regularly. . . . Whenever I went to town I received the greatest kindness and hospitality from these gentlemen ; capital dinners, and the choicest wines. We occasionally went the best pace over the *mahogany*, often ran the *Portuguese* a sharp burst, and whoo-whooped many a long-corked *Frenchman* !†

Be it observed, there is a wide difference between the London sportsman and the London sporting-man. The former loves the country, and rushes eagerly at early dawn to enjoy a long day's diversion, while the latter is a street-lounging, leather-plating idiot, who feels quite unhappy ' off the stones.' If railroads had effected no greater good, they had yet earned our eternal gratitude for diminishing, if not annihilating, that most disgusting of all disgusting animals, the would-be stage-coachman. Not that we object to gentlemen driving four-in-hand—if well, so much the better for their own necks—but we groan over those benighted youths who, while following the occupation, think it incumbent to descend to

* Pills to purge Melancholy—1719.

† Observations on Fox-Hunting, p. 148. The derivation of *cockney* has gravelled our philologists. Meric Casaubon is clear for *sisneyus*—not a bad bit of pedantry ;—but we have little doubt it is a diminutive of *coke*, i. e. cook ; and from the same root probably are the French *coquin* and *coquette* : for the levities and vices of the townsfolk are all associated in the primitive rustic mind with the one overwhelming idea of devotion to delicate fare.

Dr. Richardson's earliest example is from Chaucer's *Reeve's Tale* :—

' And when this jape is told another day,
I shall be balden a daffe [fool] or a Cokenay.'

the manners, the gestures, and the articulation of the 'regulars,' who touch their hats to ladies, and turn in their toes and jerk out an elbow to their male friends. There was a smart paper in a recent number of that justly popular miscellany, the *New Sporting Magazine*, wherein this 'Sporting Tiger' is well portrayed:—

'The only possible mistake that may be made in judging of him by his skin may be in taking him for an opulent bookkeeper at a coach-office, or for an omnibus cad who has inherited largely. He usually wears a broadish-brimmed hat, furnished with a loop and string to secure it to his head in tempestuous weather, and a long-waisted dark coat, with a widish hem in lieu of a collar, and with astoundingly wide-apart hind buttons, very loose and ample in the skirts; his neck-cloth is generally white, and tied so as to display as much of his poll as possible; his waistcoat is easy, long, and groomish in cut, whilst his trousers are close-fitting, short, and secured under a thick, round-toed, well-cleaned boot, by a long narrow strap. His great coat, wrapper, coatoon, pea-jacket, or whatever he may please to call it, is indescribably bepatched, bestitched, and bepocketed—constructed on the plan best calculated to afford extraordinary facilities for getting at halfpence to pay turnpikes with rapidity, and for withstanding unusual inclemency of weather in an exposed situation. He saunters about with a sort of jaunty swagger, twitching his head on one side about thrice in a minute; he carries a slight switch in his hand, with which he deliberately rehearses, as he strolls along, the outline of a severe double-thonging with which he means to surprise his team—*when* he sets up one. What appears to interest him above all things in this sublunary scene are the family affairs of stage-coachmen, and the success or failure of the coaches committed to their charge. He would rather be accosted familiarly before witnesses by Brighton Bill than by the Duke of Wellington.'

Such figures as this used to be very familiar to all who saw the arrival or departure of 'The Age' or 'The Times;' but they are now rare. There survives, however, another and a still lower grade of London sporting-men—lower in rank—lower in everything—who tend materially to bring the fair fame of our citizens into disrepute. We allude to the steeple-chase and hurdle-race riders. We denounce the whole system. It is bad in every point of view—cruel, dangerous, and useless—cruel to horses, dangerous to riders, and useless in all its results—except, indeed, the frequent riddance it makes of fools. What can be more cruel than rewarding a noble animal who has carried his rider gallantly throughout the winter, when his legs want rest and refreshment, by a butchering race across country, without the wonted stimulus in the cry of hounds—and all for a few sovereigns sweepstake? What can be more dangerous than the pranks of a set of hot-headed youths, roused perhaps with the false courage of brandy, setting off to gallop straight across an artificially-fenced country, against *captains* who don their titles with their jackets, and retire

after

after the race into the privacy of grooms or stable-men? If it is the speed of the horse that the owner wishes to ascertain, the smooth race-course is the place for that; and as to saying that hunters must be able 'to go the pace,' we answer, that hounds must go even faster than they do to require the pace that steeple-chases are ridden at. Every day sees the hunting countries becoming more enclosed; and it is supposing that the hedges are no impediment to the fox and hounds to say it is necessary to ride a horse 'full tilt,' and 'at score' while they are running. No doubt there are bursts, but there are few without some breathing time—and at any rate the excitement of the hounds lends an impetus to the horse, which the spur of the steeple-chaser can never supply.

An amusing book might be written on the 'genuine sportsmen' of this our great city; and we heartily wish Mr. Surtees of Hemsterly Hall, Northumberland, to whom we are indebted for the volumes named at the head of this paper, would undertake the job.

We believe the Epping Hunt was taken up after the downfall of the city pack by Tom Rounding and his brother Dick. Dick died in 1813, leaving Tom, who, though now, alas! dead too, will never die in the annals of the chase. He has been celebrated by Hood—but the greatest compliment perhaps that could be paid him was that the Epping Hunt died with him. Happy we are to think that with our editorial ubiquity we once joined the Epping Hunt. Though somewhat shorn of its glory—still Tom Rounding was there—the living likeness of George III.—the courteous host of the Horse and Groom at Woodford Wells;

'A snow-white head, a merry eye,
A cheek of jolly blush,
A claret tint laid on by Health
With Master Reynard's brush!'

We know not if Tom Rounding felt the contempt that most old fox-hunters do for stag-hunting—but certainly, the day we had the honour of attending, there was not much energy in the out-of-doors department. A stupid-looking hind, its head garnished with dingy ribbons, was uncartered before a dozen yelping unsizeable hounds, whom no exertions or persuasions of a blowsy whipper-in clad in green, with the peak of his cap turned behind to conduct the rain down his back, could induce to pack together; and after a circuitous struggle of a mile or so, hind, hounds, and horsemen found themselves at the back of the Horse and Groom—with the real business of the day yet to commence.

But Surrey was the great scene of action. Ten years ago, in that county, there were three packs of fox-hounds, one of stag-

hounds, and innumerable packs of harriers. When Mr. Jorrocks, whose exploits we are now approaching, wanted to astonish his friend the Yorkshireman with the brilliancy of Surrey doings, and mounted him for a day with 'them 'ounds,' they overtook near Croydon a gentleman reading a long list decorated with a stag-hunt at the top, choosing which pack he should go to, just as one reads the play-bills during a 'Temperance Corner' dinner, to see which theatre is best worth patronising.

We cannot allude to those days without giving a word to the late 'Parson Harvey of Pimlico,' as he was generally called. Many of our readers will remember a tall, eccentric, horse-breaker-looking individual, dressed in an old black coat, with drab breeches and gaiters, lounging up and down the Park on a thorough-bred and frequently hooded horse: that was the Rev. Mr. Harvey, an enthusiastic lover of the animal, and the owner of many valuable horses. He was an amiable, inoffensive man, and an oracle in horse-flesh, particularly where racing matters were concerned. His last appearance in public was on Newmarket Heath, whither he was drawn in a bed-carriage, his feeble head propped up with pillows, to see the produce of some favourite win his race. But let it not be supposed that Mr. Harvey had no regard for religious duties: far from it. Though without preferment, and long before the *Tracts* were heard of, he was a *daily* attendant at Church: morning-service at Westminster Abbey invariably included him among its congregation. His style of doing this, however, had something of peculiarity about it. Disdaining to walk, and being, moreover, an economist, he hit upon an expedient for providing shelter for his horse without the expense of a livery-stable. His long equestrian exercises wearing out much iron, he always rode that horse to the Abbey which most wanted shoeing, and so got standing room at a neighbouring smithy; but as a set of shoes a-day would more than supply his stud, the worthy parson had only one shoe put on at a time, so that each horse got four turns!

Mr. Daniel (in his 'Rural Sports') relates a singular instance of London keenness and management, which may be placed in contrast with the extravagance of modern establishments:—

'Mr. Osbaldeston, clerk to an attorney [a connexion, no doubt, of the modern "squire"] supported himself, with half-a-dozen children, as many couple of hounds, and two hunters, upon sixty pounds *per annum*. This also was effected in *London*, without running in debt, and with always a good coat on his back. To explain this seeming impossibility, it should be observed that, after the expiration of office-hours, Mr. Osbaldeston acted as an accountant for the butchers in Clare-market, who paid him in *offal*. The choicest morsels of this he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which

which were kept in the *garret*. His horses were lodged in his *cellar*, and fed on grains from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a cornchandler, whose books he kept in order. Once or twice a week in the season he hunted; and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers over whose ground he sported, he secured their good will and permission; and several gentlemen (struck with the extraordinary economical mode of his hunting arrangements, which were generally known) winked at his going over their manors. Mr. Osbaldeston was the younger son of a gentleman of good family but small fortune in the north of England; and, having imprudently married one of his father's servants, was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a southern hound big with pup, and whose offspring from that time became a source of amusement to him.'

We have already alluded to one change that railroads have effected in the sporting department of London life; but that was a trifle. All England has been contracted, as it were, within the span of our metropolis. Sportsmen who rose by candlelight, and with difficulty accomplished a Croydon or Barnet meet by eleven, can now start, horse and all, by the early train, and take the cream of Leicestershire for their day! The Yorkshire hills resound to the guns that formerly alarmed only Hampstead and Highgate; and the lazy Lea is deserted for the rushing Tweed or sparkling Teviot. No wonder, therefore, that we should now find our old friend Mr. Jorrocks on a new and comparatively distant field of action.

Many hasty critics accused the author of 'Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities' (1838) of plagiarizing *Pickwick and Co.*, regardless of the preface, which stated that the chapters 'were reprinted from the *New Sporting Magazine*, wherein they had appeared between the years 1831 and 1834,' long before Mr. Dickens emerged into public notice. We will venture to say that the sire of Jorrocks would no more think of such a thing as filching another man's style than would the more prolific 'Boz.' How far the popularity of 'The Jaunts' may have induced certain publishers to wish for a Cockney sportsman of their own is another matter: but the dialect of Jorrocks was and is his own; and we must equally disclaim, on the part of our independent friend, as respects character, all clanship or sympathy with the soft Mr. Pickwick. Jorrocks is a sportsman to the backbone. *Pickwick's* real merits are many and great; but thorough ignorance of all appertaining to sporting was his prime qualification for the chairmanship of the club—a true *cockney* according to Skinner's definition, 'Vir urbanus, rerum rusticarum prorsus ignarus;' nor need Hickes's addition be omitted, 'Gulæ et ventri deditus.'

In these volumes the character of the sporting grocer is brought

out in still more perfect developement than in the production of 1838 ; but they embrace a view of the history of Handley Cross, both as a watering-place and a rival to Melton Mowbray, previous to his advent in the locality of his new adventures. We are willing to quote freely from this preliminary part, as many of our readers may know and care little about hunts, but few or none of them can have avoided some acquaintance with spas ; and we wish to show them that our author, though a crack sportsman, is quite awake upon a variety of subjects besides. For example, we believe the following account of the medical worthies who first made the Handley waters famous will be allowed to equal in accuracy and far surpass in spirit any parallel record that could be cited from the pages of Dr. Granville :—

‘ One Roger Swizzle, a roistering, red-faced, roundabout apothecary, who had somewhat impaired his constitution by his jolly performances while walking the hospitals in London, had settled at Appledove, a small market-town in the vale, where he enjoyed a considerable want of practice in common with two or three other fortunate brethren. Hearing of a mineral spring at Handley Cross, which, according to usual country tradition, was capable of “curing everything,” he tried it on himself, and either the water or the exercise in walking to and fro had a very beneficial effect on his digestive powers. He analysed its contents, and, finding the ingredients he expected, he set himself to work to turn it to his own advantage. Having secured a lease of the spring, he took the late Stephen Dumpling’s house on the green, where, at one or other of its four front windows, a numerous tribe of little Swizzles might be seen flattening their noses against the panes. Roger possessed every requisite for a great experimental practitioner—assurance, a wife and large family, and scarcely anything to keep them on.

‘ Being a shrewd sort of fellow, he knew there was nothing like striking out a new light for attracting notice, and the more that light was in accordance with the wishes of the world, the more likely was it to turn to his own advantage. Half the complaints of the upper classes he knew arose from over-eating and indolence, so he thought, if he could originate a doctrine that with the use of Handley Cross waters people might eat and drink what they pleased, his fortune would be as good as made. Aided by the local press, he succeeded in drawing a certain attention to the water, the benefit of which soon began to be felt by the villagers of the place ; and the landlord of the Fox and Grapes had his stable constantly filled with gigs and horses of the visitors. Presently lodgings were sought after, and carpeting began to cover the before sanded staircases of the cottages. These were soon found insufficient ; and an enterprising bricklayer got up a building society for the erection of a row of four-roomed cottages, called the Grand Esplanade. Others quickly followed, the last undertaking always eclipsing its predecessor.

‘ “Ah, I see how it is,” he would say, as a gouty alderman slowly disclosed the symptoms. “Soon set you on your legs again. Was far worse myself. All stomach sir—all stomach—three-fourths of our complaints

complaints arise from stomach ;” stroking his corpulent protuberancy with one hand, and twisting his patient’s button with the other. “Clean you well out, and then strengthen the system. Dine with me at five, and we will talk it all over.”

‘To the great and dignified he was more ceremonious. “You see, Sir Harry,” he would say, “*it’s all done by eating!*” More people dig their graves with their teeth than we imagine. Not that I would deny you the good things of this world, but I would recommend a few at a time, and *no mixing*. No side dishes. No liqueurs—only two or three wines. Whatever your stomach fancies, *give it!* Begin now, to-morrow, with the waters. A pint before breakfast—half an hour after, tea, fried ham and eggs, *brown* bread, and a walk. Luncheon—another pint—a roast pigeon and *fried* potatoes, then a ride. Dinner at six, *not later, mind*; gravy soup, glass of sherry, nice fresh turbot and lobster-sauce—wouldn’t recommend salmon—another glass of sherry—then a good cut out of the *middle* of a well-browned saddle of mutton—wash it over with a few glasses of iced champagne—and if you like a little light pastry to wind up with, well and good. A pint of old port and a deviled biscuit can hurt no man. *Mind*, no salads, or cucumbers, or celery, at dinner, or fruit after. Turtle-soup is very wholesome, so is venison. Don’t let the punch be too acid though. Drink the waters, live on a *regimen*, and you’ll be well in no time.”

‘We beg pardon for not having drawn a more elaborate sketch of Mr. Swizzle, before. In height he was exactly five feet eight, and forty years of age. He had a long, fat, red face, with little twinkling black eyes, set high in his forehead, surmounted by fullish eyebrows and short bristly iron-grey hair, brushed up like a hedgehog’s back. His nose was snub, and he rejoiced in an ample double chin, rendered more conspicuous by the tightness of an ill-tied white neckcloth, and the absence of all whisker or hair from his face. A country-made snuff-coloured coat, black waistcoat, and short greenish-drab trousers, with high-lows, were the adjuncts of his short ungainly figure. A peculiarly good-natured smile hovered round the dimples of his fat cheeks, which set a patient at ease on the instant. This, with his unaffected, cheery, free and easy manner, and the comfortable nature of his prescriptions, gained him innumerable patients. That to some he did good there is no doubt. The mere early rising and exercise he insisted upon would renovate a constitution impaired by too close application to business and bad air; while the gourmands, among whom his principal practice lay, would be benefited by abstinence and regular hours. The water, no doubt, had its merits, but, as usual, was greatly aided by early rising, pure air, the absence of cares, regular habits, and the other advantages which mineral waters invariably claim as their own. One thing the Doctor never wanted—a reason why it did not cure. If a patient went back on his hands, he soon hit off an excuse—“You surely didn’t dine off goose on Michaelmas-day?” or “Hadn’t you some filberts for dessert?” &c.—all which information he got from the servants or shopkeepers of the place. When a patient died on his hands, he would say, “He was as good as dead when he came.”’—vol. i. p. 23.

It is an old adage, that wherever there is room for one great doctor there must be an opening for a second. Accordingly, the hearty John Bull of the faculty is soon elbowed by an interesting foreigner :—

‘Determined to be Swizzle’s opposite in every particular, he was studiously attentive to his dress. Not that he indulged in gay colours, but his black suit fitted without a wrinkle, and his thin dress boots shone with patent polish; turned-back cambric wristbands displayed the snowy whiteness of his hand, and set off a massive antique ring or two. He had four small frills to his shirt, and an auburn-hair chain crossed his broad roll-collared waistcoat, and passed a most diminutive Geneva watch into his pocket. He was a widower. Mystery being his object, he avoided the public gaze. Unlike Roger Swizzle, who either trudged from patient to patient, or whisked about in a gig, Dr. Sebastian Mello drove to and fro in a claret-coloured fly, drawn by dun ponies. Through the plate-glass windows a glimpse of his reclining figure might be caught, lolling luxuriously in the depths of its swelling cushions, or musing complacently with his chin on a massive gold-headed cane. With the men he was shy and mysterious; but he could talk and flatter the women into a belief that they were almost as clever as himself.

‘Portraits appeared at the windows, bespeaking the characters of each—Swizzle sat with a patient at a round table, indulging in a bee’s-winged bottle of port, while Mello reclined in a curiously carved chair, one be-ringed hand supporting his flowing-locked head, and the other holding a book. Swizzle’s was painted by the artist who did the attractive window-blind at the late cigar-shop in the Piccadilly Circus, while Sebastian was indebted to Grant for the gentlemanly ease that artist invariably infuses into his admirable portraits.’—vol. i. p. 31.

Of course, as soon as the visitors began to muster strong at the new spa, a Master of the Ceremonies must be elected: but we regret that we cannot class the lucky candidate for this high office, Captain Miserrimus Doleful, with either the rough and jolly *Æsculapius* of Handley Cross, or his abstemious and dandified rival. The M. C. is a mere caricature; and we resent especially the extravagant blunder the author has made in representing him as the chosen pet of Mrs. Barnington—a splendid Leeds lady, no longer in her first bloom indeed, but in the full magnificence of her matronly development. The husband of this Queen of Handley, a rich Cheshire squire, is as sick of his wife as she is of him—but though, under such circumstances, some extraneous flirtation might have seemed within the limits of the probable, that such a lady should have chosen to console herself with a poor, battered, ghastly Militia Captain is a monstrous incredibility. At the same time, if we can overlook this glaring blunder, the scenes between the wife, the husband, and the swain are very cleverly sustained—so much so, that we fully expect to see them
pillaged

pillaged by the theatres. Some other characters of less importance, but all very nicely sketched, need not detain us.

At the period after the waters first began to be frequented, there was on the spot a primitive farmer's pack of hounds—trencher-fed, as they are called—that is to say, where every man kept one. As the place proceeds to expand, a little more ambition is apparent in the hunting department. Michael Hardy, a knowing, comfortable yeoman, takes the lead, and under his auspices the pack acquires some provincial distinction. That eminent character, however, is after one glorious day's sport run to ground—gathered to his fathers; and very serious difficulty occurs as to the discovery of a fit successor—that is to say, a *master* who should be qualified to give the concern a still more effectual lift in the eyes of the world.

Fortunately several influential members had perused the 'Jaunts and Jollities,' and after a lengthened negotiation the celebrated Mr. Jorrocks was prevailed upon to accept the vacant post. We must allow his biographer to introduce the prince of grocers :—

'At the time of which we speak Mr. Jorrocks had passed the grand climacteric, and, balancing his age with less accuracy than he balanced his books, called himself between fifty and sixty. He was a stiff, square-built, middle-sized man, with a thick neck and a large round head. A woolly, broad-brimmed, lowish-crowned hat sat with a jaunty sidelong sort of air upon a bushy nut-brown wig, worn for comfort and not deception. Indeed his grey whiskers would have acted as a contradiction if he had, but deception formed no part of Mr. Jorrocks's character. He had a fine open countenance, and though his turn-up nose, little grey eyes, and rather twisted mouth, were not handsome, still there was a combination of fun and goodhumour in his looks that pleased at first sight, and made one forget all the rest. His dress was generally the same—a pudding white neckcloth tied in a knot, capacious shirt-frill (shirt made without collars), a single-breasted, high-collared buff waistcoat with covered buttons, a blue coat with metal ones—dark-blue stocking-net pantaloons, and Hessian boots with large tassels, displaying the liberal dimensions of his well-turned limbs. The coat-pockets were outside, and the back buttons far apart.

'His business-place was in St. Botolph's Lane, in the city, but his residence was in Great Coram Street. This is rather a curious locality, city people considering it west, while those in the west consider it east. The fact is that Great Coram Street is somewhere about the centre of London, near the London University, and not a great way from the Euston station of the Birmingham railway. Neat, unassuming houses form the sides, and the west end is graced with a building that acts the double part of a reading-room and swimming-bath—"literature and lavement" is over the door.

'In this region the dazzling glare of civic pomp and courtly state are
equally

equally unknown. Fifteen-year-old footboys, in cotton velveteens and variously fitting coats, being the objects of ambition, while the rattling of pewter pots about four o'clock denotes the usual dinner-hour.—It is a nice quiet street, highly popular with Punch and other public characters.'—vol. i. pp. 120–122.

The readers of the 'Jaunts' will perceive that the hero of Great Coram Street has advanced considerably in years since the date of his Surrey seats and the trip to Paris with *Countess Benvolio*; but his taste and manners preserve very much the old stamp. Mrs. Jorrocks is still as fat and nearly as comely as she used to be—as proud and perhaps as jealous of the great man: the niece Belinda has from a pale little threadpaper girl become a plump, rosy charmer, slightly given to coquetry—but at heart good, and really very pretty. Betsy, the maid, is still what we remember—handsome, active, clever, managing—a principal personage in the establishment, and possessing special influence over her master. Benjamin, the boy, is as short as when Jorrocks picked him out of the Pentonville Poorhouse—but his wits have been considerably sharpened from living several years under the roof, and occasionally partaking in the sporting excursions, of so eminent a connoisseur.

Mr. J. and family tear themselves from Great Coram Street, and proceed to the *Terminus* in the same elegant vehicle which we had admired of old on the cover-side near Croydon—a roomy, double-bodied phaëton, sky-blue body, red wheels picked out with black—Jorrocks and Belinda in front, Mrs. J. and Betsy behind—the two celebrated steeds of all-work, Xerxes, and *Arter-Xerxes*, tandemwise—Benjamin riding postilion on the leader. In two or three short hours they are carried over what used to be a long day's journey, and arrive at the Handley Cross Station of the Lily-white-sand Railway, recently opened for the purpose of supplying the metropolis with that useful article. The principal members of the hunting club are in waiting, with the charity boys and girls in their Sunday clothes, the Spa band, and in fact the *élite* of the now fashionable place. Mr. Jorrocks is received amidst tumultuous demonstrations of curiosity and respect. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Barnington, nor any of the exclusives, have been let in to the grocership—Mr. J. has been to them merely 'a wealthy gentleman engaged in commercial pursuits'—and if the appearance of himself and his party be somewhat less imposing than had been anticipated, much toleration is extended to the caprices of a sporting *millionnaire*. No doubt the regular equipages are to come down by the slower train in the afternoon.

' Mr. Jorrocks, pulling short up, stood erect in the vehicle, and taking

ing off his low-crowned hat bowed and waved it repeatedly to the company, while Mrs. Jorrocks acknowledged the compliment by frequent kisses of her hand, and Belinda's face became suffused with blushes at the publicity and novelty of her situation.—Having sufficiently exercised their lungs, hats began to rest upon their owners' heads, handkerchiefs were returned to their reticules, and amid a general buzz and exclamation of applause a rush was made at the carriage to get a closer view of Belinda. "By Jove, what a beautiful girl!" exclaimed Captain Percival, eyeing Belinda through his glass. "Did you ever see such eyes?" asked a second. "Handsomeest creature I ever beheld! What a quizz the old girl is!" "Is she her daughter?" inquired a third of Captain Doleful, who was busy marshalling the procession. "Lots of money I suppose?" "He looks like a rich fellow, with that great sack of a M'Intosh. The servant girl's not bad-looking." "Miss for my money, I'm in love with her already. I wish she'd stand up and let's see her size." "I lay a guinea she's a clipper. There's a hand! I'll be bound for it she has a good foot and ankle. None of your hairy-heel'd ones." "He looks like a jolly old dog. We shall have lots of dinners, I dare say." Doleful's face wrinkled into half its usual size with delight, for he plainly saw he had made a hit; and most fortunate were those who had cultivated his friendship through the medium of the subscription-books at the libraries, for the two-guinea subscribers were immediately presented to the trio, while the guinea men were let in at intervals as the procession moved along.—vol. i. pp. 170, 171.

From the balcony of the Dragon the M.C. addresses the assembled beauty, fashion, Turf, Road, and Chase of Handley Cross, in an oration, which Mrs. Jorrocks and Belinda hear from the front drawing-room with tremours of agitated delight. Doleful closes, and the great Jorrocks, having cast aside his dingy white M'Intosh, and set wig and whiskers straight, steps forth:—

"'Ow are ye all?" said Mr. Jorrocks with the greatest familiarity, nodding round to the meeting, and kissing his hand. "'Opes you are well. You see I've come down to be master of your 'ounds, and first of all I'll explain to you what *I* means by the word master. Some people call a man a master of 'ounds wot sticks an 'orn in his saddle, and blows when he likes, but leaves everything else to the 'untsman. That's not the sort of master of 'ounds I mean to be. Others call a man a master of 'ounds wot puts in the paper Mr. So-and-so's 'ounds meet on Monday, at the Loin o' Lamb; on Wednesday, at the Brisket o' Weal; and on Saturday, at the Frying-pan; and after that, jest goes out or not, as suits his convenience—but *that's* not the sort of master of 'ounds I means to be. Again, some call themselves masters of 'ounds, when they pay the difference atwixt the subscription and the cost, leaving the management of matters, the receipt of money, payment of damage, and all them sort of partiklars, to the secretary—but *that's* not the sort of master of 'ounds I means to be. Still, I means to ride with an 'orn in my saddle. Yonder it is, see," said he, pointing to the package

package behind the carriage, "a reg'lar Percival, silver mouth-piece, deep cupp'd—and I means to adwertise the 'ounds in the paper, and not go sneakin' about like some of them beggarly Cockney 'unts, that look more as if they were goin' to rob a hen-roost than 'unt a fox, but, havin' fixed the meets, I shall attend them most punctual and reglar, and take off my 'at to all *payin'* subscribers as they come up (cheers)."

How very good is Jorrocks's thus early joining in the cry against Cockneys! He proceeds:—

"Of all sitations under the sun, none is more enviable or more 'ouerable than that of a master of fox-'ounds! Talk of a M.P.! vot's an M.P. compared to an M.F.H.? Your M.P. lives in a tainted hat-mosphere among other M.P.s, and loses his consequence by the commonness of the office, and the scoldings he gets from his constituents; but an M.F.H. holds his levee in the stable, his levee in the kennel, and his levee in the 'unting-field—is great and important everywhere—has no one to compete with him, no one to find fault, but all join in doing honour to him to whom honour is so greatly due (cheers). And oh, John Jorrocks! my good frind," continued the worthy grocer, fumbling the silver in his smalleclothes with upturned eyes, "to think that you, after all the ups and downs of life—the crossins and jostlins of merchandise and ungovernable trade—the sortin of sugars—the mexing of teas—the postins of ledgers, and handlin of inwoices, should have arrived at this distinguished post, is most miraculously wonderful, most singularly queer. Gentlemen, *this* is the proudest moment of my life! (cheers.) I've now reached the top-rail in the ladder of my ambition! (renewed cheers). Binjimin!" he hallooed out to the boy below; "Binjimin! I say, give an eye to them 'ere harticles behind the chay—the children are all among the Copenhagen brandy and marmeylad! Vy don't you vollop 'em? Vere's the use of furnishing you with a vip, I vonder?"

"To resume," said he, after he had seen the back of the carriage cleared of the children, and the marmalade and things put straight. "Unting, as I have often said, is the sport of kings—the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger. I doesn't know what the crazyologists may say, but I believes my head is nothin' but one great bump of 'unting (cheers). 'Unting fills my thoughts by day, and many a good run I have in my sleep. I'm none of your fine, dandified, Rotten-row swells, that only ride out to ride 'ome again, but I loves the smell of the mornin' hair, and the werry mud on my tops when I comes home of an evenin' is dear to my 'eart (cheers). Oh, my frinds! if I could but go to the kennel now, get out the 'ounds, find my fox, have a good chivey, and *kill* him—for no day is good to me without blood—I'd—I'd—I'd—drink three pints of port after dinner instead of two! (loud cheers.) . . . We'll soon get acquainted, and then you'll say that John Jorrocks is the man for your money. At present I've done—hoping werry soon to meet you all in the field—for the present I says adieu."

'Hereupon Mr. Jorrocks bowed, and, kissing his hand, backed out of
the

the balcony, leaving his auditory to talk him over at their leisure.'—vol. i. pp. 182-186.

The *dramatis personæ* are now mustered, and the play begins: but we have no desire to anticipate the satisfaction with which it is sure to be studied as a whole. It will be guessed that the plot embraces a keen rivalry between Mrs. Barnington and Mrs. Jorrocks in the salon—while the new M.F.H. gives his morning to the kennel, his day to the field, his evenings 'to the mahogany'—that public balls and fancy balls occur at proper intervals—and that the interest of the new dynasty is much promoted by the charms of Belinda. Benjamin undertakes the office of whipper-in under the tea-merchant—but Jorrocks by and by establishes, even to his own satisfaction, his incompetency to hunt the pack himself—and hereupon much trouble and alarm ensue. The grocer's blood is up—in for a penny in for a pound: albeit the subscriptions come in poorly, a real *huntsman* must be hired—otherwise the honour and glory of Great Coram Street are gone. Mr. Jorrocks advertises in 'Bell's Life,' and the letters that pour in are far too good not to be exemplified:—

'Warminster.

'Sir,—On hearing you want a huntsman, I take the liberty of writing to enquire after the place I thoroly understand my business either as groom or coachman and have been accustomed with hounds I live at present with John Jones Esq at Warminster as groom and gardner where I leave on Thursday first if you want a servant I shall be glad to serve you as I am a married man

'Your obedient servant
JOHN CRAKETHORPE.'

'To Mr. Jorrocks, Esq.,
Handley Cross.'

'Dear Sir,—I take Liberty of writing those Few Lines to you Hereing that you are In Want of A Servant And I Am in Want of A Situation If you Have No Objections And I have Been in the Racing Stables Seven Years And My Age is 23 And Stands About 65 foot 6½ And My Wages Will Be 30£ A Year And If you thought I Should Suit You Direct to Mark Spraggon, North-fleet And for My Character Inquire of Major Barns of Horton Hall Near York And My Weight is A bout 9 stone. I am disengaged in the woman way

'Your humble Servant
MARK SPRAGGON.'

'To J. Jorrocks, Esq.
'Fox hunter
'Handley Cross.'

James Pigg—a Newcastle-man—or Scotchman, as Mr. Jorrocks calls him—at length obtains the envied situation, and James's rough honesty, keenness, and local songs (or national melodies as his master phrases it) do credit to the North, whatever his drinking and swearing may do. Pigg is quite a character, and an admirable

admirable foil to the tricking, lazy rascality of the Cockney boy Benjamin.

But Benjamin has other foils. We beg to give a scene in the harness-room at the Dragon—just before the Newcastle-man arrives. Here we have Benjamin in the full double importance of the whipper-in to a gentleman huntsman, and the London *gamin* among snobs. The party is a most interesting one: first and foremost, seated on an inverted horsepail, immediately before the fire, appears Mr. Samuel Strong:—

‘ In stature he was of the middle height, square-built, and terribly clumsy. Nor were the defects of nature at all counteracted by the advantages of dress, for Strong was clad in a rural suit of livery, consisting of a footman’s morning jacket, with a standing-up collar made of dark-grey cloth, plentifully besprinkled with large brass buttons, with a raised edge, as though his master were expecting his crest from the *Heralds’* College. Moreover, the jacket, either from an original defect in its construction, or from that propensity to shrink which inferior cloths unfortunately have, had so contracted its dimensions that the waist-buttons were half-way up Samuel’s back, and the lower ones were just where the top ones ought to be. The shrinking of the sleeves placed a pair of large servicable-looking hands in nervously striking relief. The waistcoat, broad blue and white stripe, made up lengthwise, was new, and probably the tailor, bemoaning the scanty appearance of Sam’s nether man, had determined to make some atonement to his front, for the waistcoat extended full four inches below his coat, and concealed the upper part of a very baggy pair of blue plush shorts, that were met again by very tight drab gaiters, that evidently required no little ingenuity to coax together to button. A six-shilling hat, with a narrow silver band, and binding of the same metal, and a pair of darned white Berlin gloves, completed the costume of this figure servant.

“ *Binjamin* ” was the very converse of Samuel—a little puny, pale-faced, gin-drinking-looking Cockney, with a pair of roving pig eyes, peering from below his lank white hair, cut evenly round his head, as though it had been done by the edges of a barber’s basin.

‘ On the boiler-side of the fire, away from the door—for no one has a greater regard for No. 1 than himself—sat the renowned Benjamin Brady, in a groom’s drab frock-coat reaching down to his heels, a sky-blue waistcoat, patent cord breeches, with grey worsted stockings, and slippers, airing a pair of very small mud-stained top-boots before the fire, occasionally feeling the scratches on his face, and the bites the fox inflicted on his nose the previous day. Next him sat the “first pair *boy* out,” a grey-headed old man of sixty, whose jacket, breeches, boots, entire person in fact, were concealed by a long brown-holland thing, that gave him the appearance of sitting booted and spurred in his night-shirt. Then came the ostler’s lad, a boy of some eight or nine years old, rolling about on the flags, playing with the saddle-room cat; and the circle was made out by Bill Brown (*Dick* the ostler’s one-eyed helper), “Tom,” a return postboy, and a lad who assisted Bill Brown, the one-eyed

eyed helper of Dick the ostler, when Dick himself was acting the part of assistant-waiter in the Dragon, as was the case on this occasion.

"When will your hounds be going out again, think ye, Mr. Benjamin?" was the question put by Samuel Strong to our sporting Leviathan.

"'Ang me if I knows," replied the boy, with the utmost importance, turning his top-boots before the fire. "It's precious little consequence, I thinks, ven we goes out again, if that gallows old governor of ours persists in 'unting the 'ounds himself. I've *all* the work to do! Bless ye, we should have lost 'ounds, fox, and all, yesterday, if I hadn't rid like the werry wengeance. See 'ow I've scratched my mug," added he, turning up a very pasty countenance. "If I'm to 'unt the 'ounds, and risk my neck at every stride, I must have the wages of a 'untsman, or blow me tight the old 'un may suit himself."

"What 'n a chap is your old gen'leman?" inquired the "first pair boy out."

"Oh, hang if I knows," replied Benjamin; "precious rum 'un, I assure you. Whiles, he's werry well—then it's Bin this, and Bin that, and you'll be a werry great man, Bin, and such like gammon; and then the next minute, perhaps, he's in a regular sky-blue, swearing he'll cut my liver and lights out, or bind me apprentice to a fiddler—but then I knows the old fool, and he knows he carnt do without me, so we just battle and jog on the best way we can together."

"You 'll have good wage, I 'spose?" rejoined Samuel with a sigh, for his "governor" only gave him ten pounds a year, and no perquisites, or "stealings," as the Americans honestly call them.

"Precious little of that, I assure you," replied Benjamin—"at least the old warment never pays me. He swears he pays it to our old 'oman; but I believe he pockets it himself, an old ram; but I'll have a reckoning with him some of these odd days. What 'n a blackguard's your master?"

"*Hush!*" replied Samuel, astonished at Ben's freedom of speech, a thing not altogether understood in the country. "A bad 'un, I'll be bound," continued the little rascal, "or he wouldn't see you mooning about in such a rumbustical apology for a coat, with laps that scarce cover you decently;" reaching behind the aged postboy, and taking up Mr. Samuel's fan-tail as he spoke. "I never sees a servant in a catty coat without swearing his master's a screw. Now these droll things, such as you have on, are just vot the great folks in London give their flunkies to carry coals and make up fires in, but never to go staring from home with. Then your country folks get hold of them, and think, by clapping such clowns as you in them, to make people believe that they have other coats at home. Tell the truth now, old baggy-breeches, have you another coat of any sort?"

"Yee'as," replied Samuel Strong, "I've a fustian one."

"Vot, *you* a fustian coat!" repeated Benjamin in astonishment; "ry, I thought you were a flunky!"

"So I am," replied Samuel, "but I looks arter a hus and shay as well,"

"Crikey!"

“Crikey!” cried Benjamin; “here’s a figure futman wot looks arter au ’oss and chay! Vy, you’ll be vot they call a man of ‘all vork,’ a vite nigger in fact! Dear me!” added he, eyeing him in a way that drew a peal of laughter from the party; “vot a curious beast you must be! I shouldn’t wonder now if you could mow?”

“With any man,” replied Samuel, thinking to astonish Benjamin with his talent.

“And sow?”

“Yee’as, and sow.”

“And ploo?”

“Never tried—dare say I could though.”

“And do ye feed the pigs?” inquired Benjamin.

“Yee’as, when Martha’s away.”

“And who’s Martha?”

“Whoy, she’s a widdler woman, that lives a’ back o’ the church.—She’s a son aboard a steamer, and she goes to see him whiles.”

“Your governor’s an apothecary, I suppose, by that queer button,” observed Benjamin, eyeing Sam’s coat—“wot we call a chemist and druggist in London. Do you look arter the red and green winder-bottles now? Crikey! he don’t look as though he lived on physic altogether, does he?” added Benjamin, turning to Bill Brown, the helper, amid the general laughter of the company.

“My master’s a better man than ever you’ll be, you little ugly sinner,” replied Samuel Strong, breaking into a glow, and doubling a most serviceable-looking fist on his knee.

“We’ve only your word for that,” replied Benjamin; “he don’t look like a werry good ’un by the way he rigs you out. ’Ow many slaveys does he keep?”

“Slaveys?” repeated Samuel; “slaveys? what be they?”

“Vy, cookmaids and such-like h’animals—women in general.”

“Ow, two—one to clean the house and dress the dinner, t’other to milk the cows and dress the childer.”

“Oh, you ’ave childer, ’ave you, in your ’ouse?” exclaimed Benjamin in disgust. “Well, come, ours is bad, but we’ve nothing to ekle that. I wouldn’t live where there are brats for no manner of consideration.”

“You’ve a young missis, though, havn’t you?” inquired the aged postboy: “there was a young lady came down in the chay along with the old folk.”

“That’s the niece,” replied Benjamin—“a jolly nice gal she is too—her home’s in Vitechapel—often get a tissey out of her—that’s to say, the young men as follows her, so it comes to the same thing. Green—that’s him of Tooley Street—gives shillings because he has plenty; then Stubbs, wot lives near Boroughbridge—the place the rabbits come from—gives half-crowns, because he hasn’t much. Then Stubbs is such a feller for kissing of the gals.—‘Be’have yourself, or I’ll scream,’ I hears our young lady say, as I’m a listening at the door. ‘Don’t,’ says he, kissing of her again, ‘you’ll hurt your throat,—let me do it for you.’ Then to hear our old cove and he talk about ‘unting of

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an evening over their drink, you'd swear they were as mad as hatters.* They jump, and shout, and sing, and talliho ! till they bring the street-keeper to make them quiet."

" "You had a fine run t'other day, I hear," observed Joe, the deputy-helper, in a deferential tone to Mr. Brady.—"Uncommon!" replied Benjamin, shrugging up his shoulders at the recollection of it, and clearing the low bars of the grate out with his toe.—"They tell me your old governor tumbled off," continued Joe, "and lost his hoss."—"Werry like," replied Benjamin with a grin. "A great fat beast! he's only fit for vater carriage!"—vol. i. pp. 224—232.

After the Newcastle-man's installation the affairs of the Hunt assume a much more agreeable appearance—and we are entertained with a variety of field-scenes, exhibiting the noblest of our sports in a style of description not inferior, we think, even to Mr. Apperley's. But, spirited as these are, and highly as they are set off by the picturesque peculiarities of the illustrious grocer, we must not be tempted to quote them. We are, in fact, still more pleased with the hero in his evening uniform—a sky-blue coat lined with pink silk, canary waistcoat and shorts, pink gauze-silk stockings, and French-polished pumps,—than when arrayed in the scarlet of the morning. His jolly countenance, free and easy manners, unconquerable good humour, and delightfully open vanity, cannot but recommend him to the hospitable attentions of the neighbouring gentry whose covers are included in 'Mr. Jorrocks's country.' We have him dining with the young Earl of Ongar amidst a most distinguished company, where he gets 'werry drunk'—is soured into a cold bath at night, and finds his face painted like a zebra in the morning—all without the least disturbance of his equanimity; for 'sport is sport'—'pleasure as we like it'—are of old the maxims of Coram Street. Indeed, we might go over a dozen different dinners, from the lordly castle to the honest farmer's homestead, without finding him once put out. Jorrocks is, in fact, bore-proof. Scarcely a symptom of flinching even when he is planted right opposite to a celebrated ex-president of the Geological Society, who (unlike the learned and gallant President) has never had any familiarity with the chances of the field. This philosopher was spunging on some great Duke or Marquess not far off: but Jorrocks and he are accidentally thrown together at the festive board of a certain ultra-liberal squire, who, after a fashion, patronises both the whip and the hammer, but whose chief glory is having been put on the commission under the late, and we trust last, administration of the Whigs:—

" "Been in this part of the country before, sir?" inquired Professor Gobelow, cornering his chair towards Mr. Jorrocks.

* We fancy this proverbial similitude has no reference to the makers of hats; but originated during the early phrenzy of the *Quakers*.

"In course," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "I 'unts the country, and am in all parts of it at times—ven I goes out of a mornin' I doesn't know where I may be afore night."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the professor. "Delightful occupation!" continued he: "what opportunities you have of surveying Nature in all her moods, and admiring her hidden charms! Did you ever observe the extraordinary formation of the hanging rocks about a mile and a half to the east of this? The——"

"I run a fox into them werry rocks, I do believe," interrupted Mr. Jorrocks, brightening up. "We found at Haddington Steep, and ran through Nosterley Firs, Crampton Haws, and Fitchin Park, where we had a short check, owin' to the stain o' deer, but I hit off the scent outside, and we ran straight down to them rocks, when all of a sudden th' 'ounds threw up, and I was certain he had got among 'em. Vell, I got a spade and a tarrier, and I digs, and digs, and works on, till, near night, th' 'ounds got starved, th' osses got cold, and I got the rheumatis, but, howsomever, we could make nothin' of him; but I——"

"Then you would see the formation of the whole thing," interposed the professor. "The carboniferous series is extraordinarily developed. Indeed, I know of nothing to compare with it, except the Bristol coal-field, on the banks of the Avon. There the dolomitic conglomerate, a rock of an age intermediate between the carboniferous series and the lias, rests on the truncated edges of the coal and mountain limestone, and contains rolled and angular fragments of the latter, in which are seen the characteristic mountain limestone fossils. The geological formation——"

Here the Professor is unfortunately interrupted:—

"Letter from the Secretary of State for the HOME Department," exclaimed the stiff-necked boy, re-entering and presenting Mr. Muleygrubs with a long official letter on a large silver tray.

"Confound the Secretary of State for the Home Department!" muttered Mr. Muleygrubs, pretending to break a seal as he hurried out of the room.

"*That's a rouse!*" (*ruse*), exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, putting his forefinger to his nose, and winking at Mr. De Green—"gone to the cellar."

"Queer fellow, Muleygrubs," observed Mr. De Green. "What a dinner it was!" exclaimed Mr. Slowman. "'Ungry as when I sat down," remarked Mr. Jorrocks. "All flash!" rejoined Professor Gohelow.

'The footboy now appeared, bringing the replenished decanter.'

Jorrocks of course proposes the squire's health, with three times three, and one cheer more. He returns—a speech again—more cheers:—

"And 'ow's the Secretary o' State for the 'Ome Department?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, with a malicious grin, after Mr. Muleygrubs had subsided into his seat.

"Oh, it was merely a business letter—official! S. M. Phillippis, in fact—don't do business at the Home Office as they used when Russell

was

was there—wrote himself—Dear Muleygrubs—Dear Russell—good man of business, Lord John.”

“Ah,” said Mr. Jorrocks, “Lords are all werry well to talk about; but they don’t do to live with. Apt to make a convenience of one—first a towel, then a dishclout.”

“I don’t know *that*,” observed Professor Gobelow: “there’s my friend Northington, for instance. Who can be more affable?”

“He’ll make a clout on you some day,” rejoined Mr. Jorrocks.

“Tea and coffee in the drawing-room,” observed the stiff-necked footman, opening the door and entering the apartment in great state. “Cuss your tea and coffee!” muttered Mr. Jorrocks, buzzing the bottle. “Haven’t had half a drink.”—vol. ii. p. 256.

We hope we have now done enough to bring Jorrocks fairly before the non-sporting part of the public—the others will not need our recommendation. His historian, it must be obvious, is a writer of no common promise. On this occasion Mr. Surtees has not thought proper to trouble himself with much complication of plot; but the easy style in which he arranges and draws out his characters satisfies us that he might, if he pleased, take a high place among our modern novelists. He has a world of knowledge of life and manners beyond what most of those now in vogue can pretend to; and a gentleman-like tone and spirit, perhaps even rarer among them. We advise him to try his hand—and that before he loses the high spirits of youth;—but he must, in so doing, by all means curb his propensity to caricature.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Queens of France; with Notices of the Royal Favourites.* By Mrs. Forbes Bush. 2 vols. Svo. 1843.

FAR be it from us to reveal the secrets of our craft; yet, in a mere political-economy point of view, it is curious to consider the vast improvement in the noble art of book-making, which has resulted from the opening of the British Museum upon its present magnificent scale. We quite recollect the time, when the one snug little reading-room on the right-hand side as you went in contained of students just as many as could put their feet upon the long brass fender: about as many *individuals* as there are now swarms of *hundreds* in the course of the day. The Museum now possesses a double character: it is not only the great store-house of raw material, but also the factory by which the literary cravings of the insatiate reading public are supplied; the reservoir whence the stream of wisdom (as portrayed in the handsome cut in the front of Mr. Bohn’s catalogue) rushes, dashes,

flows, spits, spirits, spouts, spatters, slops, and dribbles through the whole empire of the English tongue. If the Museum library were shut for a month, the whole of the book-making process would stop; and, possibly, not less than a thousand of those who depend upon their pen for their daily bread would be reduced to a state of entire destitution. During the late most laborious removals, the entire consciousness that such a calamity would ensue induced the officers of the House (whose constant toils are imperfectly appreciated by the public) to make those great and praiseworthy exertions which have enabled them to keep the establishment open, and the whole factory going, without stopping a single authorial mule or spinning-jenny.

Like so many other phases in our chequered existence, this state of our popular literature is on one side very sad, and on the other very ludicrous: sad, from the contemplation of the many, born for better things, whom our present state of society has forced into a slavery as ruinous to the body as to the mind; ludicrous, from observing the manner in which the exertion of some of the highest talents given to mankind is practically treated like the lowest and most mechanical drudgery. On speaking some little time ago to one of the principal 'getters-up' in the biblio-facturing line, about the necessity of providing books for an educational work which he contemplated—his answer was given as nearly as possible in these words:—'Books, books, Sir! they a'n't wanted at all. That is not the way in which those things are done. All those kind of things, Sir, are done at the British Museum. I have a capital fellow, Sir, for that kind of thing:—young—full of the fire of genius—capital short-hand writer—Sir, he'll gut you a whole row of quartos in a week, and get all the stuff out of them as clean as a penny!'—And it is by this compendious process of 'gutting' and 'getting the stuff out of them' that nine-tenths of the *stuff* appearing in the shape of works of reference, education, and general information and literature, with which we are deluged, are supplied.

Another large class who work at the Museum are 'translators.' It is hardly necessary to observe to our readers that the most common meaning of this well-known word, viz. '*to interpret in another language*,' is only one of many senses to be found in all lexicons. It may be equally applied to removal or to change. In spite of the Church Commissioners, a Bishop may still be much improved by translation. Johnson gives six meanings, but to learn a seventh, not yet in the Dictionary, you must go to Saffron Hill and Chick Lane, localities peopled by a useful class of ingenious artificers, well known professionally as '*translators of old shoes*;' and who, by putting new upper-leathers to old soles,
and

and new soles to old upper-leathers, contrive to *translate* the old article into another, bright as if it came from the 'Fontaine de jouvence.' A great portion of the things *done* at the British Museum are the results of this sort of translation. There is, for example, a class of very ingenious writers who *translate* the once-thumbed novels of the Minerva press into new ones, retaining the *sole* of the story, and giving upper-leathers, or, to speak less figuratively, taking the plot and filling up what the French term the *canevas* with figures not in the costume of our grandfathers and grandmothers, but of the present day.

We now proceed to translators, in the more common literary sense of the word, those who '*interpret in another language*,' and who fall into three classes. The first, are translators who, intelligent and well acquainted with the subject of the book upon which they labour, and thoroughly informed in both languages, are able, like Mrs. Austin, to cause the author to speak in a new tongue, with as much facility as if he were addressing you in his own. Such translations require as peculiar a talent as original composition, and are, perhaps, only one step lower in the hierarchy of literature.

The second class, are the translators who, with a decent knowledge of their own language, and some acquaintance with a foreign one, have good sense and tact enough to know when they are ignorant. They help themselves by consulting a grammar, looking out the hard words in a dictionary, or perhaps taking advice with a friend; and though a well-selected work *overturned* by translators included in this 'category' may read stiffly and meagrely, yet the production is not without utility to the large class who can only hear the original author speak through a dragoman, or not at all.

The third class are those who, just able to write bad English, are, at the same time, unable to discover when they do not understand their original—so ignorant as to be unconscious of their own ignorance; and to this class the authoress of the present work belongs. She is, however, rather of a mixed genus, appertaining also partly to those who translate after the fashion of Saffron Hill, inasmuch as the *sarrago* now before us does not own to being a translation, but calls itself the 'result of much labour and research,' being, however, in fact, the crudest compilation from some of the lowest trash of the French press. And the following specimens will show the manner in which her acquisitions are *done* into English, for the improvement of the ladies of England, and as an *homage* to her Majesty:—

'The circumstance is represented as follows in a *scene of Odysee* [thus literally]. The Gaul, Aurelian, disguised as a mendicant and

carrying a wallet on his back, is charged to deliver a ring which Clovis sends to Clotilde.'—vol. i. p. 6.

Pope's 'Homer' has evidently never found its way into Mrs. Bush's select library.

'Ultrigothe was a native of Spain, but of the circumstances relative to her introduction into France there is no record. She was married to Childberg I., afterwards King of Paris, in the year 511.

'She lived in the palace of *Thermes de Julien*, with her husband. This palace, which was the ordinary residence of the first race of kings, was surrounded by beautiful gardens, which the Queen and her daughters Crotherge and Crodesinde were in the habit of frequenting.

'Ultrigothe was the only wife of Childberg; a very remarkable circumstance in the epoch in which she lived. Her husband died in the year 558, without leaving an heir; consequently the whole monarchy of France was reunited under his brother Clotaire, whose first act of authority was to expel Ultrigothe and her daughters from the *palace of Thermes*; she was however afterwards recalled by his son and successor Cherbourg.'—vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

Childberg is King Childebert; Cherbourg is not the town of that name, but the king vulgarly called Cherebert, and Monsieur Thermes de Julien, we presume, built or lived in the palace to which Mrs. Bush alludes.

'Historians assert that Radegonde was passionately fond of poetry, and bestowed great favour and attention on the poet *Fortunato*; a circumstance which, if true, could not fail to injure the reputation of a young queen, separated, as she was, from her husband. Fortunato was an Italian; he was amiable and intellectual, and frequently addressed Radegonde in verse, daily presenting her with fruits and flowers. She in her turn made him little presents; and though these simple gifts did honour to the frugality of the epoch, their interchange has thrown suspicion on the queen's virtue.

'Agnes, the Lady Abbess of Sainte Croix, often participated in the literary amusements of Radegonde and Fortunato, both of whom were in the habit of composing impromptu verses at table, some of which are preserved, and are very pleasing. In the collection of these pieces there is one relative to which an anecdote is told, to the effect that it was the result of an indulgence, anything but monastical, into which the poet was inveigled by his fair companions; and the verses but too plainly proclaim the condition of the author at the moment they were penned.

'Although the Celtic was the language spoken in France, Radegonde wrote and conversed fluently in the Roman tongue. Her letters to the *Emperor Orient-Justin* and the Empress *Sophie* are proofs of her talents and acquirements.'—vol. i. pp. 21-23.

The young gentleman here designated as the poet Fortunato is no other than Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers: it is true that complimentary verses were addressed by him to St. Radegonda, as well as to the Abbess Agnes, but all the accompaniments of the story

story are a miserable travestie of the facts given by some of the wretched scribblers from whom Mrs. Forbes Bush has cribbed her trumpery. Amongst other things, the reader will admire her peculiar ingenuity in amalgamating the Emperor of the East and his empire into one grand vocable.

‘Merovée, who was taken prisoner at the *battle d’Etampes*, and put to death by order of Brunehaut.’—vol. i. p. 49.

This curious construction is a favourite one with Mrs. Bush. In another passage she tells us that

‘the reverses of the French army which were *imputed* to the *War of Sept Ans* were a subject of serious regret to Madame de Pompadour.’—vol. ii. p. 248.

‘Charlemagne was passionately fond of her (his wife), and in order to please this great prince, Luitgarde accustomed herself to the fatigues of the chase. She was a skilful equestrian, and, *habited as an Amazon*, intrepidly pursued the most ferocious beasts into the depths of the forest.’—vol. i. pp. 65, 66.

If this means anything, it means that the charming Luitgarde figured by the side of Charlemagne in a riding-habit (*en Amazone*), according to the last fashion of the Bois de Boulogne.

‘The Prince Charles was sent to the *Abbey of Prüm in Prussia*; and Judith, after having her head shaved, was confined in the *Abbey Tortona* in Lombardy.’—vol. i. p. 74.

The placing the Abbey of Prüm in *Prussia*, in the time of Charlemagne, is a capital anticipation of the geographical arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, and for which, without doubt, his Prussian Majesty will be very grateful, as establishing the antiquity of his claims. The ‘Abbey Tortona’ must speak for himself, and we can say nothing more about him.

‘Constance founded the convent of the Augustins of Nôtre Dame de Paissey, and the stronghold of Puiset, in Beauce. Her superstitious devotion amounted to fanaticism: her confessor, Stephen, was accused of belonging to a sect who *professed* Manicheism, by which he incurred the penalty of death by burning; the queen met him when being led to execution, and, *according to the custom of the time*, put out one of his eyes with a small stick which she carried in her hand for the purpose, and afterwards *assisted in the execution*.’—vol. i. pp. 105, 106.

The authoress does not inform us whether it was a regal or a legal custom to poke out people’s eyes; and though it was bad enough for the queen to be *present* at the execution, it is rather hard to represent her as *assisting* the executioner.

‘English chronicles relate that amongst Henry’s favourites was a young lady of great beauty, to whom he was devotedly attached, named Rosamond Clifford; and to protect her from the queen’s jealous enmity,
he

he placed her in a castle carefully preserved by a labyrinth which surrounded it, and which is viewed by the curious who visit Woodstock till the present time with much interest.'—vol. i. p. 128.

And this passage will surely be read with much interest by all visitors of Blenheim, who, however, we fear may somewhat lose their way in their pursuit of Rosamond's Bower.

So far from there being any kind of utility in this 'laborious' compilation, it is, as far as it is possible to read it, equally devoid of information as it is offensive to good taste and morality. A great proportion of the work, perhaps the greatest, is composed of the lives of those unfortunate women, by Mrs. Bush kindly styled 'royal favourites,' who might be more properly designated by an emphatic monosyllable. In writing history, no one portion of the task occasions more pain than the absolute necessity of detailing the vices of sovereigns. But the plan of such a work as that which Mrs. Bush has cobbled together,—for we really can hardly dare to offend Saffron Hill by calling it a 'translation,'—compels the writer to place them prominently before the reader; and it may be sufficient to ask whether any wife or mother can have too scanty a knowledge of the sports of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, or the double adulteries of '*La Belle Gabrielle*,' or *Madame de Pompadour*?

We are quite willing to believe that Mrs. Bush really and truly does not know the meaning of the originals which she has used—probably the passages we have selected will be considered as establishing the fact—and we shall therefore simply state that amongst the extracts given in French are some (*e. g.* vol. i. p. 189, and vol. ii. p. 209) which are so coarse and profane, that, even if the book had any historical worth, they would render it offensive to any well-regulated mind. It was fully our intention at first, in noticing the book, not to mention the name of the writer, but the publisher has taken such pains to advertise it, that such a reserve would be only an affectation. Much as we regret to make any remarks which may pain an individual, we should not discharge our duty, if we abstained from pointing out to our readers the manner in which the confidence of the public is abused at present by literary ladies, who ought to be contented with marking pinafores and labelling pots of jam. Mrs. Bush has been *puffed* with so much vehemence, that we were induced to buy her performance; but we doubt, after all, if she is worse than a fair average specimen of a whole clique, or clack, of living *Clios*.

ART. VII.—*Report to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, from the Poor Law Commissioners, on an Inquiry into the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain; with Appendices.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty, July, 1842. 3 volumes, folio.

IN the winter of 1837 fever was unusually severe in Spitalfields, and alarm being thereby excited of a return of the cholera, the Poor Law Commissioners deemed it their duty to send thither Dr. Arnott, Dr. S. Smith, and Dr. Kay, to inquire as to the *removable causes of disease*. These accomplished physicians in their report, dated May 12, 1838, declared the chief causes to be bad drainage and bad ventilation. The Commissioners, without loss of time, represented to Lord John Russell 'the urgent necessity of applying to the legislature for immediate measures for the removal of those constantly acting causes of destitution and death. *All delays,*' said they, *'must be attended with extensive misery; in a large proportion of cases the labouring classes, though aware of the surrounding causes of evil, have few or no means of avoiding them, and little or no choice of their dwellings.'* But although much was said and done for the Hill Coolies and the blacks, no notice whatever was taken of this appeal; until, towards the end of the session of 1839, our energetic diocesan the Bishop of London, in his place in the House of Lords, called the attention of the Government to the Report, and moved an address to Her Majesty, praying for an inquiry as to the extent to which the causes of disease—stated by the Poor Law Commissioners to prevail among the labouring classes of the metropolis—prevail also amongst the labouring classes in other parts of the kingdom. This address being carried, Lord John Russell directed the Poor Law Board to institute such an inquiry, and the Commissioners, in the month of November following, gave instructions accordingly to their Assistants. They likewise addressed letters to the several boards of guardians, as well as to their medical officers, requesting them severally to furnish answers to questions inclosed: besides which a circular letter to the dispensary-surgeons and medical practitioners, having been inclosed to the provosts of Scotch burghs, a resolution was passed by the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, recommending that all members and licentiates of that body should give every aid to this inquiry. In due time, from a number of medical men, residing in different towns and districts of Scotland, as well as of England, very valuable reports were obtained.

As soon as this mass of MS. was collected in Somerset House,
its

its bulk being evidently more than the Commissioners or Parliament could find leisure to examine, the Secretary of the Board was directed to digest it in detail, and, comparing its various statements with such authentic facts as he might obtain from other sources, to frame a report exhibiting the principal results of the whole investigation. From his own various and extensive personal inspections, from the information which had been forwarded to the Commissioners, from the documents of the medical officers, and from his examination of witnesses, Mr. Chadwick, after nearly two years' labour, succeeded in completing the remarkable Report now before us.

Before, however, we enter upon the first important chapter, we cannot refrain from observing how little the subject to which it particularly relates—namely, the purification by science of the air we breathe—has hitherto been deemed worthy of consideration.

It is true that through our main thoroughfares, such as Oxford Street, Holborn, Piccadilly, the Strand, Pall Mall, and St. James's Street, the atmosphere is enabled to flow with healthful celerity; but to most of these ethereal rivers are there not linked on either side, in the forms of courts, alleys, stable-yards, and cul-de-sac, a set of vile, stagnant ponds in which the heaven-born element remains 'in durance vile,' until, saturated with the impurities and sickness of its gaol, it flows into, mixes with, and pollutes the main streams we have described? And yet if the pavement of St. James's Street be but cleanly swept, those who saunter up and down it, as well as those who in red coats or brown ones sit indolently gazing at carriages (many of which, as they roll by, seem mechanically to make their heads nod) appear not to be aware that they are one and all inhaling stale, pent-up, corrupt air, which an ounce of science could have dispersed by circulation. Even the hollow square of the royal palace is made to retain its block of the stagnant fluid, while several others of our public buildings, like the office at the bottom of Downing Street, and like the numerous high 'dead' walls inclosing property of the crown, &c., seem to have been purposely planned to act as tourniquets upon those veins and arteries which, if unobstructed, would give health and ruddiness to the population. Instead, however, of philosophizing any longer in the streets, we will invite our readers to enter with us for a moment into one of the splendid mansions of our metropolis; and, accordingly, ascending its spacious staircase, let us take up our position just in the doorway of the second of the suite of drawing-rooms, beyond which, the assemblage, being under high pressure, makes it evidently impossible for us to advance.

We here see before us, in a dense phalanx, figures of both
sexes,

sexes, amongst whom stand conspicuous persons of the highest rank, beauty, and wealth in Europe. Upon their education no expense has been spared—money has done all in its power to add to nature's choicest gifts the polish of art. Their dresses are importations from every country of the civilized world. The refreshments are delicacies which it has required months, and in some cases even years, of unremitting attention to obtain. The splendid furniture has every comfort that ingenuity can devise. And yet within this painted sepulchre, what, we ask, is the analysis of the air we are breathing? That lofty duchess's head is sparkling with diamonds—that slight, lovely being leaning on her arm has the pearls of India wound around her brow—those statesmen and warriors are decorated with stars—the dense mass displays flowers, ribands, and ornaments of every colour in the rainbow; but among them all, is there, we ask, a single one who for a moment has thought of bringing with him the hogshhead of air per hour necessary for his respiration? And if every guest present has neglected to do so, in what manner, it must be inquired, has the noble host provided for the demand? Alas! the massive, pictured walls around us, and richly-stuccoed and gilt ceiling over our heads, answer the question, and one has only to cast a glance at them to perceive that the 500 persons present are, like those in the Black-hole at Calcutta, conglomerated together in a hermetically-sealed box full of vitiated air.

Every minute 500 gallons of air pass into the lungs of those present, from whence, divested of its oxygen, it is exhaled in a morbid condition unfit for combustion or animal life—every respiration of each elegant guest, nay, even our own contemplative sigh, vitiates about sixteen cubic inches of the element; and yet, while every moment it is becoming more and more destructive to health—while the loveliest cheeks are gradually fading before us—while the constitutions of the young are evidently receiving an injury which not the wealth of Cræsus will be able to repay—what arrangements, we repeat, has the noble host made for repairing the damage he is creating? If foul air, like manure, could be carted away, and if good air, like fresh, clean straw, could be brought in its stead, surely one of the simplest luxuries which wealth could offer to society would be to effect this sanitary operation; and thus, instead of offering a set of lovely women ices and unwholesome refreshments, to spend the money these would cost in pouring upon their heads, necks, and shoulders a continual supply of that pure, fresh, exhilarating, oxygenous mixture which gives animation to their hearts, and colour to their cheeks. But is this expensive, troublesome, complicated, horse-and-cart mode of purifying the horrid atmosphere we are breathing necessary?

No!

No! everybody present knows that outside the shutters and plate-glass windows of the rooms in which we are suffering, there is at this moment in waiting, not two inches from us, an overwhelming supply (which might be warmed) of pure air, just as desirous to rush in as the foul air we have been breathing and re-breathing is eager to rush out.

The laws of specific gravity ordained by nature are in attendance to ensure for us the performance of this double process—indeed so great is the supply of spare air in her laboratory, that the proportion of oxygen consumed by animated beings in a century is said not to exceed $\frac{1}{1000}$ of the whole atmosphere; and yet, as though the demon of suicide had prevailed upon us to thwart these beneficent arrangements, we close our doors, bar our windows, stuff up by curtains and drapery every crevice, as if it were the particular privilege of wealth to feed its guests on foul air!

If any one of our readers who, like ourselves, may have grown out of patience at the long continuance of this barbarous custom, will take the trouble to put 500 beautiful little gold and silver fishes into a bladder of the filthiest water he can obtain, and then attaching a weight, throw the whole into a clear, crystal stream, he may justly say—aye, and he may grin as he says it—'*Behold an epitome of a London drawing-room!*' There is, to be sure, one difference:—the tiny creatures within the globule are as innocent of the foul suffering *they* endure as are those poor, lean, Neapolitan curs which almost every day throughout the year may be seen half choked by the rope that is dragging them reluctantly towards the Grotto del Cane, in order that one more inquisitive, good-humoured, ruddy-faced English family may see them forcibly suffocated in unwholesome gas.

In case, from the foregoing observations, it should become apparent that even among people of the highest rank, intelligence, and wealth, there has hitherto existed a lamentable neglect on a subject of such importance to them as the sanitary purification of the atmosphere in which they are living, it is reasonable to infer that if any one among us would make it his painful duty to penetrate into the courts, alleys, workshops, and residences of the lowest, of the most ignorant, and of the most destitute classes of our society, he would most surely detect a still greater disregard of scientific precautions, directly and flagrantly productive of misery and disease.

If, therefore, there was nothing at stake but the health, happiness, moral conduct, and condition of the labouring classes, the searching investigation unveiled in Mr. Chadwick's Report, coupled with the remedial measures submitted by him for consideration,

sideration, ought to win as well as claim our most serious attention; but when we reflect that the air the labouring classes breathe—the atmosphere which by nuisances they contaminate—is the fluid in which rich and poor are equally immersed—that it is a commonwealth in which all are born, live, and die equal—it is undeniable that a sanitary inquiry into the condition, for instance, of the ten thousand alleys, lanes, courts, &c., which London is said to contain, becomes a subject in which every member of the community is self-interested. Where nearly two millions of people are existing together in one town, it is frightful to consider what must be the result in disease, if every member should, even to a small amount, be neglectful of cleanly habits. It is frightful also to contemplate what injury we may receive not only from the living, but from the 50,000 corpses which are annually interred in our metropolis: indeed, no man who will visit our London churchyards can gaze for a moment at the black, cohesive soil, saturated with putrid animal matter, which is daily to be seen turned up for the faithless reception of new tenants, without feeling that the purification of our great cities, and a watchful search throughout the land we live in for every removable cause of disease, are services which science should be proud to perform, which a parental government should strenuously encourage, and which parliament should deem its bounden duty to enforce.

If foul air and pure air were of different colours, we should very soon learn to repel the one and invite the other, in which case every house would be ventilated, and air-pipes, like gas-pipes and water-pipes, would flow around us in all directions. Although, however, we do not often see miasma, yet in travelling over the surface of the globe, how evident are its baneful effects, and how singularly identical are they with those patches of disease which are to be met with, more or less, in every district in this country! Let any one, after traversing the great oceans, contrast their healthful climate with the low, swampy parts of India, with the putrid woods of the Shangallah in Abyssinia, or with any part of the western coast of Africa. In all these regions miasma is either constantly or periodically generated by the corruption of vegetable matter; and the following description of the effects of this virus on the white population of Sierra Leone is more or less equally applicable to all:—

‘Those who are not absolutely ill are always ailing; in fact, all the white people seem to belong to a population of invalids. The sallowness of their complexion, the listlessness of their looks, the attenuation of their limbs, the instability of gait, and the feebleness of the whole frame, that are so observable in this climate, are but too evident signs, even where organic disease has not yet set in, that the disordered state

of

of the functions which goes under the name of impaired health exists, and in none is it more painfully evident than in the general appearance of the European women and children of this colony.*

In corroboration of this statement, we may mention as a single example, that, out of 150 men of the 2nd West India regiment who in 1824 were sent to Cape Coast Castle, all, excepting one, were either dead or sent home invalided in three months. At the expiration of this time, Sir John Phillimore, arriving off the coast in command of the *Thetis*, sent on shore two midshipmen and fourteen men, to mount a gun on a height. The party slept there only a night, yet, in one fortnight, every individual excepting a black man was dead!

In the opposite continent of America, even in healthy parts, wherever the land has been wilfully flooded for the purpose of canal navigation, the trees all die, and as the passenger-barge winds its way by moonlight through these pale, barkless corpses, a green coating of vegetable matter, about as thick as a blanket, and very appropriately called by the inhabitants '*fever and ague*,' is seen writhing in folds before the prow.

Even in the most salubrious of the new settlements, where the air is dry, exhilarating, and the sky as blue as in Italy, the moment the virgin earth is turned up for the first time, the decomposition of vegetable matter brought to the surface invariably produces sickness; and thus a whole family of little English children, with their teeth chattering from ague, have too often been found mourning in the wilderness, on an oasis, 'the garden and the grave' of their father who made it.

In like manner, in this country, it has been shown by abundant evidence that on whatever patches of land, especially in towns, vegetable or animal matter is allowed to putrify, there disease, more or less virulent, is engendered: indeed it has been repeatedly observed that the family of a particular house has continued for years to be constantly afflicted with the very languor and fever described by every African traveller, which at last has been ascertained to have been caused by the introduction into the immediate neighbourhood of a couple of square feet of Sierra Leone, or, in plainer terms, by a grated untrapped gulley-drain, from which there has been constantly arising a putrid gas; and yet, instead of a few square feet, how many acres of Sierra Leone are, to our shame, existing at this moment in our metropolis in the shape of churchyards! There is one burial-ground, now or very lately in use in London, which contains, under one acre of surface, 60,000 corpses! There is in London a place where a crowd of young

* *Vide* Appendix to Report from the Select Committee on West Coast of Africa, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 5th August, 1842, p. 244.

children

children learn their lessons for six hours daily over a floor under which 12,000 dead bodies are festering ! *

Mr. Chadwick produces a tabular account of the mortality of England and Wales within the year 1838, caused by diseases which, he says, medical officers consider to be most powerfully influenced by the physical circumstances under which the population is placed; namely, the external and internal condition of their dwellings, drainage, and ventilation. It appears that the number of deaths in this category amounted to 56,461: which Mr. Chadwick observes to be as if Westmoreland or Huntingdonshire were every year to be entirely depopulated. He adds:—

‘ that the annual slaughter in England and Wales from preventable causes of typhus, which attacks persons in the vigour of life, appears to be double the amount of what was suffered by the allied armies in the battle of Waterloo; . . . that diseases which now prevail on land did, within the experience of persons still living, formerly prevail to a certain extent at sea, and have since been prevented by sanitary regulations; and that when they did so prevail in ships of war, the deaths from them were more than double in amount of the deaths in battle.’

But whatever may be the precise number per annum of our labouring population that actually *die* from diseases which are preventable, it is evident that it bears but a small proportion to the number of those who—although they have, as it is commonly termed, ‘escaped from the attack’—have been subjected for a melancholy period to loss of labour from debility.

Mr. Chadwick, having endeavoured to define in general terms the aggregate extent and operation of the evils complained of, proceeds to consider them separately in detail. We cannot say that he shows much skill in the grouping and arranging of his facts and views: but in a work so meritorious, it would be hard to dwell upon minor defects; and our readers will not quarrel with us for taking the chapters as they stand.

I. *General condition of the residences of the labouring classes where disease is found to be the most prevalent.*

Here are detailed the varied forms in which disease, *attendant on removable circumstances*, has been found to pervade the population of rural villages and small towns, as well as of those commercial cities and densely-crowded manufacturing suburbs, in which pestilence has been supposed to have its chief and almost exclusive residence.

For instance—to begin with one of the prettiest towns in one of the most charming parts of England—Mr. Gilbert reports that, his attention having been excited by the high diet recommended to

* See Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Improvement of Towns, &c.—printed in 1842.

the guardians at *Tiverton*, in consequence of prevalent fever, he requested the medical officer of the union to accompany him through a certain district there. Even before reaching this locality, he was assailed by a smell clearly proclaiming the presence of malaria: he found the ground marshy, the sewers all open, some of the houses surrounded by wide uncovered drains full of animal and vegetable refuse. The inhabitants were distinguishable from those of the other parts of the town by their sickly, miserable appearance: all he talked to either were or had been ill, and the whole community presented a melancholy picture. The local authorities had often endeavoured to compel the inhabitants to remove the nuisances and to cover the drains, but finding that, under the present state of the law, their powers were not sufficient, the evil had continued: medical officers were employed instead of the engineer; and, accordingly, 'comforts' and 'high diet' had been prescribed, instead of masonry and drainage.

Impressed with the fact, that, as there are specks in the sun, so in a large country like England there must unavoidably exist dirty places, which Mr. Chadwick or any searching inquisitor has the power, at his pleasure, to point out, we read with considerable caution a series of reports such as we have just quoted. We own, however, we were not a little startled at learning that royalty itself—but lately prevented from visiting Holyrood, or Brighton, on account of fever proceeding from miasma—has loathsome nuisances dangerous to the public health in its immediate neighbourhood even at Windsor!

Mr. Parker, after stating that there is no town in the counties of Buckingham, Oxford, and Berks in which the condition of the courts and back streets might not be materially improved by drainage, observes,—

'Windsor, from the contiguity of the palace, the wealth of the inhabitants, and the situation, might have been expected to be superior in this respect to any other provincial town. Of all the towns visited by me, Windsor is the worst beyond all comparison. From the gas-works at the end of George-street a double line of open, deep, black, and stagnant ditches extends to Clewer-lane. From these ditches an intolerable stench is perpetually rising, and produces fever of a severe character. Mr. Bailey, the relieving officer, considers the neighbourhood of Garden-court in almost the same condition. "There is a drain," he says, "running from the barracks into the Thames across the Long Walk. That drain is almost as offensive as the black ditches extending to Clewer-lane. The openings to the sewers in Windsor are exceedingly offensive in hot weather. The town is not well supplied with water, and the drainage is very defective."'

As snipes and wild fowl when they visit this country at once fly to our marshes and fens, so is it natural to suppose that the
cholera

cholera would, of its own accord, wherever it travelled, select for itself lodgings most congenial to its nature. The following glimpse of one of the places in which the disease first made its appearance deserves therefore attention. Mr. Atkinson, describing Gateshead, says of a person whom he found ill of the cholera—

‘His lodgings were in a room of a miserable house situated in the very filthiest part of Pipewellgate, divided into six apartments, and occupied by different families, to the number of twenty-six persons in all. The room contained three wretched beds, with two persons sleeping in each: it measured about twelve feet in length and seven in breadth, and its greatest height would not admit of a person’s standing erect: it received light from a small window, the sash of which was fixed. Two of the number lay ill of the cholera, and the rest appeared afraid of the admission of pure air, having carefully closed up the broken panes with plugs of old linen.’

Mr. Chadwick, however, states that the most wretched of the stationary population of which he had been able to obtain any account, or that he had ever beheld, was that in the wynds of Edinburgh and Glasgow. ‘It might admit of dispute,’ he observes, ‘but on the whole, it appeared to us that both the structural arrangements and the condition of the population in Glasgow were the worst of any we had seen in any part of Great Britain.’ Dr. Arnott, who perambulated the wynds of Glasgow, accompanied by Dr. Alison and Dr. Cowen, corroborates the above statement by details too offensive to be transcribed: suffice it to say that from one locality 754, of about 5000 cases of fever which occurred in the previous year, were carried to the hospitals. As a striking contrast to this result, Mr. Chadwick states that, when the kelp manufacture lately ceased on the western coast of Scotland, a vast population of the lowest class of people were thrown into extreme want—they suffered from cold, hunger, and despair—nevertheless, from their scattered habitations being surrounded by pure air, cases of fever did not arise among them.

We will conclude this branch of the investigation by a description of Inverness, copied from no less an authority than the report of its worthy chief magistrate.—‘Inverness,’ says the Provost, ‘is a *nice* town, situated in a most beautiful country. . . . The people are, generally speaking, a *nice* people, but their sufferance of *nastiness* is past endurance.’

II. *Public arrangements external to the residences by which the sanitary condition of the labouring population is affected.*

This chapter Mr. Chadwick principally devotes to practical details as to drainage. But we must content ourselves with a few more specimens of his observed facts.

Dr.

Dr. Duncan doubts whether there is a single court in Liverpool which communicates with the street by an underground drain: having observed that sixty-three cases of fever had occurred in one year in Union Court, containing twelve houses, he visited it, and found the whole court inundated with fluid filth which had oozed through the walls from two adjacent cesspools. In one cellar, a well four feet deep, into which this stinking fluid was allowed to drain, was discovered below the bed where the *family* slept. It may be observed that there are 8000 inhabited cellars in Liverpool, containing from 35,000 to 40,000 inmates; and that of 2398 courts which were examined, 1705 were closed at one end so as to prevent ventilation.

'Until very lately,' says Mr. Burton, in his report on 'Edina, Scotia's darling seat,'

'the Cowgate, a long street running along the lowest level of a narrow valley, had only surface drains. The various alleys from the High Street and other elevated ground open into this street. In rainy weather they carried with them each its respective stream of filth, and thus the Cowgate bore the aspect of a gigantic sewer receiving its tributary drains. A committee of private gentlemen had the merit of making a spacious sewer 830 yards long in this street at a cost of 2000*l.*, collected by subscription. The utmost extent to which they received assistance from the police consisted in being vested with the authority of the Act as a protection from the interruption of private parties. During the operation they were nevertheless harassed by claims of damage for obstructing the causeway, and their minutes show that they experienced a series of interruptions from the neighbouring occupants, likely to discourage others from following their example.'

In a medical report on romantic Stirling, it is stated that the drains or sewers, *Scotticé* 'sivers,' are all open; a few old men sweep the public streets from time to time, but sometimes the sweepings remain on the pavement many days; the refuse from the gaol, which contains on an average sixty-five persons, is floated down the 'sivers' every second or third day, emitting, during the whole of its progress, the most offensive odour; the slaughter-house being situated near the top of the town, the blood from it is also allowed to flow down the main street; and the sewers from the castle issue into an open field, polluting the atmosphere to a dreadful degree.

As a contrast to this wholesale account, the examination of Mr. T. Thomson, of Clitheroe, affords a striking proof how small, even in solitary houses, may exist the removable cause of disease. In the summer of 1839 some bad cases of fever occurring among a cluster of houses at Littlemoor, which had always been considered healthy, attention was drawn to the spot. An old half-choked drain was discovered, which was the cause of a shallow
stagnant

stagnant fetid pool of a most disgusting nature. Measures were immediately taken to carry off this nuisance by a sewerage, and 'from the hour of the removal of the filth,' says Mr. Thomson, 'no fresh case of fever occurred.'

Portsmouth, which is built on a low portion of the marshy island of Portsea, was formerly extremely subject to intermittent fever: the town was paved in 1769, and, according to Sir Gilbert Blane, from that date this disorder no longer prevailed, whilst Kilsea, and the other parts of the island, retained their aguish disposition till 1793, when a drainage was made, which subdued its force there also.

In the same chapter we have many very instructive details as to the pecuniary results of removing the refuse of towns.

It appears from the evidence of Mr. Dark, of Paddington, a person of respectable character, who for many years has been a considerable contractor for scavenging, &c., that with the exception of coal-ashes (used for brick-making), lees, and a few other inconsiderable items, no refuse in London pays half the expense of removal by cartage beyond a radius of about six miles. '*I have given away,*' says Mr. Dark, '*thousands of loads of night-soil—we know not what to do with it!*'

When Mr. Chadwick visited Edinburgh with Dr. Arnott, they were both, without metaphor, 'led by the nose' to a certain stream properly enough called 'the Foul Burn,' from having been the aged receptacle of most of the sinks, drains, sivers, &c., of Auld Reekie. For a 'considerable time the character of this burn was repellent—and, accordingly avoided by poor as well as by rich, by young as well as by old, its contents flowed in mysterious solitude into the sea. Several years ago, however, some of the occupiers of the land in the immediate vicinity, instigated by self-interest, took the liberty of tapping this stream, in order to collect a portion of its contents into tanks for manure. The next step in the march of intellect was, by means of water, to irrigate the meadows from this source, in order to save the expense of cartage; and thus, by degrees, 300 acres of meadow land, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Palace of Holyrood, were fertilized from the contents of this common sewer: the result of which has been that some of these meadows are let at from 20*l.* to 30*l.* per acre; indeed, in the year 1838, some were let at 38*l.* per acre, and in 1826 at 57*l.* Her Majesty's Government, however, being justly of opinion that this process is prejudicial to the healthiness of Holyrood House, and having accordingly directed legal process for the trial of the right of irrigation, the defendants now plead that the invalidation of their claim would deprive the city of the milk and butter of

3000 cows, and estimate the compensation which would be due to themselves at 150,000*l*.

About a quarter of a century ago we ourselves remember to have witnessed the process of a matrimonial alliance, such as we have described, between two parties, who from the beginning of time had always been shy enough of each other, namely, the very Foul Burn alluded to, and the Links or sand-hills on the sea-shore between Leith and Porto Bello. These hillocks, upon which nothing but a few stunted tufts of coarse grass had ever been seen to grow, and which for ages had been blown by the wind into a variety of fantastic forms, were one morning suddenly attacked by a band of workmen, who with spades and shovels were seen busily scattering the sand about them in all directions, while '*Are ye daft?*' was the repeated exclamation of the Mussulburgh fishwives, who, one after another, striding by with outstretched heads, swinging arms, and a creel full of cod on their inclined backs, could not contain their astonishment at seeing the dry region, which all their lives had been sterile, suddenly subjected to spade-husbandry. Indeed, when the mass was levelled, it was as barren and lifeless as the shingle of the sea; and continued so during the formation of a network of arteries and veins which in the form of drains were imprinted over its surface. However, no sooner was this latter operation concluded, than—'*Oh whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad!*'—the produce of the Foul Burn, like Birnham wood coming to Dunsinane, majestically made its appearance; in a few days the sand was verdant; and before the summer was over, it bore a dark-coloured, rank, luxuriant crop.

Our readers will probably have anticipated that the inference which Mr. Chadwick has drawn from this result, and from Mr. Dark's statement that he can find no sale for the refuse of London is, that the sewers of London, like those of Edinburgh, might be made to fertilize the land in their vicinity.

Mr. Chadwick states that, according to the scale of the value of that portion of the refuse of Edinburgh which has been appropriated to irrigation in the way described, the whole refuse of that city would produce an income of from 15,000*l*. to 20,000*l*. a year; while, according to the same scale of value, it appears that, in the city of London, refuse to the enormous value of nearly double what is now paid for the water of the metropolis is thrown away, principally into the Thames, and partly into receptacles in the districts of the poor, where it accumulates until it is removed at a great expense. Where the levels are not convenient, Captain Vetch, of the Engineers, and other competent authorities recommend that the contents of the sewers should
be

be lifted by steam-power, as water is lifted in the drainage of the fens, and then be distributed in iron-pipes, in the same way as water is injected into the metropolis by the water-companies. Mr. Chadwick adds, that the estimated expense of this mode of cleansing and removal, as in the case of the conveyance of water into London, would not amount to a tenth part of the cost of cartage—and to show the practicability of the principle of removing refuse by water, he cites the following case:—The West Middlesex Water Company had almost concluded a contract for removing in the ordinary way about an acre of silt four feet deep, which in the course of eight or ten years had accumulated in their reservoir at Kensington, and accordingly 400*l.* was to be paid for this operation, which was to occupy three or four weeks. The bargain was all but sealed, when it was proposed by one of the officers that the silt should be mixed with water, stirred up, and in this liquid state washed away; and this operation was successfully effected in three or four days, at an expense of only 40*l.* or 50*l.*

In small, moderate-sized, or even in large towns, *where the levels are favourable*, we are much inclined to believe that Mr. Chadwick's project of removing refuse by means of water might, to a limited extent, be successfully adopted for the purpose of irrigation. It is evident, however, that many previous arrangements would be necessary, and that, after all, many serious difficulties would be likely to occur—for it must always be recollected that, in the case at Edinburgh, the burn being a safety-valve communicating with the sea, no accident or explosion can possibly occur—the farmer may therefore approach it or recede from it, may inject or reject its contents, at any hour, or for any period he may desire: whereas a covered sewer blindly administers all it possesses—without consideration, judgment, reflection, or mercy—its motto being 'Time and tide can wait for no man.' The supply of the manure and the demand for it might not therefore agree together for any length of time. Still, however, we can conceive arrangements which need not be described, by which this evil might be compensated, in which case there can be no doubt that an immense saving, especially that of cartage, would be effected—that the health of the town (in whose drains, constantly flushed clean by water, no refuse could remain) would be materially benefited—and that the produce of the land irrigated would abundantly increase.

But, although we are willing thus far to give Mr. Chadwick credit for his suggestion, and think it ought to be most seriously attended to in the case of our smaller towns, especially such as have considerable streams running through or near them, we

must say we consider his attempt to extend the theory to London by the application of the power of steam is preposterous in principle as well as in detail.

The first idea that naturally occurs is the enormous expense and incalculable inconvenience that would be attendant upon the condemnation of nearly the whole of the existing sewers of London, which at present run downwards into the Thames. We acknowledge it may not unfairly be replied, that the very same objection might have been raised against macadamizing our old-fashioned bumping pavement—against substituting wood for both—or against ruining our high-roads by the creation of railways. But admitting this first grave objection to be overruled: supposing for a moment that the old sewerage was destroyed, and that new subterranean works on completely different levels were constructed, there remain to be encountered difficulties above ground which we consider to be insurmountable.

It appears, from a parliamentary return lying before us, that the water pumped into London by the New River, Chelsea, West Middlesex, Grand Junction, East London, South London, Lambeth, and Southwark Water-Companies amounts to 4222 cubic feet per minute, day and night, throughout the year: of which quantity, considerably more than (say) one-half flows through waste-pipes, &c., into the sewers: and if, according to Mr. Chadwick's project, the refuse of the streets of London, instead of being swept up and carted away, as hitherto, were daily to be washed into the gully-drains by a water-hose, the amount of water which the companies would be required to supply must be very considerably enlarged. To this menaced flood of water, if there be added the usual contents of the sewers, it at once appears how enormous would be the amount of the mixture to be daily ejected from the metropolis *via* the sewers; and if, from any accident to the engines, the lifting-power, pumps, or bucketed-wheels should suddenly be disabled, it is evident that a constipation of the sewerage must forthwith take place.

But there remains to be provided for a contingency infinitely more alarming. The area of London is, we believe, nearly 60 square miles: but, taking it only at 40 square miles, and estimating that during a thunder-storm and continued rain there might fall in the space of six hours* one inch of water: that quantity, on the surface last mentioned, would amount to 92,928,000 cubic feet of water, of which the greater portion would immediately go into the sewers. Now, when it is considered that the natural flow of the Coln river amounts only to about 6000 cubic feet per

* It appears, from the rain-gauge at Somerset House, that on Tuesday, the 30th of August last, nearly two inches of rain fell in two hours.

minute,

minute, that of the Exe to about 5000, and that of the Lea to about 5600, our readers will at once perceive what an overwhelming amount of fluid would within a very short space of time be added to the already enormous contents of the London sewers; and while the elements of heaven were raging over the venerable head of our metropolis—while the thunder was rolling—while the forked lightning was shivering from top to bottom one or two of our finest church-spires—and while the rain was reverberating from the pavement like myriads of fountains rising out of the ground—if at this sufficiently awful moment the tell-tale wind were suddenly to inform us all that, Mr. Chadwick's 'infernal machines' having more work than they could perform, their neighbourhoods had become inundated; if the next blast were to announce to us that the main sewers were blowing up—and then, by evidence every moment becoming more and more insufferable, we were to learn that out of every gully-grate in the metropolis there was spouting up that which, like 'a legion of foul fiends,' no man could control; in short, if we were suddenly to find ourselves in danger of a pestilence, from which not even a cabinet council, hastily summoned for the purpose, could relieve us—we fear that this *Somerset House 'Amendment Act'* would be a theme of general execration, and that the Poor Law Commissioners, as they plashed homewards through the streets on their respective ponies, would receive *viva voce* and oviform evidence that, like their sewers, they were in bad odour.

But admitting for a moment that Mr. Chadwick may be enabled to demonstrate that the contents of the London sewers, even with the extraordinary additions to them during rains and thunder-storms, could not equal the quantity of water which in many parts of England is at present raised in draining our fens; in short that, the power of steam being invincible, a sufficient number of pumps, or rather of bucketed-wheels (say 500 engines of 100-horse power each)* might be prepared to meet any contingency that could occur; yet we maintain that the amount of fluid-manure so lifted would be infinitely more than could possibly—we need not say *pleasantly*—be applied by irrigation—that the superabundance must go somewhere—and that, after all, the greater portion of the quantity lifted would inevitably find its way to the Thames, from which, by so much labour and expense, we had attempted to divert it.

The next topic handled is the severe privations which the labouring classes are subjected to from want of water, not only for

* In the Cornish engines it is supposed that each horse-power can raise 528 cubic feet of water per minute to a height of one foot.

ablution, house-cleaning, and sewerage, but for drinking and culinary purposes. For instance, Mr. Mott states in his report on Manchester, that there, as elsewhere, it is the custom of owners of small cottage property in neighbourhoods where there are no pipes laid, to erect for a given number of houses a pump, which is frequently rented by one of the tenants, who taxes the rest for using it. One poor woman told him that she was required to pay one shilling a month for permission to use this pump, while the water-companies were giving an abundant supply to houses like hers for six shillings a-year—exactly half the money. In various Scotch towns the people have to go to public wells, the supply of which is so tardy, that crowds of women and children are obliged to ‘wait their turns,’ as it is called—indeed, these wells are sometimes frequented *throughout the whole night*. In Edinburgh many have to travel to wells at a considerable distance, and afterwards to carry their *stoups* up five, six, or seven stories. But neither private nor public wells are always to be had. In many places the poor are often obliged to collect water from ditches and ponds, so impure, that even horses that have not been accustomed to drink it are apt to suffer from it. At Tranent some of the labourers use barrels drawn on carriages—others employ their children to bring it in small vessels; and during the cholera, Dr. Scott Alison reports, it became so scarce, that the poor people went into the ploughed fields to collect the rain-water retained in depressions in the ground, and even in the prints made by horses’ feet.

On the foregoing facts Mr. Chadwick justly observes,—

‘Supplies of water obtained by the labour of fetching and carrying it in buckets do not answer the purpose of regular supplies brought into the house without such labour, and kept ready in cisterns. The interposition of the labour of going out and bringing home water from a distance acts as an obstacle to the formation of better habits; and in the actual condition of the lower classes, conveniences of this description must precede and form the habits. Even with persons of a higher condition the habits are greatly dependent on the conveniences: it is observed that, when the supplies of water into houses of the middle class are cut off by the pipes being frozen, and it is necessary to send to a distance, the house-cleansings and washings are diminished; and every presumption is afforded that if it were at all times, and in all weathers, requisite for them to send to a distance for water, their habits of household cleanliness would be deteriorated. The whole family of the labouring man in the manufacturing towns rise early, before daylight in winter time, to go to their work; they toil hard, and they return to their homes late at night: it is a serious inconvenience to them to have to fetch water from the pump or the river, on every occasion that it may be wanted, *whether in cold, in rain, or in snow*. The minor comforts of cleanliness

cleanliness are of course foregone, to avoid the immediate and greater discomforts of having to fetch the water.'

In our manufacturing towns (as we all know), those members of a family who are old enough to fetch water are thought strong enough to work: the mere value therefore of the time they expend at the pump is almost always more than the charge made by the companies for a regular and constant supply of water. For instance, in Glasgow the charge of supplying a labourer's tenement is five shillings a-year; in Manchester, six shillings; in London, ten shillings—for a tenement containing two families; for which sum two tons and a half of water per week may be obtained. Thus, for less than one penny farthing per week 135 pailfuls of water are taken into the house without the labour of fetching, without spilling, without being in the way, and yet in constant readiness for use: whereas, on the other hand, the cost to a labourer, or to any member of his family whose time can be employed in work, is very serious. In the Bath Union, a poor fellow, who had to fetch water from one of the public wells about a quarter of a mile from his house, quaintly observed to the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, '*It's as valuable as strong beer!*'

At Paris, the usual cost of the filtered water, which is carried into the houses, is two sous per pailful, being at the rate of nine shillings per ton: while in London, the highest charge of any of the companies for sending the same quantity of water to any place within the range of their pipes, and delivering it at an average level of 100 feet, is sixpence per ton.

'The mode, however,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'of supplying water by private companies, *for the sake of a profit*, is not available for a population where the numbers are too small to defray the expense of obtaining a private Act of Parliament, or the expense of management by a board of directors, or to produce profits to shareholders.... The Poor Law Commissioners have been urgently requested to allow the expense of procuring supplies for villages to be defrayed out of the poor's rates in England; but they could only express their regret that the law gave them no power to allow such a mode of obtaining the benefit sought.'

As regards the supply of water, we are clearly of opinion that a case for the necessity of legislative interference on the largest scale has been made out.

III.—*Circumstances chiefly in the internal economy and bad ventilation of places of work; workmen's lodging-houses, dwellings, and the domestic habits affecting the health of the labouring classes.*

In explaining the evils which arise from bad ventilation in places of work, Mr. Chadwick adduces first the case of the jour-
neymen

ney-men tailors, whose habits of life he was led to investigate from the number of early deaths observed to occur among them.

Thomas Brownlow, aged fifty-two, who had worked for Messrs. Stultze, Messrs. Allen, and in others of the largest establishments in London, stated that at Messrs. Allen's, in a room sixteen or eighteen yards long, and seven or eight yards wide, eighty men worked close together, knee to knee: in summer time the heat of these tailors and of their geese, or irons, raised the temperature twenty or thirty degrees; after the candles were lighted, it became so insufferable that several of the young men from the country fainted; during the season he had seen from 40*l.* to 50*l.* worth of work spoiled by the perspiration of the men; in winter the atmosphere became still more unhealthy, with so depressing an effect that many could not stay out the hours; too many, losing their appetite, took to drink as a stimulant—accordingly, at seven in the morning, gin was brought in, sometimes again at eleven, at three, at five, and after seven, when the shop was closed; great numbers died of consumption. The average age of these workmen was about thirty-two, but in a hundred there were not ten men of fifty: lastly, when they died, no provision was made for their families, who, if they could not do for themselves, were obliged to go on the parish. Yet Messrs. Allen's wages at the time the witness refers to were 6*d.* an hour.

In a well-ventilated room, it is stated by different witnesses, journey-men tailors would be enabled to execute two hours more work per day; they would do their twelve hours, whereas the utmost in a close, ill-ventilated room, is ten hours of work. Moreover, a man who had worked in these hot rooms from the age of twenty would not be as good a man at forty as another would be at fifty who had worked in well-aired shops in the country. The latter, in other words, would have gained ten years' labour, besides saving the money spent in gin.

Mr. Chadwick, therefore, calculates that, taking the average loss to a London tailor to be two hours per day for twenty years, and twelve hours for ten years, his total loss would amount to 50,000 hours of productive labour, which, at 6*d.* per hour, would have produced him 1250*l.*: and this is 250*l.* less than was actually earned and saved by Philip Gray, who worked all his life as a journeyman tailor, and was remarkable for his cleanliness and neatness.

It appears that, of the registered causes of death of 233 persons entered during the year 1839, in the eastern and western unions of the metropolis, under the head 'tailor,' no less than 123 were from disease of the respiratory organs: ninety-two died of consumption; in the whole number only twenty-nine died old.

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'The subscriptions,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'to the benevolent institution for the relief of the aged and infirm tailors by individual masters* in the metropolis appear to be large and liberal, and amount to upwards of 11,000*l.*; yet it is to be observed, that if they or the men had been aware of the effects of vitiated atmospheres on the constitution and general strength, and of the means of ventilation, the practicable gain of money from the gain of labour by that sanitary measure could not have been less in one large shop, employing 200 men, than 100,000*l.* Independently of subscriptions of the whole trade, it would, during their working period of life, have been sufficient, with the enjoyment of greater health and comfort by every workman during the time of work, to have purchased him an annuity of 1*l.* per week for comfortable and respectable self-support during a period of superannuation, commencing soon after *fifty* years of age.

'The effects of bad ventilation, it need not be pointed out, are chiefly manifested in consumption, the disease by which the greatest slaughter is committed. The causes of fever are comparatively few and prominent, but they appear to have a concurrent effect in producing consumption.'

The results of good ventilation in the prevention or alleviation of disease are clearly manifested in our hospitals. In a badly-ventilated house—the lying-in hospital in Dublin—there died in four years 2944 children out of 7650; whereas, after this establishment was properly ventilated, the deaths in the same period, and out of a like number of children, amounted only to 279.

Glasgow supplies a striking example of the beneficial effects of ventilating a factory. In a range of buildings, called 'the Barracks,' 500 persons were collected. All attempts to induce them to ventilate their rooms failing, the consequence was that fever was scarcely ever absent. There were sometimes seven cases in a day; and in the last two months of 1831 there were fifty-seven. On the recommendation of Mr. Fleming, a surgeon, a tube of two inches in diameter was fixed in the ceiling of each room: these tubes communicated with a large pipe, the end of which was inserted in the chimney of the factory furnace, which, by producing a strong draught, forced the inmates to breathe fresh air. The result of this simple contrivance was, that, during the ensuing eight years, fever was scarcely known in the place!

It would be a task infinitely more easy than pleasing to show the havoc annually created among the manufacturing masses by defective ventilation and overcrowding. We will, therefore, only observe that in the case of milliners and dressmakers in the metropolitan unions during the year 1839, as shown by the mor-

* Mr. Stultze, for instance, has subscribed 795*l.* in money; is a yearly subscriber of twenty-five guineas; has made a present to the 'Benevolent Institution for the Relief of Infirm Tailors' of ground worth about 1000*l.*; and has besides undertaken to build thereon six houses for the reception of twenty poor pensioners.

tuary register, out of 52 deceased, 41 only had attained the age of 25; and the average age of 33, who had died of disease of the lungs, was 28. In short, there is too much reason to believe that among these poor workwomen, as in the case of the journeymen tailors, one-third at least of the healthful duration of adult life is sacrificed to our ignorance or neglect of ventilation. Alas, how little do the upper classes, who fancy that the cheque completely liquidates the account, reflect on the *real* cost of the beautiful dresses they wear!

As to '*the want of separate apartments and the overcrowding of the private dwellings of the poor*'—a very small portion only of the evidence adduced will suffice. The clerk of the Ampthill Union states that a large proportion of the cottages in his district are so small, that it is impossible to keep up even the common decencies of life: in one cottage, containing only two rooms, there existed eleven individuals: the man, his wife, and four children (one a girl above fourteen, another a boy above twelve) slept in one of the rooms and in one bed—the rest slept all together in the room in which their cooking, working, and eating were performed. The medical officer of the Bicester Union has witnessed a father, a mother, three grown-up sons, a daughter, and a child, all lying at the same time with typhus fever in one small room. The medical officer of the Romsey Union states that he has known fourteen individuals of one family (among whom were a young man and young woman of eighteen and twenty years of age) together in a small room, the mother being in labour at the time.

The Rev. Dr. Gilly, whose able '*Appeal on behalf of the Border Peasantry*' is cited in the report, describes a fine, tall Northumbrian peasant of about forty-five years of age, whose family, eleven in number, were disposed of as follows. In one bed he, his wife, a daughter of six, and a boy of four years had to sleep—a daughter of eighteen, a son of twelve, a son of ten, and a daughter of eight had a second bed—and in the third were three sons, aged twenty, sixteen, and fourteen.

The greatest instances of overcrowding appear, however, as may naturally be expected, at Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, &c. In Hull, a mother about fifty had to sleep with a son above twenty-one, a lodger being in the same room. In Manchester more than half-a-dozen instances were given of a man, his wife, and his wife's grown-up sister habitually occupying one bed! Mr. Baker, in his report on Leeds, states—'*In the houses of the working classes, brothers and sisters, and lodgers of both sexes, are found occupying the same sleeping-room with the parents, and consequences occur which humanity shudders to contemplate.*'

Our readers will probably by this time have arrived with us at
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the conclusion, that there exists no savage nation on earth in which more uncivilized or more brutalizing scenes could be witnessed than in the heart of this great country. Should, however, any doubts remain, we subjoin one short extract from the evidence of Dr. Scott Alison:—

‘In many houses in and around Tranent, fowls roost on the rafters and on the tops of the bedsteads. The effluvia in these houses are offensive, and must prove very unwholesome. It is scarcely necessary to say that these houses are very filthy. They swarm likewise with fleas. Dogs live in the interior of the lowest houses, and must, of course, be opposed to cleanliness. I have seen horses in two houses in Tranent inhabiting the same apartment with numerous families. One was in Dow’s Bounds. Several of the family were ill of typhus fever, and I remember *the horse stood at the back of the bed*. In this case the stench was dreadful. The father died of typhus on this occasion.’

Here is another very important piece of evidence:—

‘A gentleman who has observed closely the condition of the work-people in the south of Cheshire and the north of Lancashire, men of similar race and education, working at the same description of work—namely, as cotton-spinners, mill-hands—and earning nearly the same amount of wages, states that the workmen of the north of Lancashire are obviously inferior to those in the south of Cheshire, in health and habits of personal cleanliness and general condition. The difference is traced mainly to the circumstance, that the labourers in the north of Lancashire inhabit stone houses of a description that absorb moisture, the dampness of which affects the health, and causes personal uncleanness, induced by the difficulty of keeping a clean house.’

One consequence of the unwholesome workshops and houses in which the labouring classes are too often confined, is the disposition it creates among them to dispel by drink that depressing effect on their nervous energies which is invariably the result of breathing impure air. In Dumfries, for example, where the cholera swept away one-eleventh of the population, Mr. Chadwick inquired of the chief magistrate how many bakers’ shops there were? ‘Twelve,’ was the answer. ‘And how many whiskey-shops may your town possess?’ The honest provost frankly replied, ‘*Seventy-nine!*’ Another consequence is the rapid corruption, in such unwholesome places, of meat, bread, and other food, which, by preventing the poor from laying in any store, forces them to purchase their provisions on the most disadvantageous terms.

‘Here, then,’ says Mr. Chadwick, ‘we have from the one agent, a close and polluted atmosphere, two different sets of effects:—one set here noticed engendering improvidence, expense, and waste—the other, the depressing effects of external and internal miasma on the nervous system,

system, tending to incite to the habitual use of ardent spirits; both tending to precipitate this population into disease and misery.'

In lamenting over the picture, but too clearly delineated, of the demoralization and disorganization of our labouring classes, caused by the removal of those architectural barriers by which nature, even among savages, protects modesty and encourages decency, Mr. Chadwick maintains that no education as yet commonly given appears to have availed against such corrupting circumstances: dwelling, *per contrà*, on numerous instances of the moral improvement of a population apparently resulting from street-cleansing, land-draining, and improvements of the external and internal condition of their dwellings. We think it clear enough that it is mere mockery to talk of elevating by education classes whom we allow to be perpetually acted upon by physical circumstances of the deeply degrading tendency now sufficiently exposed. How striking are these words of Mr. Walker, the magistrate of the Thames Police Office! After deprecating the practice of building for the poor miserable hovels, instead of more comfortable and respectable, well-drained dwellings, he says,—

'From what I have observed, I am fully convinced that if shambles were built on any spot, and all who choose were allowed to occupy them, they would soon be occupied by a race lower than any yet known. I have often said, that if empty casks were placed along the streets of Whitechapel, in a few days each of them would have a tenant, and these tenants would keep up their kind, and prey upon the rest of the community. I am sure that, if such facilities were offered, there is no conceivable degradation to which portions of the species might not be reduced. Wherever there are empty houses which are not secured, they are soon tenanted by wretched objects, and these tenants continue so long as there is a harbour for them. Parish-officers and others come to me to aid them in clearing such places. I tell the police and the parish that there is no use in their watching these places; that they must board them up, if they would get rid of the occupants. If they will give the accommodation, they will get the occupants. If you will have marshes and stagnant waters, you will there have suitable animals; and the only way of getting rid of them is by draining the marshes.'

Mr. Chadwick dwells on *domestic* mismanagement generally, as one great predisposing cause of disease. There is no doubt that the poor are in the habit of buying their tea, coffee, sugar, butter, cheese, bacon, and other articles, in small quantities from the hucksters, who, to cover bad debts, charge exorbitant prices. Destitution is often therefore caused by the wasteful misapplication of wages which, with habits of frugality, would prove to be sufficient; but the grand evil is, that every species of mismanagement promotes or ends in the gin and whiskey.

Every day 'intemperance' is talked of and preached against as the
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cause of fever, and of the prevalent mortality. We neglect, however, to reflect that it is the discomfort of the poor that drives them to drink. Rival pleasures might be encouraged, which would keep them sober; but, alas, whiskey is declared to be *good* for damp and rheumatism, when drainage and a clean residence are really the physical remedies that should be prescribed.

IV. *Comparative chance of life in different classes of the community.*

There is no proverb more generally admitted than that 'Death is no respecter of persons.' Mr. Chadwick, however, has drawn from the mortuary registers a series of tabular returns, of which the following is a single specimen:—

No. of Deaths.	LIVERPOOL, 1840.	Average Age of Deceased.
137	Gentry and professional persons, &c. .	35
1,738	Tradesmen and their families .	22
5,597	Labourers, mechanics, and servants, &c. .	15

—Again, it is an appalling fact, that, among the labouring classes in Manchester, more than fifty-seven out of every hundred die before they attain five years of age!—More than one-half of their progeny die within the fifth year of their birth; while one-fifth only of the children of the gentry die within the same period. In explanation of such a difference, Mr. Chadwick has annexed to his report plans of different towns, showing, by different tints, that the localities of the epidemic diseases which raged there are identical with the uncleansed and close streets and wards occupied by the poor.

Instead of actively searching for the causes which have been so fatally shortening as well as embittering the existence of our labouring classes, it has of late years been much the fashion among political economists—who clearly enough saw that this mortality, from whatever cause it was proceeding, did not affect *them*—to adopt the convenient theory that wars, plagues, pestilence, epidemic disorders, and accidents of every description, which cause premature deaths among the poor, are, if it could only be satisfactorily explained to them, a 'terrible corrective,' kindly ordained by Nature, in order to prevent population exceeding the means of subsistence. But Mr. Chadwick, standing forward as the advocate of Nature and of the poor, denies the Malthusian doctrine altogether, and produces tabular accounts taken from the bills of mortality of every county in England, which certainly appear to prove that the proportion of births to the population is greatest where there is the greatest mortality—and consequently that pestilence or excessive mortality does not diminish the sum total of population! Our mismanagement

ment produces disease, and that makes the gap which Nature immediately labours to fill up. Let us allow as largely as we choose for inconsiderate and reckless conduct in individuals—still, inasmuch as two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time, the young in almost every trade and profession of life must unavoidably defer marriage until their seniors vacate by death the places of trust and confidence which they have gradually attained. So long, therefore, as these places linger in the possession of the old, the increase of population is proportionably subdued; whereas, on the other hand, if, from avoidable or unavoidable disease, the duration of life be so shortened that those *loca tenentes*, who neither increase nor multiply, shall be either partly or wholly replaced by those of an age to do both, it evidently follows that this description of mortality must produce more births than deaths.

In fact, even the returns of the deaths, marriages, and births among the white population on the west coast of Africa demonstrate that, though the mortality there has been as frightful as we have described it, the births have exceeded it largely:—for instance, in the different districts of this pestilential abode the number of deaths (nine-tenths of which were of persons under forty years of age) amounted in 1839 to 241, while in the same year the number of baptisms was 464, and the number of marriages 542; indeed it seems natural that young people should become reckless of consequences, and regardless of the future, in a climate which, by the ravages it is daily creating, appears always to be relentlessly exclaiming to them, ‘*To-morrow you die!*’

V. *Pecuniary burdens created by the neglect of sanitary measures.*

‘To whatever extent,’ says Mr. Chadwick, ‘the probable duration of the life of the working man is diminished by noxious agencies, I repeat a truism in stating that to the same extent productive power is lost; and in the case of destitute widowhood and orphanage, burdens are created and cast, either on the industrious survivors belonging to the family, or on the contributors to the poor’s-rates, during the whole of the period of the failure of such ability.’

It appears that the number of widows chargeable to the poor-rates in the year ending Lady-day, 1840, was 43,000, and that the total number of orphan children to whom relief was given was 112,000. Of these it is estimated that 27,000 cases of premature widowhood, and more than 100,000 of orphanage, might be traced to removable causes.

Take one pleasing example of a *cause removed*:—

‘In one mine,’ says Dr. Barham, ‘the Dolcoath mine, in the parish of Camborne, in Cornwall, great attention is paid to obviate agencies injurious to the miners. Care is there taken in respect to ventilation
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in the mines, and the men are healthier than in most other mines; there are more old miners. Care is taken for the prevention of accidents. Care is taken of the miners on quitting the mines: hence, instead of issuing on the bleak hill-side, and receiving beer in a shed, they issue from their underground labour into a warm room, where well-dried clothes are ready for them; warm water, and even baths are supplied from the steam-furnace; and a provision of hot beef-soup instead of beer is ready for them in another room. The honour of having made this change is stated to be due to the Right Hon. Lady Basset, on the suggestion of Dr. Carlyon. We may fairly attribute to the combination of beneficial arrangements just noticed that in Dolcoath, where 451 individuals are employed underground, only two have died within the last three years of miners' consumption; a statement which could not, I believe, be made with truth, nor be nearly approached, in respect of an equal number of miners during the same term in any other Cornish district. The sick-club of the mine is comparatively rich, having a fund of 1500*l*.

It appears to be the governing principle of Mr. Chadwick's report to demonstrate to the public that the welfare of the labouring poor is identical with that of all other classes—that whatever afflicts the former, sympathetically affects the latter—and consequently that whenever the poor are brought to an untimely grave by causes which are removable, the community in some way or other is sure to suffer retributive punishment for the neglect. For example—in corroboration of the evidence already adduced, he gives tabular returns, showing the difference in the proportions of ages between a depressed and unhealthy, and a comparatively vigorous population: by which it appears that, while in a hundred men of the former, there would not be two men beyond 60 years of age, not eight above 50, and not a fourth above 40—in the other population there would be fourteen beyond 60, twenty-seven beyond 50, or a clear majority of mature age. Now mark *one* consequence:—

'Whenever the adult population of a physically depressed district, such as Manchester, is brought out on any public occasion, the preponderance of youth in the crowd is apt to strike those who have seen assemblages of the working population in districts more favourably situated.

'In the course of some inquiries under the Constabulary Force Commission, reference was made to the meetings held by torchlight in the neighbourhood of Manchester. It was reported that the bulk consisted of mere boys, and that there were scarcely any men of mature age amongst them. Those of age and experience, it was stated, generally disapproved of the proceedings of the meetings, as injurious to the working classes themselves. These older men, we were assured by their employers, were above the influence of the anarchical fallacies which appeared to sway those wild and dangerous assemblages. The inquiry which arose upon such statements was how it happened that the men of
mature

mature age, feeling their own best interests injured by the proceedings of the younger portion of the working classes—how they, the elders, did not exercise a restraining influence upon their less-experienced fellow-workmen? On inquiring of the owner of some extensive manufacturing property, on which between 1000 and 2000 persons were maintained at wages yielding 40s. per week per family, whether he could rely on the aid of the men of mature age for the protection of the capital which furnished them the means of subsistence?—he stated he could rely on them confidently;—but on ascertaining the numbers qualified for service as special constables, the gloomy fact became apparent, that the proportion of men of strength and of mature age for such service were but as a small group against a large crowd, and that for any social influence they were equally weak. The disappearance by premature deaths of the heads of families and the older workmen must practically involve the necessity of supplying the lapse of staid influence amidst a young population by one description or other of precautionary force.

‘On expostulating on other occasions with middle-aged and experienced workmen on the folly, as well as the injustice of their trade unions, the workmen of the class remonstrated with invariably disclaimed connexion with the proceedings, and showed that they abstained from attendance at the meetings. The common expression was, they would not attend to be borne down by “mere boys,” who were furious, and knew not what they were about. The predominance of a young and violent majority was general.

‘In the metropolis the experience is similar. The mobs against which the police have to guard come from the most depressed districts; and the constant report of the superintendents is, that scarcely any old men are to be seen amongst them. In general they appear to consist of persons between 16 and 25 years of age. The mobs from such districts as Bethnal Green are proportionately conspicuous for a deficiency of bodily strength, without, however, being from that cause proportionately the less dangerously mischievous. I was informed by peace-officers that the great havoc at Bristol was committed by mere boys.’

Since the publication of the Report alarming riots have occurred in the manufacturing districts; and our readers will observe, from the following authentic details, which we have taken some trouble to obtain, how singularly Mr. Chadwick’s statement has just been corroborated.

Ages of the Prisoners for Trial at the Special Commission in Cheshire, Lancashire, and Staffordshire, October, 1842 :—

Below	16	13
Between	16 and 26	216
	26 and 36	154
	36 and 46	56
	46 and 56	18
	56 and 66	5
Above	66	3

565

This

This is enough—but it must be kept in mind that these prisoners were the *leaders*; their followers were probably much younger.

‘The experience of the metropolitan police,’ continues Mr. Chadwick, ‘is similar as to the comparatively small proportion of force available for public service from such depressed districts. It is corroborative also of the evidence as to the physical deterioration of their population, as well as the disproportion in respect to age. Two out of every three of the candidates for admission to the police force itself are found defective in the physical qualifications. It is rare that any one of the candidates from Spitalfields, Whitechapel, or the districts where the mean duration of life is low, is found to possess the requisite physical qualifications for the force, which is chiefly recruited from the open districts at the outskirts of the town, or from Norfolk and Suffolk, and other agricultural counties.

‘In general the juvenile delinquents, who come from the inferior districts of the towns, are conspicuously under-size. In a recent examination of juvenile delinquents at Parkhurst by Mr. Kay Shuttleworth, the great majority were found to be deficient in physical organization. An impression is often prevalent that the criminal population consists of persons of the greatest physical strength. Instances of criminals of great strength certainly do occur; but speaking from observation of the adult prisoners from the towns and the convicts in the hulks, they are in general below the average standard of height.’

He follows up these statements by some very curious details collected from the teachers of the pauper children at Norwood and elsewhere :—

‘The intellects of the children of inferior physical organization are torpid; it is comparatively difficult to gain their attention or to sustain it; it requires much labour to irradiate the countenance with intelligence, and the irradiation is apt to be transient. As a class they are comparatively irritable and bad-tempered. The most experienced and zealous teachers are gladdened by the sight of well-grown healthy children, which presents to them better promise that their labours will be less difficult and more lasting and successful. On one occasion a comparison was made between the progress of two sets of children in Glasgow—the one set taken from the wynds and placed under the care of one of the most skilful and successful infant-school masters; the other a set of children from a more healthy town district, and of a better physical condition, placed under the care of a pupil of the master who had charge of the children from the wynds. After a trial for a sufficient time, the more experienced master acknowledged the comparative inferiority of his pupils, and his inability to keep them up to the pace of the better bodily-conditioned children.’

Our author pithily sums up the result.

‘Noxious physical agencies, depressing the health and bodily condition of the population, act as obstacles to education and to moral culture;

culture; in abridging the duration of adult life they check the growth of productive skill, and abridge the amount of social experience and steady moral habits: they substitute for a population that accumulates and preserves instruction, and is steadily progressive, a population young, inexperienced, ignorant, credulous, irritable, passionate, dangerous, having a perpetual tendency to moral as well as physical deterioration.'

VI. *Evidence of the effects of preventive measures in raising the standard of health and the chances of life.*

The results of measures which have lately been introduced into the navy and army, as well as into our prisons, offer indisputable evidence of the health attainable by simple means. Mr. Chadwick declares that no descriptions given by Howard of the worst prisons he visited in England, come up to what appeared in every wynd of Edinburgh and Glasgow inspected by Dr. Arnott and himself. Now on what principle can we defend our not applying to the benefit of the labouring poor, in as far as we can apply them, the measures which we know to have saved so many of our soldiers and sailors—which have therefore saved the nation such vast sums of money? Above all, what is to be said of the judgment of the community that makes prodigious efforts to improve the sanitary condition of its criminals, and apathetically neglects its poor?

After giving us a mass of irresistible evidence as to the actual results of increased care in the case of soldiers and sailors and the inmates of jails, Mr. Chadwick proceeds to compare the expense to owners and tenants of the public drainage, cleansing, and supplies of water necessary for the maintenance of health, with the expense of sickness—the cost of the remedy with the cost of the disease. His tables seem to prove that the cost of the application of his remedies to one-third (1,148,282) of the inhabited houses in England, Wales, and Scotland, would amount to 18,401,219*l.* The annual instalment for repayment of this debt in thirty years would amount to 613,374*l.*; the annual interest, commuted at 5 per cent. on the outlay, charged as rent on the tenant, would be 583,644*l.* Out of this sum, however, the cost of supplying every house with water, even at the highest charge made by the water companies, namely, 138 pailsful for 1½*d.*, would, in fact, be a reduction of the existing expenditure of labour in fetching water; and many other similar reductions should be made from the account. But, without lingering over such details, it may be at once stated that the experience of the effect of sanitary measures proves the possibility of the reduction of *sickness* in the worst districts to at least one-third of the existing amount; and sickness is no trifle in the mere calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence.

'The *immediate* cost,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'of sickness and loss of employment

employment falls differently in different parts of the country; but on whatsoever fund it does fall, it will be a gain to apply to the means of prevention that fund which is and must needs otherwise continue to be more largely applied to meet the charge of maintenance and remedies.

‘Admitting, however, as a fact the misconception intended to be obviated, that the necessary expense of structural arrangements will be an immediate charge instead of an immediate means of relief to the labouring classes;—in proof that they have, in ordinary times, not only the means of defraying increased public rates but increased rents, I refer to the fact that the amount expended in ardent spirits (exclusive of wines), tobacco, snuff, beer, &c., consumed chiefly by them, cannot be much less than from 45,000,000*l.* to 50,000,000*l.* per annum in the United Kingdom. By an estimate which I obtained from an eminent spirit-merchant of the cost to the consumer of the British spirits on which duty is paid, the annual expenditure on them alone, chiefly by the labouring classes, cannot be less than 24,000,000*l.* per annum. The cost of one dram per week would nearly defray the expense of the structural arrangements of drainage, &c., by which some of the strongest provocatives to the habit of drunkenness would be removed.’

These are most important statements. But still, let it be remembered, the labouring poor in our great towns cannot of themselves, as a class, improve essentially the condition of the localities which they occupy. The workman’s location must be governed by his work—therefore the supply of house-room for him becomes almost inevitably a monopoly: he must not only take a lodging near his work, but he must take it as it is: he can neither lay on water, nor cause the removal of filth by drainage—in short, he has no more control over the external economy of his habitation than of the structure of the street in which it exists. But it is demonstrable that, if the employers of labour would but provide better accommodation for their labourers, they would receive in money and in money’s worth—to speak of no higher considerations—a fair remuneration for their expenditure.

‘We everywhere find,’ says Mr. Chadwick, ‘(in contradiction to statements frequently made in popular declamations,) that the labourer gains by his connexion with large capital: in the instances presented in the course of this inquiry, of residences held from the employer, we find that the labourer gains by the expenditure for the external appearance of that which is known to be part of the property—an expenditure that is generally accompanied by corresponding internal comforts: he gains by all the surrounding advantages of good roads and drainage, and by more sustained and powerful care to maintain them: he gains by the closer proximity to his work attendant on such an arrangement; and he thus avoids all the attacks of disease occasioned by exposure to wet and cold, and the additional fatigue in traversing long distances to and from his home to the place of work, in the damp of early morning or of nightfall. The exposure to weather after leaving the place of work

is one prolific cause of disease, especially to the young. When the home is near to the place of work, the labourer is enabled to take his dinner with his family instead of at the beer-shop. The wife and children gain by proximity to the employer's family, in motives to neatness and cleanliness, by their being known and being under observation: as a general rule, the whole economy of the cottages in bye-lanes and out-of-the-way places appears to be below those exposed to observation. In connexion with property or large capital, the labourer gains in the stability of employment, and the regularity of income incidental to operations on a large scale: there is a mutual benefit also in the wages for service being given in the shape of buildings or permanent and assured comforts; that is, in what would be the best application of wages, rather than wholly in money wages.'

We must refer to the Report itself for a long array of most pleasing examples of the practical truth of these statements. Not a few of the great master-manufacturers acknowledged to Mr. Chadwick that what they had done from motives of humanity had turned out, to their agreeable surprise, immensely advantageous to their own purses. But let us content ourselves with what is stated as to one particular source of evil, and the facility of cutting it off by a judicious employer. The example is from Leeds:—

'The effects,' says Mr. Fairburn, 'produced by payment at the public-house are to oblige the workman to drink. He is kept waiting in the public-house during a long time, varying from two to three hours, sometimes as much as five hours. The workman cannot remain in the house without drinking, even if he were alone, as he must make some return to the landlord for the use of the room. But the payment of a number of men occupies time in proportion to their numbers. We find that to pay our own men in the most rapid way requires from two to three hours. The assembled workmen, of course, stimulate each other to drink. Out of a hundred men, all of whom will, probably, have taken their quart of porter or ale, above a third will go home in a state of drunkenness—of drunkenness to the extent of imbecility. The evil is not confined to the men; the destructive habit is propagated in their families. At each public-house a proportion of the poor women, their wives, attend. According to my own observation, full ten per cent. of the men have their wives and children in attendance at the public-house. The poor women have no other mode of getting money to market with on the Saturday night than attending at the public-house to get it from their husbands. They may have children whom they cannot leave at home, and these they bring with them. The wives are thus led to drink, and they and their children are made partakers of the scenes of drunkenness and riot; for there are not unfrequently quarrels leading to fights between the workmen when intoxicated.

'It is only the inferior shopkeepers or hucksters who will sell on the Sunday morning, and they sell an inferior commodity at a higher price. Then the Sunday morning is thus occupied: the husband, and sometimes

times the wife, is kept in a state of feverish excitement by the previous night's debauch; they are kept in a state of filth and disorder; even the face is unwashed; no clean clothes are put on; and there is no church attendance, and no decency. Indeed, by the pressure of the wants created by habits of drinking, there is soon no means to purchase clean or respectable clothes, and lastly no desire to purchase them. The man, instead of cleaning himself, and appearing at church on the Sunday, or walking out with his family on the Sunday afternoon in a respectable condition, remains at home in filth, and in a filthy hovel.

'The workman who has been absent from drunkenness comes to his work pale, emaciated, shattered, and unnerved. From my own observation in my own branch of manufacture, I should say that the quantity and quality of the work executed during the first day or so would be about one-fifth less than that obtainable from a steady and attentive workman. Another consideration for the master is the fact that such workmen, the most idle and dissolute, are the most discontented, and are always the foremost in mischievous strikes and combinations.'

Now what is Mr. Fairburn's prescription for these disorders? He sends a clerk into each room in his manufactory immediately after dinner-hour on Saturday to pay each man individually, who, by this simple arrangement, is not taken from his work half a minute. The master thus saves on an average an hour and a half's labour of 550 men, which amounts to 800 hours of labour per week; one great cause of non-attendance at church on the Sunday is abolished; and, lastly, not above four or five of his people arrive late at their work on Monday morning.

Let us turn for a moment to the rural regions. Out of many of Mr. Chadwick's witnesses, let us attend to one:—Charles Higgins, Esq., Chairman of the Bedford Union, thus describes the advantages which have arisen from an improved description of cottages in his vicinity:—

'The man sees his wife and family more comfortable than formerly; he has a better cottage and garden; he is stimulated to industry, and, as he rises in respectability of station, he *becomes aware* that he has a character to lose. Thus an important point is gained. Having acquired certain advantages, he is anxious to retain and improve them; he strives more to preserve his independence, and becomes a member of benefit, medical, and clothing societies; and frequently, besides this, lays up a certain sum, quarterly or half-yearly, in the savings-bank. Almost always attendant upon these advantages, we find the man sending his children to be regularly instructed in a Sunday, and, where possible, in a day school, and himself and family more constant in their attendance at some place of worship on the Lord's-day.

'A man who comes home to a poor, comfortless hovel after his day's labour, and sees all miserable around him, has his spirits more often depressed than excited by it. He feels that, do his best, he shall be miserable still, and is too apt to fly for a temporary refuge to the ale-house

house or beer-shop. But give him the means of making himself comfortable by his own industry, and I am convinced by experience that, in many cases, he will avail himself of it.'

Although, in the variegated picture of human life, one can scarcely point out a more striking contrast than between a pale drunken labourer zigzaggedly staggering by night from the ale-house to his family, and a ruddy sober one rationally enjoying his evening at home, yet it is not so very easy to analyse or enumerate the invisible filaments which, acting all together like the strands in a cable, have in the two cases produced such opposite results!

It is not the fresh air the ploughman has been inhaling all day which, at the conclusion of his work, has irresistibly brought him to his home; nor is it the appetite which healthy labour has created—nor is it the joyous welcome of those rosy-faced children who, following each other almost according to their ages along the garden-path, have run to meet him at his wicket-gate—nor is it the smiling countenance of his neatly-dressed wife—nor the homely meal she has prepared for him—nor the general cleanliness of his cottage, nor the ticking of his gaudy-faced clock, nor the merry antics of his children's kitten, nor his warm chimney-corner, nor the cheerful embers on his hearth—no one of these tiny threads is strong enough to draw an able-bodied labourer to his cottage; and yet, their united influence, though still invisible to him, produces the happy result: in short, fresh air creates health, and health happiness.

On the other hand, it is not the fountain of putrid air which all day long has been steaming up from a small gulley-drain in front of his shop that causes the workman to spend his evening at the alehouse; nor is it the lassitude of his body or depression of spirits produced by the want of ventilation in the building—nor is it the dust he has been breathing there—nor is it the offensive open drain that runs close under his own window—nor is it the sickly, uncaptivating aspect of his care-worn wife—nor the neglected, untidy appearance of his room—nor the emaciated countenances of his poor children, who, as if they had lost the bloom of modesty, are lying all huddled together in one bed—nor is it the feverish thirst which assails him—nor is it that black, unwholesome board nailed by Parliament over the alehouse-door which insists that the beer he desires is '*to be drunk on the premises*,' or, in other words, that he himself must be the pitcher that is to carry it away—nor is it the abandoned immoral associates of both sexes which this board has convened for him—no one of these circumstances would be sufficient to estrange an honest workman from his home; and yet, when they give 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together,' the victim obeys their influence, he

he knows not why, and, accordingly, however crooked may be his path homewards, he, at all events, goes straight to the alehouse.

We have no desire to lecture on the old law which, in order to save trouble and reflection, summarily prescribed punishment as the natural cure for drunkenness. We trust, however, that the day is fast approaching when the attention of our law-makers will be directed to the prevention of the evil instead of its cure: for if it be true that the sobriety of the labouring classes mainly depends upon sanitary arrangements on an extensive scale, which the *fiat* of Parliament could instantaneously ordain, it certainly does appear that, so long as this branch of legislation shall continue to be neglected, there is reason to doubt whether Parliament or the peasant be the most guilty of those cases of drunkenness which mainly proceed from a series of minute causes *not* removable by the latter.

Surely, Mr. Chadwick's main remedies—namely, efficient drainage, sewerage, and ablution of towns—come within the legitimate province of the legislature. Surely, the interior arrangements he proposes, such as the ventilation of all buildings in which a body of workpeople are assembled, as well as due attention to a series of other details conducive to their health, are, to say the least, as much within the proper jurisdiction of parliament as the most humane mode of sweeping chimneys, or the proper thickness of party-walls. The health of the nation being nearly synonymous with its wealth, it is evident that the labouring power of the British people is a machine which it is the duty as well as the interest of the State to protect.

In France there has long existed a *Board of Health*; and whoever has read the Essays of Parent du Chatelet must know of what vast benefits this institution has been productive. Many times has a similar one been recommended and proposed here—but there has always occurred some fatal hitch. We need not at present enter on the discussion of the difficulties hitherto deemed insurmountable. Meantime Mr. Chadwick thinks the machinery of the Poor Law Commission might be rendered highly serviceable; and his practical proposal is, that in order to establish throughout the country an efficient system of sanitary attention, there should be appointed to each district two new superior officers, a superintending Physician and a skilful Engineer.

Mr. Chadwick truly observes that the claim to relief on the ground of destitution created by sickness already propels the medical officer of every union to the precise point where the evil is most rife, and where the public intervention is most called for—namely, to the interior of the abode of the sufferer: indeed, it appears that in the metropolis during one year these officers were required to
visit

visit 14,000 residences of applicants for relief on account of fever alone. When it is considered that the number of medical officers attached to the new unions throughout the country amounts to 2300, it is evident what a searching professional inquiry these intelligent agents have power to make, and what opportunities they would have of recommending immediate attention to whatever physical causes of disease they might discover in their daily visits to the residences of the afflicted. It is equally obvious that the relieving officer of the union would, in the mere performance of his duty, be able to assist the medical officer in searching out removable causes of sickness, by reporting whatever he might deem worthy of attention.

In order, therefore, to carry out this reciprocal assistance, Mr. Chadwick proposes that the medical officers of the unions, whenever they visit the residences of the labouring classes, should be required, as an extra duty for which they should be properly remunerated, to examine, or order to be examined any physical and removable causes which may, in their opinion, have produced disease; and having done this, to make out a report, specifying any nuisances that may require immediate removal—which statement should then be given to the relieving officer, who should thereupon take measures for the removal of the nuisance at the expense of the owner of the tenement, unless he, upon notice being given to him, forthwith proceeds to direct its removal.

These preliminary arrangements being effected, the duty of the district physician would be to receive reports from the medical officers of the unions, and to give general supervision to their labours, so as to correct any error or neglect in their treatment of the destitute; to inspect from time to time the schools of the poor; and to visit in person also places of work and workmen's lodging-houses—in this last department advantageously superseding the sub-inspectors of factories.

'It would be found,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'that the appointment of a superior medical officer independent of private practice, to superintend these various duties, would be a measure of sound pecuniary economy. The experience of the navy and the army and the prisons may be referred to for exemplifications of the economy in money, as well as in health and life, of such an arrangement. A portion only of the saving from an expensive and oppressive collection of the local rates would abundantly suffice to ensure for the public protection against common evils the science of a district physician, as well as the science of a district engineer. Indeed, the money now spent in comparatively fragmentitious and unsystematized local medical service for the public, would, if combined as it might be without disturbance on the occurrence of vacancies, afford advantages at each step of the combination. We have in the same towns public medical officers as inspectors of prisons, medical

medical officers for the inspection of lunatic asylums, medical officers of the new unions, medical inspectors of recruits, medical service for the granting certificates for children under the provisions of the Factory Act, medical service for the *post-mortem* examinations of bodies, the subject of coroners' inquests, which it appears from the mortuary registries of violent deaths in England amount to between 11,000 and 12,000 annually, for which a fee of a guinea each is given. These and other services are divided in such portions as only to afford remuneration in such sums as 40*l.*, 50*l.*, 60*l.*, or 80*l.* each; and many smaller and few larger amounts.'

But after all that may justly be said in favour of medical assistance, Mr. Chadwick evidently considers that the chief physician of his sanitary system is the district engineer. We have many engineers at work—but no real good can be effected on a large scale unless there be *system* in the operations, and authority extending over more than this or that small object or locality.

'In the districts,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'where the greatest defects prevail, we find such an array of officers for the superintendence of public structures, as would lead to the *à priori* conclusion of a high degree of perfection in the work, from the apparent subdivision of labour in which it is distributed. In the same petty districts we have surveyors of sewers appointed by the commissioners of sewers, surveyors of turnpike-roads appointed by the trustees of the turnpike-trusts, surveyors of highways appointed by the inhabitants in vestry, or by district boards under the Highway Act; paid district surveyors appointed by the justices, surveyors of paving under local Acts, surveyors of building under the Building Act, surveyors of county-bridges, &c.

'The qualifications of a civil engineer involve the knowledge of the prices of the materials and labour used in construction, and also the preparation of surveys and the general qualifications for valuations, which are usually enhanced by the extent of the range of different descriptions of property with which the valuator is conversant. The public demands for the services of such officers as valuers are often as mischievously separated and distributed as the services for the construction and maintenance of public works. Thus we have often, within the same districts, one set of persons appointed for the execution of valuations and surveys for the levy of the poor-rates; another set for the surveys and valuations for the assessed-taxes; another for the land-tax; another for the highway-rates; another for the sewer-rates; another for the borough-rates; another for the church-rates; another for the county-rates, where parishes neglect to pay, or are unequally assessed, and for extra-parochial places; another for tithe commutation; and these services are generally badly rendered separately at an undue expense.'

On comparing the actual expense of the repairs of roads under a scientific management of the highways with the present cost, Mr. Chadwick estimates, that upwards of 500,000*l.* per annum might

might be saved on that branch of administration alone. In the collection of the county-rates, he considers that, by simple arrangements, 1000*l.* a-year might be saved in one county (Kent), sufficient for defraying the expense of constructing permanent drains for upwards of 500 tenements; and from a vast accumulation of similar data Mr. Chadwick states, as his deliberate opinion, that, by a consolidation of the collection of rates, enough might be saved from the collection of one local tax—the sewers-rate—to pay the expense of scientific officers throughout the country.

‘Supposing,’ he says, ‘population and new buildings for their accommodation to proceed at the rate at which they have hitherto done in the boroughs, and supposing all the new houses to be only fourth-rate, the expense, at the ordinary rate of payment of surveyors’ fees, would be about 30,000*l.* per annum for the new houses alone. Fees of half the amount required for every new building are allowed for every alteration of an old one, and the total expense of such structures would probably be near 50,000*l.* in the towns alone—an expense equal to the pay of the whole corps of Royal Engineers, or 240 men of science, for Great Britain and Ireland.

‘But at the rate of increase of the population of Great Britain, to accommodate them, 59,000 new tenements are required, affording, if all that have equal need receive equal care, fees to the amount of no less than from 80,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* per annum. This would afford payment equal to that of the whole corps of sappers and miners, or nearly 1000 trained men, in addition to the corps of engineers.

‘From a consideration of the science and skill now obtained for the public from these two corps for general service, some conception may be formed of the science and skill that might be obtained in appointments for local service, by pre-appointed securities for the possession of the like qualifications, but which are now thrown away in separate appointments at an enormous expense, where qualifications are entirely neglected.’

If, when our carriage is broken, we send for the coachmaker—if, when our chronometer stops, we send for the watchmaker, and so on,—it surely follows that when patches of fever are found vegetating in all directions around us—when pestilence of our own concocting, like an unwholesome mist, is rising out of the burial-grounds, courts, alleys, and *cul-de-sacs* of our towns, and out of the undrained portions of the country—and when every parish-purse throughout the kingdom is suffering from the unnatural number of widows and orphans, which, in consequence of these removable causes, it is obliged by law to maintain,—in short, when sanitary measures are at last proved to be necessary,—there can surely exist among reasonable men no doubt that the physician and the engineer are the head and the hand professionally

sionally most competent to undertake the cure. So long as we could affect to be ignorant of the evils that environ us, it was deemed unnecessary to send for either; but from the day of the publication of the evidence before us, this excuse, like a poisonous weed plucked from the ground, has been gradually withering.

Even if the amount of mischief by which we are surrounded were a fixed quantity, it surely ought to create among us very serious alarm; but, on the contrary, every day it is becoming more and more formidable. The sea-beaten shores of Great Britain remain unaltered—but the population within them is already increasing at the rate of 230,000 persons per annum. In the year, therefore, that has just closed, people enough to fill a whole county of the size of Worcestershire, or of the North riding of Yorkshire, have been poured upon us; and every progressive year the measure of increase will become larger.

What is to be the result of such an increasing addition to our population it is awful enough, under any circumstances, to contemplate; but if every living individual—*‘de mortuis nil nisi bonum’*—be allowed to continue to pollute the air—our commonwealth—as much as he pleases; if pollution be allowed to continue to engender disease—disease, demoralization—and demoralization, mutiny and rebellion by a young mob—the punishment of our apathy and negligence, sooner than we expect it, may become, like that of Cain, *greater than we can bear*.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Chadwick without expressing our high sense of the energy with which he has conducted this all-important investigation, the benevolent feeling towards the poor and the suffering which has evidently animated and sustained him in his long labours, and the sagacity which distinguishes all his leading suggestions.

ART. VIII.—*Lays of Ancient Rome*. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. 8vo. pp. 191. London. 1842.

THIS was a bold undertaking, even for Mr. Macaulay: the success is beyond our expectation. Mr. Macaulay's fine youthful ballads on our Civil Wars and on the French League—the Cavalier and Roundhead and the Battle of Ivry—were still fresh upon our memory: yet we could not be without some apprehension lest he should imperil his reputation in the attempt to throw back into its old poetic form that which has been familiar to us from our boyhood as Roman history. The task not merely required the power of writing ballad-verse with unflagging spirit, with rapid and picturesque brevity, with the bold distinctness as to character

character and incident which is essential to that kind of poetry, but likewise a full, yet unobtrusive scholarship, which should keep it true to the people and to the times. Schiller's beautiful ballads on some of the incidents of Grecian mythology and history, though perhaps correct in all their allusions, have still something of the reflective tone of modern poetry; but Schiller did not give them as remains of Grecian song. In Mr. Macaulay's case the self-denial was harder: he had absolutely to reject everything which might not have struck the popular eye, have cloven to the popular ear, or stirred the popular heart in the earliest days of Rome. Nor is this task to be achieved by pedantic faithfulness of costume: witness in this respect the difference between Walter Scott and his imitators, the latter far more sedulously correct in their antiquarianism, but, by that very elaborate correctness, constantly betraying that their knowledge is got up for the occasion. This truthfulness must flow from copiousness of knowledge, long before worked into the mind, and ready to suggest itself spontaneously when wanted—not to be sought out, or transferred from a commonplace-book, with a dull and servile appeal to authority.

In these *Lays* we are now and then disturbed by too close a reminiscence of some of the familiar turns of our own ballad or Border poetry, the tone and cadence of which it was perhaps impossible to avoid; but the metre—if metre it may be called—of the Saturnian verses of the old minstrels of Rome, seems really to have had a strong similarity and relationship with our own, and with almost all other rude poetry. What we least approve under this head are one or two spirited and effective, but direct, imitations of a very peculiar march of Marmion—that hurried tempestuous reduplication, so characteristic that it was more than any other feature aimed at in James Smith's capital parody.

Mr. Macaulay, as may be anticipated, adopts to its utmost extent the hypothesis that the early Roman history grew out of the popular poetry. Niebuhr assigns to Perizonius* the first hint of this theory, which his own authority has gone far to establish as the general opinion among almost all recent writers of Roman

* Has Mr. Macaulay, who is said to forget nothing, quite forgotten one Butler, unquestionably the earliest *modern* who alludes to *Roman Lays*?

'For as the aldermen of Rome,
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
(As some mistaken write in story,
Being mounted in their best array
Upon a car, and who hat they?
And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
Who merry ditties troll'd and ballads,
Did ride with many a good morrow,
Crying, Hey for our town, through the borough.'

Hudibras, part ii., canto 2, line 595.

history.

history. Mr. Macaulay's remarkably lucid and forcible statement of the theory is likely to gain some proselytes, who may have been perplexed, rather than convinced, by the somewhat abstruse reasonings of Niebuhr, or hardened into disbelief by the dictatorial tone which he, in the full conviction of his own superior acquaintance with the subject, and of its irrefragable truth, thought that he might justly assume. The illustrations from the English and Spanish chroniclers of the manner in which poetry passes into history appear to us extremely happy, and will tempt us hereafter to present them to our readers. This question of the poetic origin of the early Roman history, we would remind our readers, is very different from that of its utter uncertainty, as shown by Beaufort, Levesque de Pouilly, and other writers. The theory is conservative rather than destructive. It tends at least to invest these old stories in the dignity of some kind of truth, rather than to leave them in the neglected rubbish of mere fable.

The philosophic historian of the present day will not venture to disdain even mythic history, the more imaginative form of the poetic annals of nations. But there is a great difference between *mythic* and *heroic* legend: Niebuhr himself has pointed this out with his usual sound discrimination. The inventive faculty has a very different office in the religious allegory or mythological legend of the priest and the epic song of the popular bard. Only a small portion of the early Roman history is absolutely mythic—the birth of Romulus and Remus, the apotheosis of Romulus, the intercourse of Numa with the nymph Egeria. We should reluctantly yield up the real personality either of the founder or the lawgiver. In this border-ground between the mythic and the historic, it is the sunset of the religious legend which sheds its glowing colouring over the reality of life, rather than the thin and incorporeal impersonations of the myth which harden into actual and sensible existence. Almost all the rest, however, of the unhistoric period of Roman tradition is that popular poetry which has its groundwork in truth.

This poetry is not purely inventive: it selects, embellishes, aggrandizes incidents and characters: it surrenders itself in the first place to that insuperable tendency to depart from sober truth incident to all poets—the insatiate desire of seizing and making the most of the poetic element, the sublime, the striking, the picturesque, the pathetic; of discarding the mean, the trivial, the ineffectual; of dwelling solely and exclusively upon that which would arrest the eager ear and maintain the mute attention of an enthralled audience. Besides this, appealing to, living on popular passion, such poetry would be instinct itself with passion: it would be a flatterer, perhaps an honest flatterer, of family pride

pride or of faction: it would be patrician or plebeian, according as it found its audience in the halls of the great or the streets of the commons: above all, it would be national—Roman. It would dwell on exploits of valour, and magnify them to the utmost height of patriotic credulity: if it ever touched on the sad string of defeat and shame, it would dignify public disaster by individual feats of self-devotion and glory. So long as the poets were the sole chroniclers, such would be the history; and history grounded—if not entirely, yet to a great extent—on such authorities, would preserve this peculiar character. Where, as in the case of our own poetic historian, Shakspeare (the historian from whom most of us take our earliest and almost indelible impression of many of the reigns of our kings), the poetry is drawn from the chronicle, it is far more free and impartial: it is when it alludes to the poet's own times, to Elizabeth or James, that it condescends to flattery. But popular poetry, we conceive, would never be absolutely creative: it would never celebrate the feats of an imaginary warrior, or plunge its heroes into an ideal warfare. Reckoning, as he has full right to do, on a very large amount of credulity in his readers—on an almost insatiable inclination to believe all which is within the bounds of probability—the popular poet would swell numbers, always loosely calculated in early stages of society, magnify exploits, centre on one the feats of many, be careless of dates, and even be guilty of anachronisms; where the scenes are remote, be regardless of fidelity of local description. The production, however, would still be history, though in a poetic form, and wanting the indispensable requisites of trustworthy annals. The facts might be so disguised as almost to cease to be facts—the personages so out of proportion to the space which they actually filled as to give the most erroneous impressions of the times. Truth and fiction in these legends are indeed so subtly interwoven, so incorporated with each other, that the most acute discrimination will hardly separate the one from the other. Now and then the poetic dress may be so loosely thrown over the transaction, that it will almost fall off of itself. Here and there fine philosophical discernment may discover where the reality ceases and the licence of the poet begins. But in general we must rest content with the axiom, an axiom which we think is almost invariable, that the ballad-poet takes his subject from real life—that there is some groundwork of truth in all his fictions: he will be a witness, therefore, whom History will by no means disdainfully reject, but whose testimony will be received according to rules of evidence altogether peculiar, and variable with the undefinable circumstances of the case.

Upon this principle the domain of early Roman history, from a
region

region of utter darkness and confusion, in which it seemed almost condemned to lie, emerges into a region, not indeed of clear and distinct daylight, but peopled with real forms, though seen through a kind of rich and glowing haze, which disturbs their proportions, and brightens or darkens their real lineaments. Before, however, it is either rescued from or surrendered to this intermediate state, the two questions naturally occur—what evidence have we that this poetry, which thus assumes a right to take the place of history, ever existed in Rome; and if it existed—so copious, so various, so dear to all popular associations, as it must have been—how came it to perish so absolutely and so entirely as not to leave a trace, at least a distinct and undeniable trace, behind it?

On the first point, Mr. Macaulay urges, of course, the universal prevalence of this poetic history—the actual or fairly presumed existence of this popular ballad poetry in all nations at a certain stage of civilisation. Even Mr. Macaulay's memory has not exhausted the illustrations which might be adduced of this almost unerring law of our intellectual development. But if from the steppes of Tartary to the shores of Peru—if in various degrees of excellence from the inimitable epics of Homer to the wild ditties of the South Sea islanders—scarcely any nation or tribe is without its popular songs, is it likely that Rome alone should have been barren, unimaginative, unmusical, without its sacred bards, or—if its bards were not invested in religious sanctity—without its popular minstrels; Rome, with so much to kindle the imagination and stir the heart; Rome, peopled by a race necessarily involved in adventurous warfare, and instinct with nationality, and with the rivalry of contending orders? In Rome everything seems to conspire which in all other countries, in all other races, has kindled the song of the bard. When, therefore, we find the history as it is handed down to us, though obviously having passed through the chill and unimaginative older chronicle, still nevertheless instinct with infelt poetry, can we doubt where it had its origin?

'The early history of Rome,' observes Mr. Macaulay, 'is indeed far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the God of War, the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostus Hostilius, the struggle of Mettius Curtius through the marsh, the women rushing with torn raiment and dishevelled hair between their fathers and their husbands, the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph by the well in the sacred grove, the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans, the purchase of the Sibylline books, the crime of Tullia, the simulated madness of Brutus, the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracle to the Tarquins, the wrongs of Lucretia, the heroic actions

actions of Horatius Cocles, of Scævola, and of Clælia, the battle of Regillus won by the aid of Castor and Pollux, the fall of Cremera, the touching story of Coriolanus, the still more touching story of Virginia, the wild legend about the draining of the Alban lake, the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul, are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader.

'In the narrative of Livy, who was a man of fine imagination, these stories retain much of their genuine character. Nor could even the tasteless Dionysius distort and mutilate them into mere prose. The poetry shines, in spite of him, through the dreary pedantry of his eleven books. It is discernible in the most tedious and in the most superficial modern works on the early times of Rome. It enlivens the dullness of the Universal History, and gives a charm to the most meagre abridgment of Goldsmith.'—pp. 5, 6.

Of these passages some few are mythic, and belong rather to the legendary lore of the priesthood; but others demand, as it were, a popular poet for their author: for in them, though the primary facts may be, and we think doubtless are, historic, the form, the accessory incidents, the whole tone and cast, seem essentially poetic. It may be said, indeed, that this earlier and half-barbaric state is in itself more poetical than a more regularly organized community, and that therefore its genuine history is of necessity of this more imaginative character. Poetry dwells on the individual: the sympathies of man are towards man, not men in general; and Poetry, which knows and feels its strength to lie in awakening these sympathies, delights in times when the individual is more prominent in valour, in subtlety, in power, even in suffering and in crime. The personal adventures of the king, or the warrior—(who owes perhaps his kingship or his chieftainship to his personal character and prowess)—are more intimately known and interest more profoundly the tribe or race: the insult, the wrong, the virtue of a noble woman, or even of any woman who commands respect or sympathy—the Lucretia or Virginia—spreads at once through the whole people; and the poet, instead of having to create, has only to keep up the excitement—to echo the general voice, rather than be himself that voice. A single combat, at this state of half-savage warfare, there can be no doubt, often decides a battle; and a single combat of itself is more poetical (as concentrating the interest on an individual, whom the imagination can picture forth in living distinctness) than a general battle, where all is confusion, and where there is nothing individual on which the mind can rest. The sister-art, as in Borgognone's battles, may illustrate this. In some indeed of these instances, according to the general tone of our observations, it is not in the incident itself, but in the manner in which it is told—not in the naked fact, but in the garb in which it is arrayed—that

that we find the poetry. What is there improbable in the defence of a narrow and almost unapproachable bridge, against a whole army, by three brave men, who, when the bridge is broken up behind them, swim the stream? Is it *primâ facie* unhistoric that a haughty prince should ravish the wife of one of his subjects, and the woman, in her agony and in her shame, should slay herself? or that such a crime should be the immediate stirring impulse to induce a bold people to throw off a tyrannical yoke? Still, however, there is every appearance that these stories have passed through a poetic state. We might, indeed, have suspected that the poet Livy (and in some qualifications Rome has hardly had a greater poet) may have breathed this vivifying change over the old legends of Roman glory: but it is manifest that, in most cases, his fine imagination has only seized the more poetic version of the separate incidents; much of the picturesque, the dramatic, was already before his day absolutely incorporated with the legend, and had become an inseparable part of it.

All this is more remarkable, from its striking contrast, if there was almost from the first what we will venture to call a strong prosaic element in the Roman history. We cannot but think—and no one who reads the first part of Wachsmuth's work with attention will refuse to agree with us—that there was more documentary history, more of record (imperfect indeed and fragmentary, but still authentic) in the religious books, the laws, the inscriptions, and even the treaties of the earlier ages, extant at the time of the early chroniclers, or even of the later historians, than is at present commonly supposed. If the fall of the Tarquins and the wars of Porsena are deeply tinged with poetry, the Servian constitution is plain legal prose. Even if, like some of the old laws in Greece and in the East, we can suppose that all the old constitutional law was written in metre—if, as appears probable, many of the common formularies of justice retained a metrical cadence—they are no less in direct opposition with the imaginative character of the more poetic history. They have nothing of poetry; except, perhaps, that they may show that Rome is no exception to the general law that verse is earlier than prose, and that all nations in the first stage of civilisation employ numbers in order to enfix upon the popular memory that which is to be of common usage, and to be treasured in the popular mind. We have made these observations as briefly as possible, merely in anticipation of an objection which has occurred to us, and may to others—*viz.*, the improbability that a people so early predisposed to historic truth in a severer form should yet lend itself so early to the illusions of popular poetry. The strongly poetical character

of the larger portion of the history becomes under these circumstances even more unaccountable, if it had not a poetic origin.

The evidence of the existence of this ballad poetry in later writers is certainly somewhat scanty. That there was some poetry, ancient Saturnian poetry—solemn verses and other religious songs, and songs sung by young men at banquets, in celebration of the ‘great of old’—is clear, among other passages, from the contemptuous taunt of Ennius against his rival Nævius, for adhering to the antiquated measures of the Fauns and the Bards, and from the strongly-expressed regret of Cicero that none of these panegyrical songs had come down to his day. Mr. Macaulay has rescued another of the most direct of these testimonies from grave suspicion. Niebuhr himself quotes Dionysius of Halicarnassus as asserting that some of the old songs, those relating to Romulus and the foundation of Rome, were sung in his day:—

ὡς ἐν τοῖς παλαιοῖς ὕμνοις ὑπὸ Ρωμαίων ἔτι νῦν αἰεταί.

It always appeared to us very unaccountable that, either by good fortune or by industry, the dry Greek antiquarian of the age of Augustus should discover poetry in popular use, most likely in an antiquated dialect, of which Ennius spoke as almost out of date, and of which Cicero unquestionably had never heard a line. Mr. Macaulay, however, has perceived that Dionysius either translated the precise words, or, at furthest, paraphrased the language, of Fabius Pictor, one of the earliest of the Roman annalists; and thus what appeared to be a loose and incredible statement of Dionysius becomes a very valuable and trustworthy evidence.

We cannot refrain from introducing Mr. Macaulay's happy illustrations of the manner in which this popular poetry, by a natural transmutation, becomes history:—

“History,” says Hume, with the utmost gravity, “has preserved some instances of Edgar's amours, from which, as from a specimen, we may form a conjecture of the rest.” He then tells very agreeably the stories of Elfreda and Elfrida; two stories which have a most suspicious air of romance, and which, indeed, greatly resemble, in their general character, some of the legends of early Rome. He cites, as his authority for these two tales, the chronicle of William of Malmesbury, who lived in the time of King Stephen. The great majority of readers suppose that the device by which Elfreda was substituted for her young mistress, the artifice by which Athelwold obtained the hand of Elfrida, the detection of that artifice, the hunting party, and the vengeance of the amorous king, are things about which there is no more doubt than about the execution of Anne Boleyn, or the slitting of Sir John Coventry's nose. But, when we turn to William of Malmesbury, we find that Hume, in his eagerness to relate these pleasant fables, has overlooked one very important circumstance. William does, indeed, tell both the

stories;

stories; but he gives us distinct notice that he does not warrant their truth, and that they rest on no better authority than that of ballads.

'Such is the way in which these two well-known tales have been handed down. They originally appeared in a poetical form. They found their way from ballads into an old chronicle. The ballads perished; the chronicle remained. A great historian, some centuries after the ballads had been altogether forgotten, consulted the chronicle. He was struck by the lively colouring of these ancient fictions: he transferred them to his pages; and thus we find inserted, as unquestionable facts, in a narrative which is likely to last as long as the English tongue, the inventions of some minstrel whose works were probably never committed to writing, whose name is buried in oblivion, and whose dialect has become obsolete. It must, then, be admitted to be possible, or rather highly probable, that the stories of Romulus and Remus, and of the Horatii and Curiatii, may have had a similar origin.

'Castilian literature will furnish us with another parallel case. Mariana, the classical historian of Spain, tells the story of the ill-starred marriage which the King Don Alonso brought about between the heirs of Carrion and the two daughters of the Cid. The Cid bestowed a princely dower on his sons-in-law. But the young men were base and proud, cowardly and cruel. They were tried in danger, and found wanting. They fled before the Moors; and once, when a lion broke out of his den, they ran and crouched in an unseemly hiding-place. They knew that they were despised, and took counsel how they might be avenged. They parted from their father-in-law with many signs of love, and set forth on a journey with Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. In a solitary place the bridegrooms seized their brides, stripped them, scourged them, and departed, leaving them for dead. But one of the house of Bivar, suspecting foul play, had followed them in disguise. The ladies were brought back safe to the house of their father. Complaint was made to the king. It was adjudged by the Cortes that the dower given by the Cid should be returned, and that the heirs of Carrion, together with one of their kindred, should do battle against three knights of the party of the Cid. The guilty youths would have declined the combat; but all their shifts were vain. They were vanquished in the lists, and for ever disgraced, while their injured wives were sought in marriage by great princes.

'Some Spanish writers have laboured to show, by an examination of dates and circumstances, that this story is untrue. Such confutation was surely not needed: for the narrative is, on the face of it, a romance. How it found its way into Mariana's history is quite clear. He acknowledges his obligations to the old chronicles; and had doubtless before him the "*Chronica del Famoso Cavallero Cid Ruy Diez Campeador*," which had been printed as early as the year 1552. He little suspected that all the most striking passages in this chronicle were copied from a poem of the twelfth century, a poem of which the language and versification had long been obsolete, but which glowed with no common portion of the fire of the *Iliad*. Yet such was the fact. More than a century and a half after the death of Mariana, this grand old ballad, of

which one imperfect copy on parchment, four hundred years old, had been preserved at Bivar, was for the first time printed. Then it was found that every interesting circumstance of the story of the heirs of Carrion was derived by the eloquent Jesuit from a song of which he had never heard, and which was composed by a minstrel whose very name had long been forgotten.'—pp. 31-36.*

How, then, did this Roman ballad poetry so utterly perish that no vestige should survive? Mr. Macaulay suggests the ordinary causes of decay—change of manners, of tastes, the complete dominion of the Grecian over the Roman mind, the misfortune that no patriotic or poetic antiquarian rose in time, no Percy or Walter Scott, to search out and to record the fragments of old song, which were dying out upon the lips of the peasantry and of the people. There are, however, peculiar to Rome, some causes of the total oblivion of this kind of natural record which may also seem worthy of consideration. The Grecian ballad poetry, the Homeric (distinguished, in Mr. Macaulay's language, from all other ballads, and, indeed, from almost all other human compositions, by transcendent merit), had an inestimable advantage besides its other inimitable excellences. At the time of its earliest, undoubtedly of its most complete, development in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the wonderfully and naturally musical ear of the Greeks had perfected that most exquisite vehicle of epic song, the hexameter verse. From Homer to Nonnus this verse maintained its prescriptive and unquestioned right to be the measure of heroic and narrative poetry. None, indeed, could draw the bow like the old bard; but even in their conscious feebleness the later poets hardly ever ventured to innovate on this established law of epic song. The Saturnian verse was the native measure of Roman, or rather of Italian poetry. This Saturnian verse was unquestionably very rude, and, if we are to trust the commentator on Virgil, only rhythmical.† When, therefore, Ennius naturalized the hexameter in Latin poetry, it is no wonder that all eyes were turned on the noble stranger, who at once received the honours of a citizen, and from that time was established in supremacy over Latin as well as Greek narrative poetry. In this verse Ennius himself embodied all the early history of Rome; and we have only to pass from the fragments of his work, which, though yet indulging in certain licences which were dropped by Virgil and the later writers, has some lines of very free flow and cadence, to the few Saturnian verses which

* We cannot copy this allusion to the *Poema del Cid* without expressing our earnest hope that Mr. Frere may one day give us more of that unrivalled version of it, some fragments of which appeared many years ago in the Appendix to Mr. Southey's *Chronicle of the Canpedor*.

† *Carmina Saturnio metro compta ad rythmum solum componere vulgares consueverunt.* Servius in *Georg.* ii., 385.

survive from the Punic War of his rival Nævius, and we shall not wonder that the Roman ear became fastidious and distasteful of its old native melodies. The ballads, if they had still survived in common currency, were superseded by the new and more popular poetic history of Ennius. The Saturnian verse was abandoned to farce and popular satire; though even satire soon began to set up for a gentleman, and, with Lucilius, to speak in hexameters. The Atellan farces (pantomimes in dialogue, according to our use of the word, not that of the classic writers) were still true to the Saturnian measure. But the Atellan farces were Italian, not properly Roman, entertainments: they were, perhaps, originally in the Oscan dialect; and whether or not they learned to speak Latin before they migrated to Rome, they were then taken up by popular poets, Pomponius and Novius, and became one of the regular amusements of the people.*

But probably the most extensively operative cause of the rapid extinction of the Roman popular poetry was the dissolution of the Roman people. The old plebeian families which survived had become a part of the aristocracy. As they had attained, and either, like Cicero, had struggled upwards into the higher rank, or had reached it by less honourable courses, whichever side they might take in the great contest between the senate and the democracy, they assumed patrician manners, tastes, and habits. Except here and there some sturdy 'laudator temporis acti,' some rough Cato, who affected the old republican manners, they belonged to that class which had surrendered itself—which prided itself on its surrender—to Greek influences. If family pride was still Roman in its reminiscences, if it delighted to recall its ancestral glories, it would disdain the rude old verse, and content itself with the chronicles which had now assumed the more authentic tone of history. It would appeal to more authoritative public records or private archives. The man of rank would be ashamed or afraid in a more prosaic age of resting the fame of his ancestors, or the truth of his genealogy, on such suspicious testimonies. Cicero might have taste and wisdom enough to regret the loss of these ancient songs, both as poetry and as trustworthy records of former times; but in his day they had entirely, and, it should seem, long, vanished from the more refined banquets of the higher classes: they found no place among the gorgeous magnificence of the Luculli, or the more enervating luxuries of the Clodii.

If, then, they lingered anywhere, they would be on the lips and

* The Saturnian was the common measure, no doubt, of all the rude Italic verse in its various dialects. Grotefend professes to have found it in the Umbrian inscriptions of the *tabulæ Eugubinæ*. See a learned *Treatise de Fabulis Atellanis* by Dr. E. Munk. Lipsiæ. 1840.

in the hearts of the Roman people. But where were the Roman people? where was that stern, and frugal, and strongly-national plebeian race, which so long maintained the Roman character for order, virtue, freedom; and which, if factious and unruly, was factious for noble ends, and unruly in defence or assertion of its rights? In the city there was, as there always had been, a populace, which from the first, to a great extent, was not of Roman descent, the mechanics and artisans, the clients of the wealthy—now swelled in numbers, and, though always held in low estimation, debased in character by the constant influx of strangers, not merely from Italy, but from remoter regions. This half-foreign population was maintained in a kind of insolent pauperism by largesses of corn and other provisions, and by the distributions of the wealthy with political views. This hybrid and shifting race, largely formed of enfranchised slaves and men of servile descent, would be but precarious and treacherous guardians of national song, probably in an antiquated dialect: they would keep up the old Italic licence (so indelible, it should seem, in the Italian character) of poetic lampoon and pasquinade: any old traditions which heightened the fun and the revel of the Saturnalia might live among them: they would welcome, as we have seen, the low and farcical dramatic entertainments; but their ears would be unmoved, and their hearts dead, to the old stirring legends of the feuds and factions, the wars of neighbouring tribes, and the heroic deeds of arms of the kings or of the early republic. The well-known anecdote of Scipio Æmilianus may illustrate the un-Roman character of this populace of Rome. When the mob raised a furious clamour at his bold assertion of the justice of the death of Tiberius Gracchus, ‘Silence, ye step-sons of Italy! What! shall I fear these fellows, now they are free, whom I myself have brought in chains to Rome?’ These were the operatives (*operæ*) who flocked indeed, not merely from the workshops of Rome, but from all the adjacent districts, to swell the turbulent rabble of Clodius.*

The territory of Rome, the demesne-lands formerly cultivated by Roman citizens, in which resided the strength of the Roman people, had been gradually drained of the free population. For several centuries it had filled the legions, and those legions had achieved the conquest of the world. But that conquest was not won without enormous loss. The best blood of the Roman people had fertilized the earth, almost from the Euphrates to the Western Ocean. The veterans who returned received ap-

* Vell. Paterc. ii. 2; Valer. Max. vi. 2; Cicero. ad Q. Fratrem, ii. 3.

‘Mercedibus emptæ

Et viles operæ, quibus est mea Roma noverca.’—Petron. v. 164.

portionments of land, but more frequently in remote parts of Italy: the actual Roman territory, therefore, that in which the old Roman language was the native dialect, and in which might survive that Roman pride which would cherish the poetic reminiscences of Roman glory, was now, for the most part, either occupied by the rising villas of the patricians, or by the large farms of the wealthy, and cultivated by slaves. The homestead, from whence a Camillus issued to rescue his country from the Gauls, may now have become a workhouse, in which crouched the slaves of some Verres, enriched with provincial plunder, or some usurious knight: a gang of Africans or Asiatics may have tilled the field where Cincinnatus left his plough to assume the consular fasces. For centuries this change had been gradually going on: the wars, and even the civil factions, were continually wasting away the Roman population; while the usurpation of wealth and pride was as constantly keeping up its slow aggression, and filling up the void with the slaves which poured in with every conquest. The story of Spartacus may tell how large a part of the rural population of Italy was servile; and probably the nearer to Rome, in the districts inhabited by the genuine Roman people, the change (with some exceptions) was most complete: the Sabine valleys might retain some of the old rough hereditary virtues, the hardihood and frugality; but at a distance from the city it would be their own local or religious traditions which would live among the peasantry, rather than the songs which had been current in the streets among the primitive commons of Rome.

Thus, both in city and in country, had died away the genuine old Roman people; and with them, no doubt, died away the last echo of national song. The extension of the right of Roman citizenship, the diffusion of the pride of the Roman name through a wider sphere, tended still more to soften away the rigid and exclusive spirit of nationality; and it was this spirit alone which would cling pertinaciously to that which laboured under the unpopularity of rudeness and barbarism. The new Romans appropriated the glories of the old, but disregarded the only contemporary, or at least the earliest, witnesses to those glories. The reverse of the fate of the Grecian heroes happened to those of Rome—the heroes lived, the sacred bards perished.

It is time, however, to close these desultory observations on a subject by no means exhausted, and to turn to Mr. Macaulay's imaginary lays. The first, and, we think, on the whole the finest, is the defence of the bridge over the Tiber, by Horatius Cocles, against the army of Porsena. We do not quite agree with Mr. Macaulay in ascribing a poetic *origin* to this legend: we think it more consistent with ballad poetry to consider it the *poetic version*

version of some real fact. Mr. Macaulay, as will be seen, endows his plebeian bard with a fine eye for the picturesque, as well as with familiar local knowledge of the Etrurian cities from which the ally of the Tarquins summons his confederates.

'The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place;
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams, Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools, the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere

The

The harvests of Arretium,
 This year, old men shall reap ;
 This year, young boys in Umbro
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;
 And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls,
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.'—pp. 48-50.

The Roman council on the walls, the approach of the Tuscan army, the determination of the consul to break down the bridge if it can be defended long enough, the self-devotion of Horatius and his two companions to this perilous service, and their valiant resistance, are dashed off with great animation :—

' But all Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless Three :
 And, from the ghastly entrance
 Where those bold Romans stood,
 All shrank, like boys who unaware,
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack ;
 But those behind cried " Forward !"
 And those before cried " Back !"
 And backward now and forward
 Wavers the deep array ;
 And on the tossing sea of steel,
 To and fro the standards reel ;
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
 Strode out before the crowd :
 Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gaye him greeting loud.
 " Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
 Now welcome to thy home !
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
 Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city ;
 Thrice looked he at the dead ;
 And thrice came on in fury,
 And thrice turned back in dread :

And,

And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius !"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall !"

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
Herminius darted back :
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream ;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane ;
And burst the curb, and bounded
Rejoicing to be free ;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him !" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see :
 Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus nought spake he ;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home ;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

“ Oh, Tiber ! father Tiber !
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day ! ”
 So he spake, and speaking sheathed
 The good sword by his side ;
 And, with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank ;
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank ;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.’—pp. 67-72.

The reward of Horatius is thus given ; and, in our judgment, happily suggests the simplicity of the old bard, and of the times in which he is supposed to have sung his lay :—

‘ They gave him of the corn-land
 That was of public right,
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night ;
 And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high,
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
 Plain for all folk to see ;
 Horatius in his harness
 Halting upon one knee :
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

And

And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volscian home ;
 And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north winds blow,
 And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow ;
 When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit,
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit ;
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close ;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume ;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.'—pp. 74-76.

The 'Battle of the Lake Regillus,' which Niebuhr has pronounced to be a grand epopee, is done in a style more Homeric—in some respects too Homeric for our taste. It deals too much in continuous combat and slaughter, and the minute description of blows and wounds—the part of the Homeric battles from which, however wonderfully true and faithful, we are sometimes glad to escape. Mr. Macaulay supposes this legend to have been formed after the Romans had obtained some knowledge of the Homeric writings ; and unquestionably there is a singular coincidence in some of the details :—

'But there is one circumstance which deserves especial notice. Both the war of Troy and the war of Regillus were caused by the licentious passions of young princes, who were therefore peculiarly bound not to be sparing of their own persons in the day of battle. Now the conduct

duct of Sextus at Regillus, as described by Livy, so exactly resembles that of Paris, as described at the beginning of the third book of the *Iliad*, that it is difficult to believe the resemblance accidental. Paris appears before the Trojan ranks, defying the bravest Greek to encounter him :

Τρωσὶν μὲν προμάχизεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής,
 Ἀργείων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους,
 ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτήτι.

Livy introduces Sextus in a similar manner: "*Ferocem juvenem Tarquinium, ostentantem se in primâ exsulum acie.*" Menelaus rushes to meet Paris. A Roman noble, eager for vengeance, spurs his horse towards Sextus. Both the guilty princes are instantly terror-stricken :—

Τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής,
 ἐν προμάχοισι φανέντα, κατεπλήγη φίλον ἦτορ,
 ἂψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ ἀλείνων.

"Tarquinius," says Livy, "*retro in agmen suorum infenso cessit hosti.*" If this be a fortuitous coincidence, it is one of the most extraordinary in literature."—pp. 83, 84.

This Lay, however, contains what strikes us to be the finest passage in the volume, the most truly poetic, yet in perfect keeping with the general style. The Latian chieftain, Mamilius of Tusculum, had been thus described :—

' Their leader was Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name ;
 Upon his head a helmet
 Of red gold shone like flame :
 High on a gallant charger
 Of dark-grey hue he rode :
 Over his gilded armour
 A vest of purple flowed,
 Woven in the land of sunrise
 By Syria's dark-browed daughters,
 And by the sails of Carthage brought
 Far o'er the southern waters.'—p. 104.

In the fiercest of the conflict Mamilius engages Herminius, one of the defenders, with Horatius, of the Tiber bridge :

' All round them paused the battle,
 While met in mortal fray
 The Roman and the Tusculan,
 The horses black and grey.
 Herminius smote Mamilius
 Through breastplate and through breast ;
 And fast flowed out the purple blood
 Over the purple vest.

Mamilius

Mamilius smote Herminius
Through head-piece and through head ;
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead.
Down fell they dead together
In a great lake of gore ;
And still stood all who saw them fall
While men might count a score.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark-grey charger fled :
He burst through ranks of fighting men ;
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
The mountains of his home.
The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined ;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind.
Through many a startled hamlet
Thundered his flying feet :
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
He rushed up the long white street ;
He rushed by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race
Till he stood before his master's door
In the stately market-place.
And straightway round him gathered
A pale and trembling crowd,
And when they knew him, cries of rage
Brake forth, and wailing loud :
And women rent their tresses
For their great prince's fall ;
And old men girt on their old swords,
And went to man the wall.

But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
Into his master's face.
The raven-mane that daily,
With pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia washed and combed,
And twined in even tresses,
And decked with coloured ribands
From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
In carnage and in mire.

Forth

Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
 And seized black Auster's rein :
 Then Aulus sware a fearful oath,
 And ran at him amain.
 " The furies of thy brother
 With me and mine abide,
 If one of your accursed house
 Upon black Auster ride !"
 As on an Alpine watch-tower
 From heaven comes down the flame,
 Full on the neck of Titus
 The blade of Aulus came ;
 And out the red blood spouted,
 In a wide arch and tall,
 As spouts a fountain in the court
 Of some rich Capuan's hall.
 The knees of all the Latines
 Were loosened with dismay
 When dead, on dead Herminius,
 The bravest Tarquin lay.

 And Aulus the Dictator
 Stroked Auster's raven mane ;
 With heed he looked unto the girths,
 With heed unto the rein.
 " Now bear me well, black Auster,
 Into yon thick array ;
 And thou and I will have revenge
 For thy good lord this day." —pp. 117-121.

The appearance of the twin gods on their white horses follows with the same unflagging spirit, and then the flight of the Latins :—

' But under those strange horsemen
 Still thicker lay the slain ;
 And after those strange horses
 Black Auster toiled in vain.
 Behind them Rome's long battle
 Came rolling on the foe,
 Ensigns dancing wild above,
 Blades all in line below.
 So comes the Po in flood-time
 Upon the Celtic plain :
 So comes the squall, blacker than night,
 Upon the Adrian main.
 Now, by our Sire Quirinus,
 It was a goodly sight
 To see the thirty standards
 Swept down the tide of flight.

So flies the spray of Adria
 When the black squall doth blow ;
 So corn-sheaves in the flood-time
 Spin down the whirling Po.
 False Sextus to the mountains
 Turned first his horse's head :
 And fast fled Ferentinum,
 And fast Circeium fled.
 The horsemen of Nomentum
 Spurred hard out of the fray ;
 The footmen of Velitræ
 Threw shield and spear away.
 And underfoot was trampled,
 Amidst the mud and gore,
 The banner of proud Tusculum,
 That never stooped before :
 And down went Flavius Faustus,
 Who led his stately ranks
 From where the apple-blossoms wave
 On Anio's echoing banks ;
 And Tullus of Arpinum,
 Chief of the Volscian aids ;
 And Metius with the long fair curls,
 The love of Anxur's maids ;
 And the white head of Vulso,
 The great Arician seer ;
 And Nepos of Laurentum,
 The hunter of the deer.
 And in the back false Sextus
 Felt the good Roman steel,
 And wriggling in the dust he died,
 Like a worm beneath the wheel.
 And fliers and pursuers
 Were mingled in a mass ;
 And far away the battle
 Went roaring through the pass.'—pp. 124-126.

The Lay of Virginia, as we understand Mr. Macaulay, is avowedly the poetic version of an historic fact. It is supposed to be the work of a popular poet, strong on the plebeian side, during an election for tribunes. The minstrels, according both to Niebuhr and Mr. Macaulay, were usually on the popular side ; yet, this being the case, it is rather singular that their songs should have been kept alive by recital at the banquets of the rich, and furnished matter for the funeral orations chiefly of the great patrician families. But be this as it may, it is impossible to place the conduct of the nobles in a more odious and unfavourable light, or to give a loftier tone to the firm and courageous freedom of the plebeian

plebeian party, than in the history of Virginia, as it is so inimitably told by Livy. It may be worthy of remark that, according to the authorities whom it was in his power to consult, the decree of Appius Claudius was so atrocious—at least its language—as to pass all credibility.* He gives therefore only its substance, discarding apparently the blacker hue in which it has been invested by popular hatred. Mr. Macaulay supposes his poet to bring forward and dwell on points which the historian leaves to the imagination of the reader: the grace and innocence of the victim, Virginia, are thus sweetly described in the Lay:—

* Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or
harm;
And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man:
And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced along,
She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.²

—pp. 152, 153.

There is great energy and vigour in the speech of Icilius:—

' Now, by your children's cradles, now, by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance done on Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire?
For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will!
Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill!
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the Fabian pride:
They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.

* Quem decreto sermonem prætulerit, forsitan aliquem verum auctores antiqui tradiderint. Quia nusquam ullum in tantâ sordiditate decreti verisimilem invenio, id quod constat nudum videtur proponendum.—*Lic. Hist.* iii. 47.

Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore ;
 Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore ;
 No fire when Tiber freezes ; no air in dog-star heat ;
 And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-born feet.
 Heap heavier still the fetters ; bar closer still the grate ;
 Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
 But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,
 Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love !
 Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
 From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban kings ?
 Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,
 Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering street,
 Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
 And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish gold ?
 Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
 The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife ;
 The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures ;
 The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
 Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride ;
 Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted bride.
 Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
 That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame,
 Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
 And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare.'
 —pp. 155-158.

There is something very striking in the rapidity of the transaction as told by Livy ; the few hasty and emphatic words with which the father makes known his awful purpose—' *Hoc te uno quo possum modo in libertatem vindico.*' Mr. Macaulay paraphrases this brief stern sentence into many lines, in themselves so beautiful, that we cannot wish them away, though we are not quite sure that they are in their place. We cannot, indeed, refrain from extracting them, as an example of his more touching vein :—

' Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
 To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
 Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
 Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
 Hard by, a fletcher on a block had laid his whittle down :
 Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
 And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
 And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, " Farewell, sweet child !
 Farewell !
 Oh how I loved my darling ! Though stern I sometimes be,
 To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee ?
 And how my darling loved me ! How glad she was to hear
 My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year !

And

And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown ;
 And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown !
 Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
 Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays ;
 And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
 Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
 The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
 The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
 Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom ;
 And, for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
 The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way !
 See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey !
 With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
 Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
 He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave ;
 Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
 Foul outrage which thou know'st not, which thou shalt never know.
 Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss ;
 And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
 With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died."

—pp. 158, 159.

We will take the liberty of observing, in conclusion, that, though we gladly accept these *Lays* as the *amusements*—not unbecoming amusements—of a mind like Mr. Macaulay's, we expect much greater things from him. If, as is reported, we are about to encounter him as an historian, our only misgiving—as respects the matter of style—is, lest his almost unexampled wealth of imagery, of allusion, of all the treasures of a full-fraught yet ready memory, should betray him into prodigality. The excitement, produced by continuous brilliancy, and effectiveness of writing, which is stirring and pleasurable in a dissertation, or, as we technically call it, an article, may be too much for most readers, if maintained throughout a long narrative. History must flow on in its main course in a calmer and more equable current: our attention must not be overstrained or overwrought. Nowhere do fine pictures produce less effect than in the interminable, unbroken succession of the Louvre Gallery: if they were all equally fine we should be utterly exhausted long before we could reach the end. Φωνὴ συνεταῖσιν. The principle will apply to an historic picture-gallery.

ART. IX.—*A Bill to Amend the Laws which Regulate the Registration and Qualification of Parliamentary Electors in England and Wales.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 10th August, 1842.

IT is not usual for us to notice the pending proceedings of the legislature, or to consider them as within the jurisdiction of criticism; but the Bill now before us forms an exception to the rule, and, indeed, asks for our remarks. Introduced towards the close of the session, it was purposely allowed to stand over for the consideration, not only of the members, but of the public: an intimation was given that it was desirable that the Bill should be examined and discussed, before it should be again presented to the House. We therefore trust we shall not incur the imputation of presumption, if we venture respectfully to express our belief, that the projected scheme will only add to the number of the experiments hitherto so unsuccessfully made for securing the legal exercise of the parliamentary franchise. As yet, no measure adopted by the Legislature has accomplished the much-desired end, of submitting the rights of the electors and the elected to a fair, able, and impartial tribunal.

Anterior to the reign of Queen Mary, the House of Commons had no jurisdiction over the return of the writ. Whoever had the jurisdiction, it is quite certain that the House had it not. In some cases, the cognizance of the matter seems to have belonged to the Chancery, into which court the writ is returnable. Various original writs of election anciently issued from the Chancery. Of these, the most important were, and, indeed, still are, the writ for the election of the *Coroner* of the shire, the writ for the election of the *Verdurer* of the forest, and the writ for the election of the Knight, Citizen, or Burgess to serve in parliament,* which

* Although it may appear, from a perusal of Prynne, that the Parliamentary writs formed a distinct class, such is not by any means the case. Like all other writs returned into Chancery, they were kept *in filaciis*—that is to say, strung upon a string or file, usually a kind of catgut, and tied up in bundles. From the mass, Prynne made his selections; but, diligent as he was, he only partially worked the mine. Many more were discovered in our time, and added in 'Palgrave's Parliamentary Writs'; and at this moment, an examination of the whole mass of the records *in filaciis*, which were built up like a wall in the ancient council chamber of the White Tower, has been commenced; and it has been ascertained to contain more Parliamentary documents. We have, in the present article, carefully avoided all antiquarian discussions; but we shall venture to state an historical fact which we are sure will be highly interesting both to Mr. Hallam and his readers, viz., that amongst the unpublished documents is a writ addressed to the sheriff of Kent, tested at Chester, 1 Sept., 3 Ed. I., for the election of knights of the Shire to serve in Parliament to be held at Westminster in the *quinsain* of Saint Michael. The knights elected are Fulk Peyforer and Henry de Apeldrefeud, or Apple-Tree-Field, names often occurring in the Kentish returns. This writ is *not* enrolled upon the 'Close roll'; and it is expected that the bundles *in filaciis* will furnish other important documents, of which no other record remains.

several

several writs are *emanations*, so to speak, from one system, and guided by the same rules. But in early periods, the validity of the return was principally examined in relation to claims made by the member, *after* the dissolution of parliament, for his *wages*; and the question was thus brought before other courts, glancing off, as it were, from the Chancery. In the reign of Henry IV., the *Lords* in parliament inquired into the conduct of the returning officer, and examined the returns. Possibly this course was found insufficient, and a common law remedy was given by a statute yet in force, and according to which the return is made by indenture. Elizabeth attempted, but fruitlessly, to check the Commons in their 'impertinent meddling' with matters belonging, as her Majesty asserted, to her Chancellor. James renewed the contest: James was beaten; and the resolution of the year 1624, that 'it is the ancient and undoubted *natural* privilege and power of the *Commons* in parliament, to examine the validity of elections and returns concerning their house and assembly, and to cause all undue returns in that behalf to be reformed,' has been repeatedly confirmed by statute, and is now unquestionable law. It is rather an amusing example of the shortness of parliamentary memory, that this right, so resolved to be *ancient* in 1624, was not older than many of the members: yet we will not cavil at the term.

'*Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause*;'—whatever defect there may have been in the original title of the House of Commons to the jurisdiction, we are not prepared to assert that, considering the easy virtue of the Judges under the Tudors and early Stuarts, they should be blamed for having seized the power into their own hands. It may be that nothing short of such an usurpation could have secured the rights and liberties of the Realm. But, having won the battle, the Commons ran riot in the exercise of their power. Their licence became intolerable even to themselves. When Mr. Grenville brought in his celebrated Bill (10 Geo. III. c. 16), the foundation of the present system, he observed 'That the great defects of the present manner of determining arose, first, from the number of the judges, as in all known courts of judicature in the world there was none so large as in the House of Commons; that the consequence of this large number was, that gentlemen, having no particular tie on them of oaths and honour, and the tediousness of some of the causes, contented themselves with giving their vote without examining the affair as they ought to do, sheltering themselves under the numbers who did the same.'*—*Debrett*, vol. xxvii. p. 270.

And, in a subsequent stage, he advocated the transfer of the power of the House to the Committee for this very reason:—

* Such of our readers as are not familiar with the early parliamentary debates may require to be told that the incoherencies and slovenlinesses appearing in these extracts are not the errors of our transcriber, but are to be found in the original.

'That

'That the *House at large might not have anything to do in the decision*, to which it always proceeded in a manner so justly complained of, to the shame of the House, in a manner so justly reproached by all without doors, and gave such scandal to the whole world. That there was no method of curing this evil but by removing the trial from a court that was thin to hear, and full to judge; from a court, the members of which openly avowed that they decided not on the merits of justice, but as their engagements stood; and by deferring the *hearing and final judgment* also to a court consisting of a *select number*, of a few members responsible for their conduct, and acting under the sanction of an oath. That this situation was *exactly that of a jury (!!)*—that, whatever might be now the degree of profligacy and corruption in the world at large, yet juries, their proceedings and verdicts, still remained unimpeached.'—p. 282.

It is not necessary to trace the alterations which the Grenville tribunal—a panel of forty-nine, drawn by lot, reduced to thirteen by striking the surplus off, on either side, and increased by two nominees—has since sustained. And still less is it needful to observe, that the newly-modelled tribunal of seven selected members—a tribunal existing in a manner upon sufferance, the act having been continued only for one year (5 and 6 Vict., c. 73)—has not gained more credit than its predecessors, either in the House or with the community at large. Strong as is the language which has been employed by Lord Brougham in attacking the constitution of the Committees, it hardly goes, *so far as popular opinion is concerned*, beyond the mark.

In order to analyse the causes of the incompetence of the tribunal, we must begin by endeavouring to obtain a full understanding of what an election committee is *not*. An election committee is *not* a trial by jury: it is *not* anything like a trial by jury. Mr. Grenville, as we have seen, exulted that he was establishing his court upon the principle of a trial by jury; and yet, when he so asserted that '*their situation was exactly that of a jury*,' the words had hardly been out of his mouth by which he had flatly contradicted himself. In explaining his bill, he had just shown that his committee-men were *judges*, having, as they still have, the '*hearing and final judgment*' of the cause. Furthermore, the peculiar character of our modern trial by jury—we say *modern*, because our present jury has nothing, except the name, in common with the ancient array of jurors from whom it is derived—does not arise from the tribunal being a '*select number*,' or from '*acting under the sanction of an oath*,' but because they sit at the feet of the Judge who hears the case with them, and determines the law for them, who assists them by his advice, and to whom they are virtually responsible for their conduct. Lastly, *Judge and Jury only form part of a court*, by whom any fault

fault which either may commit may be redressed. If the jury make a mistake in their decision upon evidence, the verdict may be set aside: if the Judge lays down bad law, you have a new trial; and, lastly, if a wrong judgment be given by the court itself, you have a writ of error to the Lords. But if the committee are puzzled, they can ask for no direction. No correction can be made, if they err on facts: no appeal, if they misunderstand the law.

It is the presence of the Judge which renders our jury trial so practically useful. From the *union* of Judge and Jury results the salutary power, so imperfectly appreciated amongst us, and which continental jurists do not understand at all, possessed by the jury, of '*doing wrong with just cause*;' that is to say, of *measuring out the particular application of the law to each individual case, without disturbing the general principles of the law*. A swindler brings his action against a newspaper for exposing his machinations. The Judge lays down the law: explains to the jury that the defendants have by no means been able to justify the libel; but, at the same time, he tells them that they will give the plaintiff such amount of damages as the justice of the case requires. Damages to the amount of one farthing is the verdict of the jury: the wholesome principle of the law, which punishes calumny upon the character of an individual, is maintained untouched, the shabby plaintiff walks out of court, and is sued by his attorney for the costs, the said attorney getting nothing for his pains but the non-assets, which, after a due period, appear in the insolvent's schedule. In criminal cases, equally, there is the same equitable adaptation, though worked in another way. The facts are proved: the Judge directs the jury to find the culprit guilty of the theft; but he listens to their recommendation, and pronounces a sentence of a week's imprisonment, after which the girl is to be sent home to her friends.—You fit the law to the case, without establishing any precedent which may destroy its stringency.

Now, in the Committee, which, as we shall show hereafter, is *not* a Committee of the House of Commons, there can be none of this adaptation, this flexibility: the members are judges of law and of fact, and the Court is so constituted as to afford the smallest possible chance of coming to a right decision upon either. It is a hopeless court; for, when a decision has been given, there is no mode of correcting the errors of the Judges if they have received improper evidence or rejected proper evidence, or misconstrued the law. Possibly, in many particular classes of questions (*e.g.* actions for nuisances), you may construct a very good and useful court, in which the judges shall decide law and fact; but in the formation of the election committees the Legislature has departed

departed from every principle by which Judges can be qualified for the station which they enjoy. An election committee is a court in which the judges are forbidden to acquire wisdom by their own experience. Our old proverb says, that 'experience makes fools wise,' which is not true—for a fool brayed in a mortar continues a fool; but it is true, that no wisdom can be acquired except by experience. In all other cases, the older a judge is, and the longer he has sat in court, the more skill and science he obtains; but in the case of an election committee, any modicum of experience your member has acquired by having once served as a judge is a disqualification from his further acting in that capacity; and you have a shifting court, which as soon as it has begun to learn its alphabet, as far as 'great A, little A, bouncing B,' never has another opportunity of trying its incipient skill. Permanent courts, however arbitrary, are in some degree ruled by their own precedents. The Alcade of Mogadore would not venture to decide that what was white yesterday shall be black to-day. The election committee is not bound by any precedents, neither from other committees, nor from any other court; and thus, whilst the judges have no stock of experience of their own, they refuse to profit by that of any one else. They do not know the road, nor will they ask the help of any guide.

A judge is controlled and supported in his functions by the consideration and dignity attached to his permanent station. He acquires the *esprit de corps*, which makes him take a pride, and a very honest pride, in the exercise of his duty. He is not only morally, as well as legally, responsible for his conduct, but he is also restrained by the wish to sustain his character; and in proportion as he likes his duty, so does he perform it well. An election committee has no character to sustain; the members have no responsibility, and are brought into the committee-room by an operation not exceedingly dissimilar to that of sailors who are put on board ship by the tender mercies of a press-gang. To use a homely but intelligible expression, there is hardly one who would not rather shirk the duty if he could. Of course there are very many who do bestow great pains, and conscientious attention, in the discharge of the duties forced upon them, yet they would all rather be excused: they have been driven into a disagreeable task; and, according to the ordinary average of human nature, a disagreeable task is never well performed.

It is a court without any authority over the bar: it is a court which does not command the respect of the bar: it is a court not qualified either by knowledge or constitution to exercise that species of freemasonry, if we may use the expression, which keeps bench and bar in a state of proper understanding with each other.

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The mere breaking up of the court by 'Speaker at prayers' enables the learned counsel to work his pump against time, whenever such an expedient is required.

It is a court, in which, at the greatest expense, the client derives the least possible benefit from his counsel. In consequence of the simultaneous sittings of the committees, a bunch of barristers must be retained to secure the chance of catching one. If Mr. Austin could, like Kehama, split himself into eight Austins, and drive into all the eight gates of Padalon at once, he could hardly be present at the several committees for which his briefs are bagged—bagged, but not held. All the client can expect from Mr. Austin is the contingent remainder of a speech, and such assistance as he can give by advising upon the notes of evidence; and here, mark the snowball of expense increasing as it rolls. You are compelled to multiply your counsel, *because* they do *not* attend the trial; the very non-attendance, which you expect and pay for, necessitates a consultation every evening, in order that your leader may direct the morrow's proceedings according to the evidence which he has *not* heard: which same consultation inflicts upon the happy petitioner three fees to counsel, three fees to their three clerks, three additional briefs, and three fees to the agent or solicitor for 'attendances therewith,' and so on, as long as the committee lasts.

It is a court in which the judges do not openly give their reasons for their judgments. We are *mad* after publicity in legal proceedings. We often open the doors when they ought to be closed; and close them in this case, where, of all others, the control of public opinion is required.

It is a court composed of an uneven number of judges, so as to give a casting vote; or in other words, to enable, in very many cases, any clever manager first, to load, and then, to turn the scale without any appearance of gross partiality. This formation greatly dulls the moral sense of the judges. Hear Paley's opinion on this point:—

'I should prefer an even to an odd number of Judges, and four to almost any other number: for in this number, besides that it sufficiently consults the idea of separate responsibility, nothing can be decided but by a majority of three to one; and when we consider that every decision establishes a perpetual precedent, we shall allow that it ought to proceed from an authority not less than this. If the court be equally divided, nothing is done; things remain as they were; with some inconvenience, indeed, to the parties, but without the danger to the public of a hasty precedent.'

It is a court without unity of feeling. Judges constituting a permanent bench know one another. They are acquainted with
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one another's opinions. They compare notes—each man is aware of the tack and tact of his fellow. They learn to draw together. But the committee never become consolidated: they are brought together for once, and then never come together again.

Lastly, it is a court composed of *unpaid* judges. We are not inclined to maintain that no judicial duties can be discharged efficiently except by salaried functionaries, or that good salaries always make good judges; but, verily, a good salary goeth a good way.

To this court, so imperfectly constituted, are assigned *two* branches of judicature essentially different from each other: the one is criminal, the other is civil.

In cases of bribery and corruption, the election committee is a *criminal court*. It has to decide whether the elector has committed a misdemeanor, which deprives him of the right of giving his suffrage. This verdict is penal. Bribery committed by the member, treating, misconduct of returning officers, are all misdemeanors, and followed by punishment.

In cases of scrutiny, the election committee is a *civil court*. It has to adjudicate whether the elector has made out a good title to his franchise. His right depends upon a great number of incidents, acts, and facts, from which his qualification proceeds.

Now, both these courts, in which respectively the business requires a wide difference of treatment, are amalgamated together, and dealt with after the same procedure. It is true that, in either branch, the result is the same. All that the Petitioner seeks is—to get his seat; he dodges and shifts his ground from the criminal to the civil side, just as the way best opens for the attainment of that end. All that the committee see in prospect is—the member retaining his seat, or the member losing his seat; and they never clearly discern the great difference of the two principles by which the result of *ouster* or *non-ouster* is obtained. They are always more or less in a haze. Any one who takes the trouble to watch the proceedings of committees, will observe how very widely the influence of this confusion of ideas extends.

Let us now consider the means by which the Legislature, fully acknowledging the imperfections of the court, and yet hitherto determined to retain it, attempts to make it work somewhat more satisfactorily, both to the conscience of the House and to the public opinion of the community.

In aid of the criminal jurisdiction, the Legislature has been satisfied (4 and 5 Vict. c. 57) with relieving the petitioner from the necessity of proving agency, before giving evidence of the facts by which the charge of bribery is to be sustained; and by appointing

pointing, in certain cases, a public prosecutor (5 and 6 Vict. c. 102). More facility has been given to the means of discovering truth, but no additional means for enabling them to form a right judgment.

In the exercise of the civil jurisdiction of the committee, Parliament has attempted to aid them by establishing some means of testing the validity of the vote, before it comes to be discussed before them. And here, a great practical difficulty has arisen from the sweeping change in the fundamental principles of the elective franchise, consequent upon our semi-radical reform; and with this difficulty Parliament has now to contend.

Whatever may have been the common language of conversation, whatever may have been spoken in Parliament, whatever may have been written or printed, sung or said, our Constitution did not recognize the principle of representation of the people. Real property was represented: communities were represented; but there was no representation of masses of population, merely *because they resided* within a common boundary. They were to be united by something more than mere locality, by some common interest or bond. Even scot-and-lot voters, even potwallopers, only made apparent exceptions, inasmuch as those classes were originally connected with the Court Leet or the Freeborough. There was no such thing as a mere naked right of voting. Whether this fundamental principle of the old constitution, which made the parliamentary right always the adjunct or the appurtenance of some other right or some other obligation, was beneficial or detrimental it is not our business to discuss; we notice the old order of things simply in connexion with our present practical inquiry. Under this old Constitution, the parliamentary franchise arose either from certain tenures defined, or which could be defined, by legal rules, or from the *status* of the voter as a member of a corporation, whose rights also were either defined, or could be defined, by legal rules. Moreover, in the latter case, the courts of common law had a very considerable jurisdiction over the Parliamentary right. It is true, that the King's Bench could not meddle with the man as a *Voter* at the hustings, but the Court had him in their tight grasp in his capacity of a *freeman* of the borough. The common-law jurisdiction of Westminster Hall goes to the very root of the old Parliamentary franchise. The mandamus makes the voter, by compelling the corporation to admit him as a burgess; and the *quo warranto* takes away his vote, by disfranchising him, if he has no title to the borough freedom. In dealing with the main body of electors, you could, to a great extent, guide yourselves upon the common law, or be aided by it.

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On the other hand, the new franchise, by which the old constituency is swamped or destroyed, is made up of odds and ends. It is a complicated right, partly arising from mere casual inhabitancy or occupancy, partly from value, partly from payment, partly from time, partly from distance, and partly from acts done by other parties, over which the voter has no control; consequently, leaving you to expatiate in a wide field of uncertainty, in which you are deprived of the former legal basis. This difficulty was anticipated, though imperfectly, when the Reform Bill was framed. Hence arose the law of registration (*wrongly* so called), which many people were willing to consider as a scrutiny before the poll, and therefore, to a considerable extent, anticipating the labours of the committee. How entirely the *so-called* registry has disappointed this expectation it is unnecessary to say; and, surely, never was any scheme more inartificially devised. The task has been assigned to two sets of Registrars, primary and secondary, who botch up the *so-called* Register between them. The court of the Revising Barrister is a species of court of appeal from the overseers, who, at the same time, may be considered as the Barrister's ministerial officers, and yet officers over whom he has no check or control. The overseers begin the work for the Barrister; but he is not placed over them until *after* their duty is performed. A duty requiring great accuracy and great labour is imposed upon a class of men, who, with whatever respect we would speak of all constituted authorities, and of the march of intelligence, are not peculiarly qualified for such a task. They are left to stumble through it without inspection, without direction, without any official superior who can assist them by his advice, or direct them by his superintendence. The functionaries, who are to perfect the *so-called* Register by their revision, have the name of a Court without any of its real attributes, and are constituted Judges, without any bond of unity by which consistency of jurisprudence can be preserved. Each Reviser is more than autocrat over the law, in his own fragment of a shire.

The proposed Bill seeks to diminish these evils: one portion will receive unqualified approbation; it is that which, being declaratory, will, at all events, prevent the recurrence of conflicting decisions upon certain contested points, arising out of the obscure legislation of the Reform Bill. The successive occupation of lands and tenements in Counties is not to invalidate the voter's right (§ 70).—Joint occupiers in Counties may vote, if the yearly rent for which they are liable, when divided by the number of such occupiers, shall give 50*l.* for each (§ 71).—Mortgagees not in possession are not to vote.—Trustees are not to vote;—but the vote is to be given by the *cestui qui trust*, or the

the person who is entitled to put the rents and profits of the pews of the meeting-house into his pocket, although he may receive the money through the hands of the trustees (§ 72).—Misnomers, or inaccurate descriptions of borough-voters, are not to invalidate the vote (§ 73).—Lastly (§ 74), the great dispute between the *Crow-men*, or those who calculate distances as the bird flies, and the *Highway-men*, or those who calculate by measuring the way according to the nearest high-road, is appeased for ever. The *Crow-men* have it all their own way. The seven statute miles are to be measured in a straight line.

All these settlements of the law are fairly conformable to the spirit of the Reform Bill: at all events, they set matters at rest. But these declaratory enactments are not sufficiently extensive; and the framers of the Bill have not noticed some other points which are left in great uncertainty, particularly in the city of London. Shortly after the last general election (1841), a gentleman of considerable note and respectability made, in our presence, an open declaration in these terms:—‘My father, and our partner, and I, voted before half-past eight o’clock, our three votes being bad. We knew it, and know it; but the clerk of our company put us upon the register, and so we went to the poll accordingly.’—Whether these voters were Whig, or whether they were Tory, is nothing to the purpose; any party would and will play the same game. Such bad votes have recently (August, 1842) been declared good by the revising barrister. His argument is clever and acute, but quite inconclusive. We wish his decision could be justified: but it is utterly at variance with the plain meaning of the Reform Bill; and a trap is left open, into which, unless it be closed by Parliament, some unlucky candidate will certainly fall.

The new Bill proposes that the registration process shall sustain many changes in form, but none amending its real defects. There is one alteration, however, which many will consider to be of great importance. It is well known that the existing act imposes the payment of a shilling by the claimant to the overseers. This payment keeps away many an honest man from registering, probably, when he thinks he cannot contrive to get twelve-pennyworth of good in exchange for twelve-pennyworth of silver; and, except so far as these shillings extend, all the expenses of the overseers are paid, as the act directs, out of the ‘*monies collected for the relief of the poor!*’ At present these shillings help, in a small way, to defray the expense. But, in future, all the shillings which are to reimburse the overseers, town-clerks, and secondaries, for their trouble and outlay as electoral registrars, are to be paid out of the same monies collected *for the relief of the poor!!* We must also tell

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our readers, who will perhaps learn the fact for the first time, that the expenses and remunerations of the registrars, under the birth, marriage, and burial registration act, are in like manner paid out of the monies *collected for the relief of the poor!!!* Such legislation forms an instructive commentary upon the Poor Laws. It may be quite right to render the poor-rate a species of consolidated fund, so as to prevent the necessity of a direct Parliamentary grant for paying the expenses of the overseers and the salaries of the dissenters' registrars; yet, instead of calling the rate the 'Poor-rate,' it might perhaps be more satisfactory to the rate-payers to give it its right title, viz., 'A rate for the relief of the poor and of Parliamentary electors, and of those who, dissenting from the Church of England, do not receive her rites and ordinances of baptism, marriage, and burial.'

Dogberry is still to continue lord of the ascendant. The primary lists, as before, are to be made by the overseers. Eighty-five barristers are to revise in circuits; but instead of, as at present, being paid by the day, they are to receive what Lord Brougham calls a 'slump' sum of 200*l.* for their remuneration, including their travelling and other expenses. This will overpay them in some cases, and underpay them in others. The alteration is, however, upon a right principle: it is not creditable to pay public functionaries at so much a-day—and their beer: yet, oddly enough, the system of payment, put right in this part of the Bill, is put wrong again in another, as we shall find hereafter. These barristers are to have much greater power than they now possess. Some of the new provisions are improvements, as far as any system which runs entirely in a wrong channel can be said to be improved; but this portion will require so much revision, that to comment upon it clause by clause, taking the subject simply within the four corners of the bill, would require far more space than we could afford.

We shall therefore pass at once to the main defect in the system, and which, we regret to state, has been *entirely overlooked* by Parliament,—the absolute nullity of the *so-called* register for any of the purposes which it ought to perform. Before the Reform Bill, the qualification was, as we have observed, the possession of a property or the membership of a community: the qualification required no further act to perfect it; and such qualification might be well defined by its simple description. 'William Woolley, freeholder in the parish of Hampstead'—'Simon Martin, freeman of the corporation of Norwich'—'Christopher Cobb, burgess of the borough of Yarmouth'—told you all you had to know. But the Reform qualification, as we have before noticed, is an aggregate of facts and acts; some positive, some negative. It is made up
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of locality, of domicile, of payment, of time, of value, of distance. If the notice is to be sufficiently significant—and if the register, which should contain all the contents of the notice, is to be of any use—both notice and register should be composed of answers to *every question which can be propounded*, to ascertain whether the voter is possessed of the *aggregate* which the law requires. Each voter should, before he is put upon the register, virtually answer an adverse interrogatory. He should be compelled to make out the whole of his case. He should give his opponent full opportunity of *badgering* him. He should disclose all the particulars upon which his title depends, and give to the Court, as well as to the objector, the means of discovering every flaw. And this, for the best possible reason—that, until he is registered, he is out of possession, and, so to speak, he is trying to obtain a judgment in his favour—he brings an action to recover possession of the right he claims.

Let us, for example, take the case of the city of London. Before the passing of the Reform Bill, the right of voting was in freemen of the city of London, being also liverymen of a company.

First, as to freedom: there are practically three modes of becoming free of the city:—by patrimony, that is to say, as the son of a freeman born *after* the father has acquired his freedom;—by apprenticeship, that is to say, by serving seven years to a freeman;—and by redemption, that is to say, the payment of a sum of money to the city.

Next, as to livery: besides the city freedom, the livery must be added. Without the livery, the qualification is incomplete; and this livery is obtained from one of the livery companies. All the companies are not livery companies. Some are livery companies by prescription: others have their livery by royal charter: others by grant from the city; and therefore the court of aldermen can make new livery companies if they choose. After a company has acquired a livery, the city has nothing more to do with it. The company is a corporation quite independent of the city corporation; and you become a member of the company by a distinct admission, either as the son of a freeman, an apprentice, or a redemptioner. The company's livery is conferred upon the city freeman, after he is admitted into the company, by what is termed a *call* from the court or governing body. A fine is paid upon taking up the livery. In the larger and opulent companies, some degree of selection is exercised: in the smaller companies, they never turn away anybody's money. In fact, they live upon the admission-fees, just as our learned and scientific societies do upon their compounders. Before the Reform Bill, whether the freedom had been acquired by patrimony, or by apprenticeship,

ship, or by purchase, was indifferent; anyhow the vote was good. The voter might reside wherever he chose. The franchise had no connexion with locality; it followed the person; and name of party and name of company conveyed nearly all the information required. But how stands the matter now, as to all persons not freemen *and* liverymen, previous to the 1st of March, 1831?

1. The freedom must have been acquired by *birth or servitude*, and NOT BY PURCHASE, *since* that day.

2. If the freedom has been acquired subsequently to the 1st of March, 1831, it must be either by birth or by servitude—that is to say, he must be either the son of a freeman or the apprentice of a freeman, and *not* a redemptioner. The title of the father or the master, from whom the title of the voter is derived, is subject to the same rules. If the father or the master was admitted to the freedom *before* the 1st of March, 1831, he may have acquired his right by birth, servitude, or purchase: if admitted *since* the 1st of March, 1831, the title of such father or master must depend upon birth or servitude, and *not* upon redemption; and in the third and all ascending degrees, the title of every *ancestor* or *antecessor* will also be subject to the same rules.

3. The admission to the freedom is the act of the city: the call to the livery is the act of the company. Every liveryman *ought* to be a freeman before he is called to the livery; but it is quite in the power of the company to *accommodate* the voter by calling him to the livery, although he has no freedom in the city; and in one company they make no great difficulty in so doing. The vote, therefore, is not good, unless the freeman by birth or servitude has been duly admitted to city and company, and called into the livery of his company—that is to say, the company of his father or master—nor unless his father or his master has also been duly admitted to the city and company—nor unless also the admission of such father or master has been in conformity to the before-mentioned rules.

4. The individual uniting in his person the characters of freeman and liveryman, derived according to the foregoing rules and provisoes, must, previously to the last day of July in each year, have resided for six calendar months within the city of London, or within seven miles from Guildhall: which provision lets in all the complicated questions arising out of domicile by residence, constructive domicile by carrying on business, or the like—questions frequently of great nicety. Now, every one of the foregoing particulars, positive or negative, as the case may be, is an indispensable element in the qualification of the London voter. The absence of any one element renders the vote bad: if the
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notice of claim is to enable an objector to contest the title of the voter—or to give to the revising barrister the means to judge of such title, though no objection may be raised—it should disclose all the facts, dates, and circumstances, which the voter is bound to prove. They are all within his knowledge, whilst a stranger may not be able even to guess where the voter's title is defective. And yet for this purpose, so indispensable to the integrity of election, no provision is made.

It is true, that, under the proposed bill, the clerks of the respective livery companies are required to make out alphabetical lists of claims in the form given below,* and that the lists are to be affixed in Guildhall by the *Secondaries*, to whom they are to be transmitted. Yet all this absolutely amounts to *nothing*, as regards the real discovery and discussion of the rights of the voter.

The transmission to the *Secondaries* was possibly intended to secure some kind of check on the part of the city; but if this be the reason, the lists are sent to the *wrong* officers. The *Secondaries* are the officers of the Sheriffs, who have nothing to do with the admission of city freemen, and their functions give them no kind of *knowledge* of the qualifications of the voters. The *Secondaries* have no place in Guildhall. The lists might as well be sent to the Horse Guards or the Admiralty. The city officers, properly cognizant of the qualifications, are the Town-clerk and the Chamberlain, but the latter alone has in his possession the records by which any fact relating to the city freedom can be proved or disproved. However, even if this error (which probably arose from a want of knowledge of the details of the city constitution) be corrected, *nothing* is gained. The notice of claim is so vague and meagre as to be quite beside the mark. It does not give the objector any fair chance of discovering the defects in the title, and is only calculated to throw dust in his eyes. Supposing, for instance, that the three gentlemen, father,

* List of Claimants to be published by the Secondaries of the City of London.—The following persons claim to have their names inserted in the List of Persons entitled to vote as Freemen of the City of London, and Liverymen of the several Companies herein specified in the Election of Members for the City of London:—

Christian Name and Surname of Claimants, as in the Claim.	Name of the Company.	Place of Abode.

Dated the

day of

(Signed)

A. B. } Secondaries of the City
C. D. } of London.

son, and partner, who gave their bad votes before half-past eight in the morning, were liverymen of the worshipful company of *Pinmakers* (we name a company which does *not* exist, to avoid personalities), and that the sharp Clerk, the stout 'Prime-warden,' the jolly 'Renter-warden,' and the jovial Court of the Company had an understanding with the voter, the objector may be left in entire obscurity as to the *title* under which the voter acquired his freedom and livery, and as to the *time* or *times* of the acquisition of freedom and livery, upon which all depends. In such a constituency as London, nothing short of the most jealous and stringent precautions can fairly guard the poll from the deceptions arising out of fraud or collusion.

Lastly, supposing an objector gets scent of a defect, how is he to substantiate his opposition? By the proposed Bill (§ 39) the Secondaries, Town-clerk, and Clerks of the Livery Companies, are to produce all documents, papers, and writings, in their *custody, possession, and power*, touching any matter required for revising the lists of voters. And in what manner will this clause operate?

1. The *Secondaries* have *no such documents* in their custody, possession, or power.

2. *Neither* has the Town-clerk any such documents; for they are in the *possession of the Chamberlain*.

3. And, as to the Clerk of the Worshipful Company of *Pin-makers*, the documents are all in the *power* of the Court; and if they transfer the possession and custody to the *Prime Warden* and the *Renter Warden*, as they are fully empowered to do, a return of *nihil* may safely be made by the Clerk who put the three bad votes upon the register.

The clause is therefore a nullity.

We must now advert to the 'Court of Appeal,' constituting the principal feature of the new bill (§ 55—68), and from which it is expected that the greatest benefit will be derived,—the projected mode of treatment, for effecting a complete cure of the present imperfections and uncertainties of the register. This tribunal will have to deal with a sudden burst of business at the opening of each new parliament: afterwards, it will enjoy a lull of nearly undisturbed repose. To render such an occasional court independent, efficient, and respectable, is evidently a matter of great difficulty; and we more than doubt whether the framers of the Bill have solved the problem, even to their own satisfaction. The three Chiefs of the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer are jointly to appoint three barristers to be the Judges of the Court of Appeal, which arrangement practically amounts to each Chief having his nominee. All who feel the value of ancient precedent, will, we apprehend, deprecate this strange
new

new plan of having Judge-made Judges, as an entire departure from the forms as well as the principles of the constitution. Some slight improvement might however be made by giving the appointment to the *Bench* of each Court, instead of the Chiefs thereof. These Appeal Judges are to possess all the immunities of the Judges of Westminster Hall: they are to hold their offices during good behaviour, subject only to removal on an address from the two houses of parliament; and they are to be sworn to the due execution of their offices before the Speaker, if that can possibly be called an oath, in which *the appeal to the Almighty, constituting the very essence of an oath, is omitted*; and what renders the matter more strange, is, that in the form of oath to be taken by the voters (§ 79), the adjuration which constitutes the oath is added in the proper and legal form.

The powers of this court of appeal are limited in a singular manner. The appeals are to be on points of law affecting the claims or decisions, and not upon *matters of fact*; and, therefore, if the revising barrister has received improper or rejected proper evidence, or if he has decided against evidence, it should seem that his judgment cannot be questioned, and no remedy is provided. If our construction be incorrect, the Bill should be more clearly worded. It should be recollected that the stage called an *appeal* is really a new trial. In an appeal to the House of Lords the law and the evidence are all opened again before them.

The condition of the Judges is left in considerable obscurity. The Judge of the court of appeal is not to hold any office or place of profit under the crown, nor to be capable of sitting in parliament: these provisions will not prevent him from holding any office in a court of justice, *of which the salary is paid out of fees or the suitors' fund*; still less will they prevent him (nor, as we collect, is it intended to prevent him) from practising at the bar. Now, when the Welsh Judges were abolished, the impropriety of allowing the same individual to be a Judge upon the bench to-day, and a fee'd counsel to-morrow, was very strongly insisted upon, as one of the reasons for the suppression of that jurisdiction. Whatever were the objections in the case of the Welsh Judges, and they are too obvious to require our enlarging upon them, if they existed in that case, are they diminished in the present?—Is it advisable that the 'Judge of the court of appeal'—whose independence you labour to secure, by putting him, as to permanence, upon a level with those who are the constitutional guardians of life and liberty—should this week decide the law of parliamentary franchise, and next week appear as a counsel before a railroad committee?

These Judges are to be paid at a certain rate per day, so long as they shall be called upon to sit; and here we may notice a remarkable inconsistency. The payment, *per diem*, of the commissioners of the court of bankruptcy, and of the commissioners of lunacy, was considered as not being calculated to increase the respectability of the functionaries; and, consequently, has been altered for a fixed salary. The same precedent is followed, in *this very bill*, with respect to the revising barristers, who are to receive a fixed sum in place of payments *per diem*; and yet in the case most open to objection, the House of Commons is to wheel about, and to contradict itself in this same bill, by renewing the practice which they have, in an anterior clause, abolished.

It will be sufficiently apparent, from the preceding statement, that the point which has perplexed the framers of the Bill has been the difficulty of providing for the Appeal Judges when unemployed. The simple answer to this difficulty is, that, supposing a court of appeal be needed, there is not the slightest necessity for the creation of special Judges, or for any new tribunal. If we consult the statute-book (which seems a sealed volume to our Legislators), we shall find the best possible court of appeal ready-made to our hands, composed of the highest and most responsible functionaries, requiring no salary, constantly in operation in deciding appeals brought before them in a manner closely analogous to those which would come up from the revising barristers, able and willing to exercise the duties with ease to themselves and entire satisfaction to the community.

We allude to the method long since provided by statute, for adjudicating upon cases of appeal stated and signed by the assessed-tax commissioners at the instance of parties appealing from their decision (4 Geo. IV. c. 2). Two or three of the puisne Judges usually meet for a day after term, and decide, without counsel or argument, upon the several cases brought before them.—The decision of the Commissioners is *RIGHT*:—the decision of the Commissioners is *WRONG*:—no expense is incurred, no trouble or vexation to the parties: the decisions are annually laid before parliament, and thus quietly are growing up into a complete code of tax-law. Nothing would be more easy or more satisfactory than to adopt the same plan, with reference to the decisions of the revising barristers; and it might be declared that such judicial opinions, after being laid for a certain number of days upon the table, should, unless the house dissented from the same, acquire the force of an enactment. Thus, the law of parliamentary franchise would receive its authoritative explanation, as often as any specific doubt or difficulty arose. We venture to ask our parliamentary readers to consider attentively how extensively this simple,

simple, and yet most efficacious, mode of proceeding might be applied to the clearing up and amendment of many other portions of the law.

One very important clause (§ 84) in the proposed bill, remains to be considered. It is a clause which, if we construe it rightly, is intended to give a species of finality to the register. It should seem that the committee are to be precluded from opening, examining, or deciding upon the right of any vote, except on the ground of legal incapacity, or such as are marked, by having become the subject of a special decision of the revising barrister, or of the court of appeal. Now, the proposed clause would prevent the possibility of *any correction of the errors of a revising barrister, deciding without or against sufficient evidence*, in cases where, from the neglect of parties, no objection was made before him; and, however shaped, a register, having the character of finality, would inflict upon the country the perpetual recurrence of the election fever in the month of August throughout the year, without any possibility of diminishing its intensity. Important as it is to fight the battle in the register courts, still you have a chance in the committee. But if every vote is to become conclusively good, unless objected to, the register must be constantly watched with ten times more vigilance than it is at present. In the court of every revising barrister there must be a Radical attorney-general and a Conservative attorney-general in constant pay, under a perpetual retainer: the candidates never, as it were, can be out of the field. These agents now receive from 100 to 300 guineas each; and as the new system would require more inquiry and vigilance, their fees must be increased accordingly. It is, without doubt, very important to give encouragement to the profession; and since 800 smart young attorneys are, on the average, added annually to the stock of about 8000 which we now possess, there cannot be any doubt but that, sinking all party differences, such an expansion of the present profitable system cannot fail to be highly popular amongst that influential branch of the community.

It is far more easy in all cases to discover faults than to suggest remedies. Here we have to contend with unusual difficulties, arising from the peculiar complexity of the present system of elective franchise, and the unsound base upon which we *must* let it rest:—an unsound base,—and, as far as any government not being *openly* and *decidedly* revolutionary is concerned, *always* an unsound base; for, whatever inconveniences may be sustained, it is quite out of the question tampering any more with the system of representation. The Reform Bill franchise is a *done thing*; and there the question must be left, at least so long as 'lords spiritual and temporal and commons' continue to assemble
in

in the high court of parliament: the remedies for the disturbance given to the principles of the monarchy must and will be found in another way.

Let us examine what is the nature of the document which, in this bill and in the Reform Bill, is called a 'register.' Parliament must often obey the higher authority of custom—the *jus et norma loquendi*. It was quite right that 'cad' should be made good English by statute, in order that, when Mr. Byers or Mr. Stowell appear to lay their informations, the police-justice may take cognizance of the nomenclature of the road. The law which compels the turnpike-toll-taker to 'consider two oxen or neat-cattle as one horse' does not follow the grazier to Smithfield. The clause in the revenue act which defines 'operation' to mean 'a quantity of tobacco' is unobjectionable, because you have at least the parliamentary explanation annexed to the parliamentary term, saving all trouble to future parliamentary lexicographers. They will know that it is not such an 'operation' as is performed by Sir Isaac Goldsmid in 'Mexicans' on the Stock Exchange, or by Mr. Macmurdo on a limb in St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

So far is well—but if you give the name of 'registration' to that which is *not* registration, but a complicated *transaction*, of which the writing or printing is merely the formal incident, you inevitably produce a constant swerving from any correct estimation of the means which are to be adopted for rendering such transaction conscientious and correct. Registration, in its real and proper sense, is a mere ministerial act, in which the registrar is not invested with any power of taking cognizance of any facts, except such as come before him in the exercise of his duty. He is destitute of any power approximating to a judicial power. If a Middlesex Registrar should be perfectly certain that a deed brought before him to be registered is forged, still, if the party offering himself as the attesting witness persist in making the oath, the registrar would have no discretion—he must register the deed. In a parish register, the Minister puts upon record the act which he himself has performed. But the parliamentary registration is quite another thing: it involves a discussion, an unravelment of the inchoate *rights*, which, when perfected by registration, *create* the franchise—it is a decision, a judgment. The registration is the form or ceremony provided by statute, to enable the individual having such rights to pass from the condition of a non-voter to the condition of a voter.

The act, performed by joint agency of the overseer and the revising barrister, is entirely analogous to the admission of a free-man into an ancient corporation, *e. g.* that of London, the only one which still is (and long may it be so!) unaltered and unreformed.

formed. The several conditions imposed by the Reform Act for conferring a vote *do not make the voter*, but they give him an inchoate right to *become a voter*, which inchoate right is perfected by means of the register. His title as a voter is completed by his being placed and retained upon the register, but not before. Now, in the case of a London freeman, the act of admission is performed, always virtually, and in many cases literally, by the governing body or the corporation. In ordinary cases, the admission is made by the Chamberlain, one of the highest officers of the corporation, and who admits the party upon proof of his having acquired the rights into which he, the Chamberlain, examines according to the city law, of which the Chamberlain for such purposes is the Judge. The entry in the Chamberlain's book is the record of his judgment; and, should the case be special, the admission is made by the express vote or decision of the aldermen or common council.

Following this analogy—instead of having a 'claim' made by the voter, which, as in the present shape, does not at all disclose the elements of his title, so as to show an adversary how to sift it—he should put in a document containing answers to every interrogatory which could be administered to him, upon all the points on which his electoral title depends.* He should exhibit the whole of his title. He should furnish the data whereby the functionary, from whom he requires the admission, may judge whether he has made out a *prima facie* case for admission, and, further, to enable such functionary to call for evidence—if he thinks fit—in support of the

* The following is an *imperfect sketch* of what would be needed in London: to complete it, four or five more heads of inquiry would be required:—

1. Name of voter.
2. Place of birth.
3. Date of birth.
4. Date of admission to city freedom.
5. Title of admission to city freedom, viz., whether by
 - Birth (a).
 - Servitude (a).
 - Redemption.
6. Company.
7. Date of call to company's livery.
8. Place of residence within the statutory distance.
9. Any other place of residence.
- (a) If the party claims by admission upon birth or apprenticeship since 1st March, 1831, state in addition—
10. Name of father or master.
11. Date of father's or master's admission to city freedom, and whether by
 - Birth.
 - Servitude.
 - Redemption.
12. Father's or master's company.
13. Date of his admission to company.

And so on as to every person through or from whom the title to the freedom had been derived.

claim,

claim, although no objector should appear; and in case of any wilful mis-statement, he should incur a very heavy penalty, to be recovered by summary process, for the benefit of the informer.

In place, therefore, of the registry, there should be a 'court of admission,' of which the judge shall *ex officio* be bound to sift the title of the claimants; and this 'court of admission' should be held before a functionary of the same rank and station as the revising barrister: one or more to be appointed for each county, who should make circuits through the different unions. With the minor details it is not necessary to trouble our readers. The expense will, probably, not greatly exceed the charges now incurred; yet, if it does, there will be no reason to grudge it, although the money may come—not from the poor-rates but—from the consolidated fund. And the court of appeal from the court of admission would be the Judges of Westminster Hall, as before proposed.

The next step would be, to give the most efficient powers for having a scrutiny *at the time of the election, at the option of the defeated party*; and that, not at his expense, so far as the payment of the assessor, clerks, and other officers is concerned, *but at the public expense*. It is not a private affair. The correctness of the return is really and truly a public concern. The present Bill (§ 79) declares that no scrutiny shall be henceforth allowed. This, we apprehend, is a most mistaken course. The denial of a scrutiny deprives parliament, and the party, of one of the most efficient and convenient remedies. The bringing justice to every man's door used to be the pride of the English constitution. Conduct your inquiry upon the spot, whilst the matter is fresh, and a great number of the questions by which the time of committees is wasted and worn, such as personation, change of residence, and so on, will be immediately and satisfactorily determined. One of the greatest impediments to committee investigations is the enormous expense attending the giving of evidence. An efficient scrutiny will intercept the expense; and instead of the tremendous *avanie* inflicted upon the petitioner, by the need of keeping and cooping the witnesses for weeks and weeks in the hotels in Palace Yard, the whole inquiry may be perfected when the parties have been naturally brought together for the purpose of the election.

Lastly, we arrive at the court of ultimate resort, the court which is to decide upon the validity of the returns. Can any one, after the failure of all the various amendments in the mode of forming the Committee, expect that any means of correcting *its* defects will succeed? And may we not rather hope that, when the House of Commons calmly consider the question, they will see the propriety

propriety of giving up the fancy—for it is nothing more—which makes them suppose that, because they elect the members of the election committee, they are exercising any jurisdiction over elections? *In fact, they are exercising none.* They have, so long as the Grenville system prevails, divested themselves of all jurisdiction. How strangely are wise men deluded by words! It is true, the members of the committee sit in a room belonging to the House, and they report their decisions to the House. But the House, as a distinct branch of the legislature, has absolutely departed with all that constitutes jurisdiction. The *House* gives no one power to the overseers, no one power to the revising barristers, no one power to the committee. The *House* has no authority to judge of the return. When the election committee is *once* nominated, the committee is as completely severed from the House of Commons, as the Court of Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce. The election committee is *not* a committee of the House of Commons. The House, by the Speaker, issues process for the committee; but in so doing, or when they order the clerk of the crown to attend with the writ and to amend the return, the acts, whether of House or Speaker, with whatever form they may be clothed, are simply ministerial. The House is the *officer* of the committee, and nothing more: the jurisdiction of the committee does not proceed from the House of Commons, but, like that of Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, from King, Lords, and Commons. The committee is no more a House of Commons tribunal than the Vice-Chancellor's Court. They have no more to do with the Report made upon the petition, than they have with the equity decree: they have entirely abdicated all power therein. This was clearly and forcibly shown by Mr. Dyson, in the debate upon the Grenville Bill. He

'objected first, as the mode was novel and contrary to the usage and custom of parliament, and inconsistent with the constitution thereof, that the House, by coming into such a proposal of establishing a committee, WHICH WAS TO DECIDE INDEPENDENT OF THE JUDGMENT OF THE HOUSE, DID NOT* DIVEST ITSELF OF THE POWERS ESSENTIAL TO IT AND ITS JURISDICTION, but that the doing it by act of oath† was still more dangerous. *That this doing it by an act, so far as it had a tendency to render the House of Commons dependent on the other branches of legislature in the exercise of its judicial powers, and particularly in matters of its own exclusive rights and privileges, had a direct tendency to destroy the balance of power between the several branches of parliament, and must so far obstruct the freedom and even existence of parliament: that therefore, if he could see removed the insurmountable objections which lay in the way of the mode of the proposal, he could yet never give his consent to the doing it by Act of Parliament.* That he disapproved the several

* Something is wanting here—perhaps the word 'only:' but, as we have before observed, the whole is reported with wonderful slovenliness.

† *Sic*: qu. both?

regulations proposed, some as impracticable, others as inefficient: he thought the various regulations prescribed for the forming the committee, as proposed in the bill, intricate and impracticable, and gave his reasons in the particular discussion of each: he said further, that he thought that partiality might creep into this committee equally as well as exist in the House at large, especially by means of the two additional members to be nominated by the parties. He was apprehensive that some of these regulations might draw into dangerous consequences, which the House was no longer at liberty, or had the power, to remedy, *when it should once thus have delegated its judicial power to a court, to be formed by Act of Parliament.*—*Debrett*, vol. xxvii. p. 282.

Mr. Welbore Ellis took the same ground with equal emphasis: he said—

‘That the idea of reverting to the old parliamentary system of trials by a select committee did not hold on this plan; for there, though the committee tried, the House determined: *whereas, in this bill, the determination of the committee was final.* That the trial of controverted elections might be as well referred to the twelve judges, as to such AN INDEPENDENT COURT (FOR I WILL NOT CALL IT A COMMITTEE) as this bill proposes, secluded by Act of Parliament from all communications with the House. That this proposed measure was very material—it was an essential alteration of the constitution of parliament—A TOTAL ABRIGATION OF ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT RIGHTS AND JURISDICTIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. That he doubted whether the representatives chosen under the possession of these rights, and having and using the exercise of the jurisdiction which they had always used in matters of disputed elections, *he doubted,*’ he said, ‘*whether they could give them up.*’—*Debrett*, vol. xxvii. p. 294.

But they *have* given them up. The rights and jurisdictions are abrogated. And at this present moment, all that the House of Commons gains by adhering to what they suppose to be their privilege is, that the validity of the return is tried by an independent court, composed of seven gentlemen, each of whom enjoys the privileges of being permitted to eat his beef-steak at Bellamy’s, and of receiving his prepaid letters post free, he being addressed with M.P. tacked to his name.

Mr. Sheil, we believe, has suggested that a master in chancery, added as an assessor, might give more stability to the Committee; but such an assessor would naturally end by being everything. Like Mr. Hobler at the Mansion House, who is perpetual Lord Mayor, so would the assessor absorb the committee; and we believe that no efficient mode will be found of remedying the present most defective state of the law, except by considering how the two branches of jurisdiction, which, as we have before mentioned, exist in the committee, can each be separately dealt with by a separate form of process. Both should be brought before a regular tribunal, composed at least in part of the common-law Judges. Perhaps there should be s circuits for parliamentary

liamentary purposes only; and these should take place between the elections and the sitting of the Parliament. (We believe something like this was suggested by Sir Robert Inglis and opposed by Mr. Williams Wynne.) As the law now stands, the fate of a ministry, or of the succession, or of the constitution, might be decided by members illegally returned by gross corruption, by intimidation, by barefaced violence. We will not say that any thing like this ever really occurred, but it might; and Parliament should look to it whilst they have the power. The Commissioners in each commission should sit as a Bench of Four. We should see no objections to putting any other competent persons in the parliamentary commissions in addition to the Judges, nor to this being done by a vote of the House in the *preceding* parliament. In this case, each member should only be entitled to vote for half the number of commissioners required,—an excellent mode of protecting the interests of the minority; and which, by the way, we would apply to all municipal and parochial elections. Possibly, some of the forms of the common law might require to be modified; but such is the wonderful good sense and consistency of its system—once so prized, and now in fast progress towards becoming as obsolete as the Doms of Ethelbert and Ina—that no real difficulty would be found in adapting them to the peculiar cases which arise under election laws. And we may add more—we believe, and we make the assertion most deliberately—that there is hardly a single secular want of our present age, which the common law system, *wisely expounded*, would not supply. Let only those who are engaged upon the task, endeavour to be enabled to reject all party politics, all conventional language, and, without slavishly adhering to the forms of our ancient jurisprudence, attempt to guide themselves by its reason—and all may yet be well.

NOTE.—A friend, from whom we have received many valuable suggestions and much useful advice, and whom we would most gladly quote by name if etiquette permitted us so to do, is still of opinion that a good tribunal might be formed by a paid Committee of the House of Commons. Four members from each side of the House to sit *de die in diem*—and in case of equality of votes, each of the four in rotation to have the casting vote; but with an appeal in all cases in which the Committee is not unanimous to another Committee appointed in like manner—members of either Committee to deliver their judgments as judges in open Court, with their reasons—with, on difficult questions of law or evidence, power to state a case, as the Lord Chancellor does, for the opinion and certificate of any of the Superior Courts in the manner before suggested. We give this opinion because it results from one who has had very great practical experience; but we object to the casting-vote; and we cannot help preferring the scheme which we have suggested, of taking the matter wholly out of the walls of the House, and adjudicating on the spot by Parliamentary circuits, as above proposed: besides which the Committee plan does not provide a remedy for what we consider the greatest evil, namely, the opening of the Parliament without a previous verification of the powers of the members.

ART. X. — *American Notes, for General Circulation.* By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. post 8vo. London. 1842.

WE heartily wish—and for more reasons than are at first sight obvious—that the morbid sensibility of our Trans-Atlantic cousins to the opinion of English visitors could be moderated. We wish it for our own sakes as well as theirs, for it imparts to all their intercourse with us—whether literary or political—a jealous aspect and a captious spirit, painful to themselves, and therefore embarrassing to us. If we were disposed to flatter our own national pride, we might represent it as a kind of involuntary tribute to our superior taste and judgment—but it is a tribute of such dubious value that we would willingly waive all claim to it—

‘ — it not enricheth us,
And makes them poor indeed.’

The truth is, that instead of being the result of any rational deference or good will towards the father-land, it has a very opposite origin, and tends to directly contrary results.

It seems at first sight somewhat unreasonable that Americans of education and good manners should feel so painfully, as they certainly do, criticisms on those other classes which must in all countries be expected to exhibit some coarse peculiarities—why should they be more offended at such observations than French or English gentlemen are at exhibitions of the manners of La Rapée or Wapping? The true explanation is, we believe, that this susceptibility is a natural effect of their political institutions. The principle of universal *equality* tends not only to make society very miscellaneous, but it creates a feeling of *co-partnership*, as it were, among all ranks of Americans in the results, whether good or bad, which foreigners may attribute to that fundamental doctrine of democracy. And this, on the other hand, is one of the chief motives of the peculiar interest which the English public take in the working of the social machine in the United States. The curiosity on one side, and the soreness on the other, on many topics apparently very trifling, have a deeper root than any kind of personal jealousy; they are in fact indications of that natural and, we will say, laudable anxiety with which all mankind are now watching every step of the great experimental contest between democratical and monarchical government. It is not, therefore, as the Americans are too apt to suppose, any personal animosity, nor any desire to disparage their individual qualities, that sharpens the curiosity and criticism with which Englishmen are disposed to look at their social system; nor can they reasonably expect

expect that we—who, like themselves, admit that the test of a good form of government is the degree of civilization, intelligence, comfort, and general happiness which it may confer on the great mass of the people—should refrain from inquiring pretty closely into the practical effect of their political institutions on national morals and manners. It is only by an appeal to such facts that the relative merits of the adverse theories can ever be decided. American writers have no scruple in observing pretty freely on the aristocratical manners of Europe—how can they wonder that Europeans use the same freedom with the democratic habits of America? All that either party has a right to require is that the facts should be told with truth, and the argument conducted with temper.

It is in this spirit that we are always disposed to deal with American topics, and while we gladly receive every successive addition to the facts—however minute—which may give us a fuller insight into their social life, we have no desire to see such subjects satirically or even lightly treated. What may be wrong we cannot affect to think right, nor can we always repress a smile at what may appear ridiculous; but we are sincerely anxious to avoid on our own parts, and, as far as our influence might go, to discountenance in other writers, any idle or wanton offence to their private feelings, or even their national prejudices.

Both Englishmen and Americans should consider that our common origin and language, which theoretically ought to be a bond of moral connexion, are in practice very liable to produce a hostile and jealous spirit between the two nations. When a French traveller, however cynical, visits America, he is aware that he is visiting a foreign land—and feels no surprise that the idiom and manners of New York differ from those of Paris; and if he should happen to make any unfavourable observations, they are buried, as it were, in his own foreign tongue: the busy men of *Broadway* neither know nor care what the idlers of the *Palais Royal* may be scribbling or jabbering about them. But with an Englishman the case is altogether different. The identity of language, which promotes commercial intercourse and creates a community—to a certain extent—of literary taste and of moral feeling, has a proportionably bad effect where anything like a personal difference happens to arise. The mutual language then becomes a double weapon—the common fountain overflows on each side with the waters of bitterness. We think that, in discussing this subject on some former occasion, we said that when people write or talk against one another in different languages they are like boxers sparring in stuffed gloves; but when the English and Americans squabble in their common tongue it is like
like

like *hitting home* with the naked fist—every blow gives a black eye or a bloody nose.

It was therefore, we confess, with no particular pleasure that we heard we were to have a picture of America from the pen of Mr. Dickens. Mr. Dickens is, as everybody knows, the author of some popular stories published originally in periodical parts—remarkable as clever exhibitions of very low life—treated however, generally speaking, with better taste and less vulgarity* than the subjects seem to promise. We must say, *en passant*, that we have very little taste for the class of novels that take their heroes from Newgate and St. Giles's. Even in the powerful hands of Fielding, Jonathan Wild has always both disgusted and wearied us; but Fielding professed to have a moral object, and *practically* his revelations may have done good—at least, they never could have operated as an incentive to the same class of crimes, which is more, we fear, than can be said for some of the novels and dramas of the new school, whose Parnassus is a police-office, and whose Helicon the neighbouring tap.

Of Mr. Dickens, however, it is but justice to say that little or nothing of this offensive character can be charged against him—he manages his most *ticklish* situations with dexterous decency—his scenes, though low, are not immoral—his characters are original without being unnatural—the pleasantries are broad, but never indelicate, and seldom forced—the pathos is frequent and touching, but not maudlin—and in the peculiar walk which it has been his taste or his chance to adopt, he has, we think, fewer faults and more merits than any of his imitators or competitors. But we must confess that we doubt whether the powers—or perhaps we should say the habits of his mind—are equal to any sustained exertion. His best things, to our taste, are some short tales published under the absurd pseudonyme of Boz—in which a single anecdote, lively or serious, is told with humour or tenderness as the subject may require, but always with ease and felicity. His longer works owe, we are afraid, much of their popularity to their having been published *in numbers*. There is in them, as in the others, considerable truth, but in the long run somewhat of sameness; and the continuous repetition of scenes of low life—though, as we have said, seldom *vulgarily* treated—becomes at last exceedingly tedious. We at least can say for ourselves that we followed the earlier portions of 'Nickleby,' as they were

* This, however, must be taken *cum grano salis*—for Mr. Dickens's works afford a double exemplification of the difference between *describing vulgar objects* and *describing vulgarity*. His low-life—his Weller, Noggs, or Mantellini—is never vulgar—it is real; but the vulgarity of his attempts at the aristocracy—his lords and baronets—is woeful.

published, with that degree of interest and amusement which serves to while away what the French so appropriately call '*les momens perdus*;' but it happened that we did not see the latter half till the whole had been collected in a *volume*—and then, we must confess that we found some difficulty in getting through, in this concentrated shape, a series of chapters, which we have no doubt we should have read, at the usual intervals, with as much zest as we had done their predecessors. In short, we are inclined to predict of works of this style both in England and France (where the manufacture is flourishing on a very extensive and somewhat profligate scale) that an ephemeral popularity will be followed by early oblivion.

But, however this may be, there is, we think, little doubt that it was Mr. Dickens's reputation as a kind of moral caricaturist—a shrewd observer and powerful delineator of ridiculous peculiarities in diction and in manners, that suggested the idea of his undertaking a voyage to America and this consequent publication. Certain it is that the American public was considerably excited, not to say alarmed, at the supposition that he was coming amongst them with the design of making and preserving in a more lasting form the same kind of satirical sketches of Transatlantic manners which Mr. Mathews had so ludicrously dramatized.

Extravagant as it may seem, we can assure our readers that before the publication of this work we ourselves heard from a most respectable person, well acquainted with America, a grave and really heartfelt apprehension, whether '*Mr. Dickens's book might not counterbalance all the good that had been done by Lord Ashburton's mission!*'

But with whatever intentions—whether serious or comic—Mr. Dickens may have undertaken his tour, the result, we think, will equally disappoint those who feared and those who hoped that he would exhibit the interior of American life with the same shrewd perception of the ridiculous, and the same caustic power of describing it, for which he had become so celebrated at home. In fact the work has very little of Mr. Dickens's peculiar merit, and still less, we are sorry to say, of any other. It seems to us an entire failure; and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, the failure is probably more creditable to his personal character than a high degree of literary success might have been. We have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Dickens, and know nothing of the secret history of his publication, but we think we can trace the general insipidity of his work to very honourable sources. He seems to have been hospitably received into American society, and could hardly fail to see the painful anxiety which was, as we are informed, very generally felt and very clearly

clearly exhibited, as to the colour which his picture of America was likely to take. We can easily imagine that he may have been much embarrassed between his original literary object and the delicacy of his personal position—between sincerity and gratitude—and he seems to have made, at least during the greater part of his book, the prudent compromise of avoiding as far as possible anything that was likely to give offence. He seems also to have had a delicacy—not very usual amongst modern travellers—as to mentioning *anything* whatsoever about private persons, or even private life. No one can complain in his case of civilities ill requited—of privacy violated—of confidence betrayed. He does not, we think, mention one individual name.* He does not afford us the slightest glimpse into private society; nor does he, that we recollect, repeat anything that he saw or heard under any roof save those of taverns, hospitals, or gaols; nor make mention—good or bad—of any more interesting persons than the governors of prisons, the captains of steam-boats, the drivers of omnibuses, and the motley inmates of such receptacles and vehicles. Now this, with all our approbation of Mr. Dickens's principle, we cannot but think, is carrying it rather too far. We cannot doubt that he might have given us, without any breach of the laws of hospitality—without revealing individual names, or any circumstances that could tend to identify the parties of whom anything disagreeable might be said—some general idea of the interior of American society as he saw it—something of the manners and feelings of the no doubt respectable class with which it was his good fortune to associate—and of whom we hope and believe he might have told much that would have amused and informed us, without offending them—at least individually. His not doing so tends in a double way to defeat his kind intentions; for such extraordinary reserve might lead to an injurious suspicion that he is silent because he has nothing agreeable to tell:—and, then, what he has to tell—of such low persons as he does mention—is necessarily of a *coarser yarn*, and gives to the whole work an aspect decidedly unfavourable to the American character—which a little insight into better society would have softened and relieved.

But this strange and, as we think, ultra-delicate determination that it should not be discoverable from his book that he had ever partaken of one private meal, or even entered one private house (or not more than one), has forced Mr. Dickens to eke out his volumes with such common and general topics as we have had

* It is hardly an exception that he once mentions Dr. Channing as having preached one day when Mr. Dickens could not attend to hear him, and 'his dear friend Mr. Washington Irving,' whom he accidentally saw at the President's levee, when he was presented on receiving a diplomatic appointment.

over and over again from other travellers, and by most of them, we think, better handled. It would be impossible to exhibit, *by extracts*, the extent to which Mr. Dickens pushes the practice of dwelling on certain classes of subjects which, we think, might have been much more succinctly treated, and of slurring over other matters on which we should have been desirous to hear his opinion; but the following synopsis of the topics treated in the first half of his first volume, including his sojourn at Boston, and of the space allotted by him to each subject, will explain the manner in which the book has been concocted.

His visit to Boston—the city of all America in which he gives us to understand—and we believe justly—that society (including, of course, literature, manners, arts, &c.) is on the best and most satisfactory footing, concludes with the 142nd page—and these 142 pages are thus occupied:—

Topics.	Pages.	
'Passage out'	53	
Cases of a boy and girl in the Blind Asylum	32	
General observations on prisons, hospitals, and houses of correction	30	
Religion, its various sects and influence—including two pages of a sermon by a sailor turned preacher	8	
General description of the city of Boston	6	
Courts of law and administration of justice	5	
Hotels—furniture, attendance, style of living in them	2	
University of Cambridge—excellence of its professors, and beneficial influence on society	1½	Lines.
'Social customs' and general modes of life	0	17
The ladies, their beauty, education, moral qualities, and amusements	0	14
The theatres	0	4
Appearance and proceedings of the Senate and House of Representatives	0	3
'Tone of Society in Boston' (not quite)	0	2
State of literature	0	0!
Fine arts	0	0!!
Material, moral, and political condition, occupations, manners, &c. of the various classes of the people	0	0!!!
Trade, commerce, finance, public works, army, navy, professions, dress, equipages, government, &c. &c. &c.	0	0!!!!

Of New York, 'the *beautiful metropolis of America*,' as he designates it, his account is still more meagre. In the thirty-nine pages dedicated to that city, there is no intimation that he ever entered a private house, saw a private gentleman, or that there even exists any kind of civilised society—except what may be inferred from a couple of sentences—to wit:—

'The tone of the best society in this city is like that of Boston [which he had dispatched in less than *two lines*]; here and there, it may be, with a greater infusion of the mercantile spirit, but generally polished and refined, and always most hospitable. The houses and tables are elegant; the hours later and more rakish; and there is, perhaps, a greater spirit of contention in reference to appearances, and the display of wealth and costly living. The ladies are singularly beautiful.'—vol. i. p. 229.

While all that he says on higher society and intellectual subjects is thus condensed into a few lines, *five pages* are given to gaols and lunatic asylums, and all the rest, thirty-three pages, are *out-of-door* descriptions of the grotesque, squalid rabble—the very refuse, it would seem, of humanity—that swarm in its streets. And even in the description of this motley crowd there is nothing peculiar or characteristic; for a '*mulatto landlady*' and a '*black fiddler*,' the main figures in this New York panorama, might be seen in Paris or London;—but again, as at Boston, of private life, of arts or science—literature or politics—law or commerce—public works or individual enterprise—national feelings or social manners—not a word. On all such topics his account of the 'beautiful metropolis' is as barren as if he had been bivouacking for a single night in some embryo village of the western wild; and this is the more extraordinary, because New York is not only, as he admits, a very remarkable city, hitherto imperfectly described, but it has *recently* received, and is still receiving, a vast extension not merely of commerce and population, but of public works of great utility and magnificence:—for instance—there is, we are informed, just on the point of completion a very fine church in the Gothic style—a *minster*, indeed, we may almost call it—erected by our Anglican brethren of New York; and there is, also nearly finished—at the cost, we are told, of 3,000,000*l.* sterling—an aqueduct for conveying an enormous supply of water from a distance of above forty miles into the city, which rivals the solid utility of the old Roman works, and promises to vie in its ornamental details and adjuncts with Parisian splendour. No private delicacy can be alleged as an excuse for his silence on such objects as a cathedral and an aqueduct—which, from their importance, their *character*, and the taste in which they are executed, seem to mark an era in the architectural, and even the moral, history of the States. It would not have been indifferent to the inhabitants of London to have heard by whose suggestion and designs, from what funds, and under what regulations and management this great aqueduct has been erected and is to be maintained; and still more interesting would it have been to have had some account of the state of the *Anglican Church* in America—of the means by which, and the congregation

congregation for which so noble a temple has been erected. Instead of anything of this kind, Mr. Dickens tells us with much detail that he saw in New York—besides the ‘mulatto landlady’ and ‘a black fiddler’—‘one barrel-organ’—‘one dancing-monkey’—and, he adds by way of climax, ‘*not one white mouse.*’ All this, we presume, is meant for pleasantry; but indeed the utter inanity of Mr. Dickens’s pages as to all topics of information, or even rational amusement, is not more to be regretted than the awkward efforts at jocularity with which he endeavours to supply their places.

We might, in return, be very facetious in exposing Mr. Dickens’s bad taste, but we prefer seriously remonstrating with him on nonsense so deplorable that we are almost ashamed to give one other specimen. We have already stated that of the account of New York a few lines only are given to a general view of society in that city, while several pages are employed on the lowest and most trivial topics; but our readers will hardly be prepared for such stupid puerility as we have now to produce. It seems that the streets of the ‘beautiful metropolis’ are very much frequented by *pigs*. This gives Mr. Dickens the opportunity of dedicating not merely to pigs in general, but to *one individual and selected pig*, three pages of his ‘*American Notes*,’ being, we calculate, six times more space than he has given to the statesmen, orators, literators, artists, and heroes of America all put together;—

‘Here is a solitary swine, lounging homeward by himself. He has only one ear; having parted with the other to vagrant dogs in the course of his city rambles. But he gets on very well without it; and leads a *roving, gentlemanly, vagabond kind of life, somewhat answering to that of our club-men at home.* He leaves his lodgings every morning at a certain hour, throws himself upon the town, gets through his day in some manner quite satisfactory to himself, and regularly appears at the door of his own house again at night, like *the mysterious master of Gil Blas*. He is a free-and-easy, careless, indifferent kind of pig, having a very large acquaintance among other pigs of the same character, whom he rather knows by sight than conversation, as he seldom troubles himself to stop and exchange civilities, but goes grunting down the kennel, turning up the news and small-talk of the city, in the shape of cabbage-stalks and offal, and *bearing no tails* but his own: which is a very short one, for his old enemies, the dogs, have been at that too, and have left him hardly enough to swear by. He is in every respect a republican pig, going wherever he pleases, and *mingling with the best society, on an equal*, if not superior footing, for every one makes way when he appears, and the haughtiest give him the wall, if he prefer it.’—vol. i. p. 205.

And so on for three pages! Our readers will, we think, excuse us from producing any further specimens of this species of pleasantry, and will only wonder how any man, with a title of Mr.

Dickens's cleverness and a grain of tact, could publish such trash.

We have already admitted that a considerable share of Mr. Dickens's failure—for the failure is unquestionable—may be attributed to his laudable reluctance to abuse the confidence of private society, and to the consequent necessity of filling up his pages with—no matter what; but we think also that in no circumstances would he have written a good book of travels. Artists of the pen, like artists of the pencil, have generally a style which is proper to themselves, and from which they can seldom deviate with success: Jan Steen never could have become a Vandyke; nor Morland, another great painter of pigs, a Reynolds; and the author of 'Pickwick' and 'Nickleby' must, we suspect—as he indeed may well—be content with the brilliant, though circumscribed, successes of Boz. This opinion, to which we had from the first pages a kind of instinctive inclination, has been strengthened by a closer consideration of his narrative; of which the best parts—or, to speak more truly, almost all that are tolerable—are scenes and descriptions in the style and character of the sayings and doings of Messrs. Samuel Weller and Newman Noggs. In stage-coaches, omnibuses, steam-boats, and taverns, he is in his natural element; he draws them with spirit, and, we have no doubt, with accuracy, and in a *con-amore* minuteness and length of detail that would fill very well the periodical number of one of his novels, though they occupy a great deal too large a space in the canvass of a picture of the United States. The best of these passages have been so generally quoted in the newspapers, and are moreover so disproportionately prolix, that we hesitate about reproducing them; but having extracted a few of the worst parts of Mr. Dickens's book, it is but fair that we should endeavour to make room for some of the best: they are of a very slight texture, but they are sometimes curious, and generally amusing. We should have given a description of an American stage-coach and its black driver, which would have astonished Mr. Weller, senior, but we have seen it in so many papers, and it is, besides, so long—no less than seven pages—that we must satisfy ourselves with shorter specimens:—

'Whenever the coach stops, and you can hear the voices of the inside passengers; or whenever any bystander addresses them, or any one among them; or they address each other; you will hear one phrase repeated over and over again, to the most extraordinary extent. It is an ordinary and unpromising phrase enough, being neither more nor less than "Yes, sir;" but it is adapted to every variety of circumstance, and fills up every pause in the conversation. Thus:

'The time is one o'clock at noon. The scene, a place where we are to
stay

stay to dine on this journey. The coach drives up to the door of an inn. The day is warm, and there are several idlers lingering about the tavern, and waiting for the public dinner. Among them is a stout gentleman in a brown hat, swinging himself to and fro in a rocking-chair on the pavement. As the coach stops, a gentleman in a straw hat looks out of the [coach] window :—

‘ *Straw Hat* (to the stout gentleman in the rocking-chair).—I reckon that’s Judge Jefferson : a’nt it ?

‘ *Brown Hat* (still swinging ; speaking very slowly, and without any emotion whatever).—Yes, sir.

‘ *Straw Hat*.—Warm weather, Judge.

‘ *Brown Hat*.—Yes, sir.

‘ *Straw Hat*.—There was a snap of cold last week.

‘ *Brown Hat*.—Yes, sir.

‘ *Straw Hat*.—Yes, sir.

‘ A pause. They look at each other very seriously.

‘ *Straw Hat*.—I calculate you’ll have got through that case of the corporation, Judge, by this time, now ?

‘ *Brown Hat*.—Yes, sir.

‘ *Straw Hat*.—How did the verdict go, sir ?

‘ *Brown Hat*.—For the defendant, sir.

‘ *Straw Hat* (interrogatively).—Yes, sir ?

‘ *Brown Hat* (affirmatively).—Yes, sir.

‘ *Both* (musingly, as each gazes down the street).—Yes, sir.

‘ Another pause. They look at each other again, still more seriously than before.

‘ *Brown Hat*.—This coach is rather behind its time to-day, I guess.

‘ *Straw Hat* (doubtingly).—Yes, sir.

‘ *Brown Hat* (looking at his watch).—Yes, sir ; nigh upon two hours.

‘ *Straw Hat* (raising his eyebrows in very great surprise).—Yes, sir !

‘ *Brown Hat* (decisively, as he puts up his watch).—Yes, sir.

‘ *All the other inside Passengers* (among themselves).—Yes, sir.

‘ *Coachman* (in a very surly tone).—No, it a’nt.

‘ *Straw Hat* (to the coachman).—Well, I don’t know, sir. We were a pretty tall time coming that last fifteen mile. That’s a fact.

‘ The coachman making no reply, and plainly declining to enter into any controversy on a subject so far removed from his sympathies and feelings, another passenger says “ Yes, sir ; ” and the gentleman in the straw hat, in acknowledgment of his courtesy, says “ Yes, sir ” to him, in return. The straw hat then inquires of the brown hat, whether that coach in which he (the Straw Hat) then sits is not a new one ? To which the brown hat again makes answer, “ Yes, sir.”

‘ *Straw Hat*.—I thought so. Pretty loud smell of varnish, sir ?

‘ *Brown Hat*.—Yes, sir.

‘ *All the other inside Passengers*.—Yes, sir.

‘ *Brown Hat* (to the company in general).—Yes, sir.

‘ The conversational powers of the company having been by this time pretty heavily taxed, the Straw Hat opens the door and gets out ; and all the rest alight also.’—vol. ii. pp. 153-156.

This

This is good farce, and the better because it 'savours strongly of the reality.'

It seems from several passages that Mr. Dickens, while travelling in those conveniences, was not very careful to preserve his incognito; and indeed the public curiosity about the celebrated Boz seems to have extended even to what in Europe would be called the lower classes of society:—

'We stopped to dine at Baltimore, and after dinner took our seats in the cars for Washington. Being rather early, those men and boys who happened to have nothing particular to do, and were curious in foreigners, came (according to custom) round the carriage in which I sat; let down all the windows, thrust in their heads and shoulders, hooked themselves on conveniently by their elbows, and fell to comparing notes on the subject of my personal appearance, with as much indifference as if I were a stuffed figure. I never gained so much uncompromising information with reference to my own nose and eyes, the various impressions wrought by my mouth and chin on different minds, and how my head looks when it is viewed from behind, as on these occasions. Some gentlemen were only satisfied *by exercising their sense of touch*; and the boys (who are surprisingly precocious in America) were seldom satisfied even by that, but would return to the charge over and over again. Many a budding president has walked into my room with his cap on his head and his hands in his pockets, and stared at me for two whole hours; occasionally refreshing himself with a tweak at his nose, or a draught from the water-jug; or by walking to the windows, and inviting other boys in the street below to come up and do likewise; crying, "Here he is!" "Come on!" "Bring all your brothers!" with other hospitable entreaties of that nature.'

We fear that few English folks of a similar class ever took the same lively interest about Washington Irving as he sat in a coach or coffee-room at the White-Horse Cellar; but we flatter ourselves that any who did would have shown it in a rather less impressive way. All travellers are agreed as to the *free and easy* style with which every individual American thinks himself authorised to *catechise*, on the most private and personal details, any stranger he may happen to fall in with; but this is, we think, the first instance we have met of an actual *imposition of hands*.

One scene, and one only, as we recollect, in the whole book, seems to exhibit some trace of individual character.

On board a steam-boat, plying from Harrisburg to Pittsburg, the commander had chosen to admit a number of passengers belonging to another line of conveyance, which very much crowded and inconvenienced the proper passengers of the boat; this brought forward one individual who had not been before observed:—

'A thin-faced, spare-figured man, of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty

a dusty drabbish-coloured suit, such as I never saw before. He was perfectly quiet during the first part of the journey: indeed, I don't remember having so much as seen him until he was brought out by circumstances, as great men often are.'

At the introduction of these extra passengers—

'Our people grumbled at this, as people do in such cases, but suffered the boat to be towed off with the whole freight aboard, nevertheless; and away we went down the canal. At home I should have protested lustily, but being a foreigner here, I held my peace. Not so this passenger: he cleft a path among the people on deck (we were nearly all on deck), and, without addressing anybody whomsoever, soliloquised as follows:—

"This may suit *you*, this may; but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with *Down-Easters* and *Men of Boston raising*;* but it won't suit my figure, no how—and no two ways about *that*; and so I tell you. Now! I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am; and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little: it don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, I am. I aint a *Johnny Cake*. There are no smooth skins where I live: we're rough men there—rather. If *Down-Easters* and *Men of Boston raising* like this, I'm glad of it; but I'm none of that raising, nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little *fixing*, it does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, I am. They won't like me, *they* won't. This is piling of it up a little too mountainous, this is." At the end of every one of these short sentences he turned upon his heel and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again.

'It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester; but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the *Pioneers* [the intruders] as could be coaxed or bullied into going away were got rid of. When we started again, some of the boldest spirits on board made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our prospects, "Much obliged to you, sir:" whereunto the brown forester (waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before) replied, "No, you an't. You're none o' my raising. You may act for yourselves, *you* may: I have p'inted out the way. *Down-Easters* and *Johnny Cakes* can follow, if they please. I an't a *Johnny Cake*, I an't. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am." And so on, as before. He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night—there is a great contest for the tables—in consideration of his public services; and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey.'—vol. ii. pp. 58-60.

This also makes a good comic scene, which is all that Mr.

* *Down-Easters*, *Men of Boston raising*, and *Johnny Cakes*, are, it seems, the contemptuous terms by which the wilder men of the West express the very unfounded opinion that the folks of the Eastern States are deficient in spirit and shrewdness.

Dickens intended; but a less *sketchy* traveller would probably have inquired on what latent means of redress the brown forester's ejaculatory remonstrances were founded—as his mere soliloquizing up and down the deck could not have had the *talismanic* effect of expelling the intruders; nor does Mr. Dickens make any attempt to explain the strange gratitude and humility with which his fellow-passengers accepted his contemptuous protection, and swallowed like sugar-plums the insulting epithets of '*Down Easters*' and '*Johnny Cakes*.'

This leads us to notice, as a remarkable discrepancy, that while Mr. Dickens's general statements are in the highest degree complimentary to American society, every individual instance he adduces has a direct contrary tendency. For instance, the hotels are, for the most part, described as very magnificent establishments—but the details, when we arrive at them, have rather an uncomfortable aspect. The hotel at Boston,

'a very excellent one, is called the Tremont House. It has more galleries, colonnades, piazzas, and passages than I can remember, or the reader would believe; and is some trifle smaller than Bedford Square.'

Very fine; but the modes of life in this great establishment do not seem to be in a very polished taste.

'The bar is a large room with a stone floor, and there people stand and smoke, and lounge about, all the evening; dropping in and out as the humour takes them. There too the stranger is initiated into the mysteries of *Gin-sling*, *Cocktail*, *Sangaree*, *Mint Julep*, *Sherry-cobbler*, *Timber Doodle*, and other rare drinks. The house is full of boarders, both married and single, many of whom sleep upon the premises, and contract by the week for their board and lodging; the charge for which diminishes as they go nearer the sky to roost. A public table is laid in a very handsome hall for breakfast, and for dinner, and for supper. The party sitting down together to these meals will vary in number from one to two hundred: sometimes more. . . . Our bedroom was spacious and airy, but (*like every bedroom on this side of the Atlantic*) *very bare of furniture*.'

These and such like uncomfortable habits seem to prevail everywhere. On board the canal-boat (vol. ii. p. 7)

'the washing and dressing apparatus for the passengers generally consists of two jack-towels, three small wooden basins, a keg of water and a ladle to serve it out with, six square inches of looking-glass, two ditto ditto of yellow soap, a comb and brush for the head, and *nothing for the teeth*.* Everybody uses the comb and brush, except myself. Everybody *stares to see me using my own*; and two or three gentlemen are strongly disposed to banter me on my prejudices, but don't.'

* An American critic might take his revenge on Mr. Dickens, by asking what general provision for cleaning passengers' teeth he expected the steam-boat proprietors to have made; and we may add that we have heard of clubs in London that accommodate their members with common combs and hair-brushes.

There

There is another peculiarity that former travellers have not failed to observe, but which naturally enough seems to have made a deeper impression on a man of Mr. Dickens's facetious turn—we mean the melancholy monotony of manners and absence of everything like gaiety and good humour that seems to pervade all classes of people and in all circumstances—even at table, where the most reserved European relaxes a little of his gravity. Take, as an example, one dinner out of many possessing the same characteristics—

‘ Nobody says anything at any meal to anybody. All the passengers are *very dismal*, and seem to have tremendous secrets weighing on their minds. There is no conversation, no laughter, no cheerfulness, no sociality, *except in spitting*; and that is done in silent fellowship round the stove when the meal is over. Every man sits down, dull and languid; swallows his fare as if breakfasts, dinners, and suppers were necessities of nature never to be coupled with recreation or enjoyment; and having bolted his food in a gloomy silence, bolts himself, in the same state. But for these animal observances you might suppose the whole male portion of the company to be the melancholy ghosts of departed bookkeepers who had fallen dead at the desk: such is their weary air of business and calculation. Undertakers on duty would be sprightly beside them; and a collation of funeral-baked meats, in comparison with these meals, would be a sparkling festivity. *The people are all alike too. There is no diversity of character.* They travel about on the same errands, say and do the same things in exactly the same manner, and follow in the same dull, cheerless round. All down the long table there is scarcely a man who is in anything different from his neighbour.’—vol. ii. pp. 76, 77.

Nor were the manners in other respects more satisfactory. Some of the company would ‘pile up on one plate beet-root, dried beef, yellow pickle, maize, apple-sauce, pumpkins, sweet preserves, and roast pig’—but those who do not take all these dainties on their plate *at once*,

‘and who help themselves several times instead, *usually suck their knives and forks* meditatively, until they have decided what to take next; then pull them out of their mouths, *put them in the dish*, help themselves, and fall to work again.’—vol. ii. p. 76.

But worse, if possible, than all this, is that most remarkable peculiarity of American society—which is so nauseous that we are reluctant even to allude to it, and would rather have confined ourselves to repeating Mrs. Trollope's modest observation, that ‘*spitting* is carried to an excess that *decency forbids one to describe*’; but it forms so large a feature in Mr. Dickens's picture, and seems to have increased, even since Mrs. Trollope's visit, to so monstrous an extent, that we cannot pass it over in silence. Mr. Dickens first mentions it in his railroad journey from New

York

York to Philadelphia, and treats it with a kind of levity and bad taste which displease us almost as much as the subject of his misplaced drollery :—

‘ My attention was attracted to a remarkable appearance issuing from the windows of the gentlemen’s car immediately in front of us, which I supposed for some time was occasioned by a number of industrious persons inside, ripping open feather-beds, and giving the feathers to the wind. At length it occurred to me that they were only spitting, which was indeed the case; though how any number of passengers which it was possible for that car to contain, could have maintained such a playful and incessant shower of expectoration, I am still at a loss to understand—notwithstanding the experience in all salivatory phenomena which I afterwards acquired.’—vol. i. p. 233.

But it soon became so serious as to tame, though not quite subdue, Mr. Dickens’s propensity to inopportune pleasantry :—

‘ As Washington may be called the head-quarters of tobacco-tinctured saliva, the time is come when I must confess, without any disguise, that the prevalence of those two odious practices of chewing and expectorating began about this time to be anything but agreeable, and soon became most offensive and sickening. In all the public places of America this filthy custom is recognised. In the courts of law, the judge has his spittoon, the crier his, the witness his, and the prisoner his; while the jurymen and spectators are provided for, as so many men who in the course of nature must desire to spit incessantly. In the hospitals, the students of medicine are requested, by notices upon the wall, to eject their tobacco juice into the boxes provided for that purpose, and not to discolour the stairs. In public buildings, visitors are implored, through the same agency, to squirt the essence of their quids, or “plugs,” as I have heard them called by gentlemen *learned in this kind of sweetmeat*, into the national spittoons, and not about the bases of the marble columns. But in some parts this custom is inseparably mixed up with every meal and morning call, and with all the transactions of social life. The stranger, who follows in the track I took myself, will find it in its full bloom and glory, luxuriant in all its alarming recklessness, at Washington. And let him not persuade himself (as I once did, to my shame) that previous tourists have exaggerated its extent. The thing itself is an exaggeration of nastiness, which cannot be outdone.’

Even in the legislative assemblies it seems to be at least as bad as in the times when ‘decency forbade’ Mrs. Trollope to describe it. (See vol. i. p. 294.) It seems, indeed, to have become a habit as strong and irresistible as opium-eating in Turkey, and more so than the worst and most degraded cases of dram-drinking amongst us. In that most extraordinary case of the Somers national brig-of-war which is now under examination, amidst a crowd of more awful circumstances, we observe that the Commander stopped the tobacco of the suspected mutineers, and that

under

under this infliction the spirit of Mr. Spencer, the alleged leader of the enterprise—who is represented as having planned murder and mutiny, and faced danger and death with the most stoical serenity—sank at once into feminine weakness :—

‘Having observed,’ says *Captain Mackenzie in the wonderful narrative which he has given of the affair*, ‘that Spencer was endeavouring to hold intelligence with some of them, I directed the faces of the prisoners to be turned aft, and that no tobacco should be allowed them when the supply they had upon their persons at the time of their arrest should be exhausted. I told them that I would see that they had everything necessary for their comfort; that each should have his ration; that they should be abundantly supplied with everything necessary for their health and convenience. But I told them that tobacco was only a stimulant, and that, as *I wished their minds to become as quiet and tranquil as possible*—[*he meaning to hang them up at his leisure, without any form of trial*—I could not allow them to use it.

‘The day after Spencer’s tobacco was stopped, his spirit gave way. He would sit for a long time with his face buried in his cloak, and when he raised his head his face was bathed in tears.’—*Capt. Mackenzie’s Narrative*.*

In short, no place—no time—no company—are exempt from this abomination. It goes on night and day—abroad and at home—in private and in public—at the President’s court—in visits of ceremony—at the dinner-table—in bed—and even in female society. Mr. Dickens tells us—and it is very agreeable to us to repeat—that there is a very general deference and respect to the fair sex even in the lowest ranks of men; but he does not say whether habit has so blunted the finer feelings of the American ladies, that they are become indifferent to this vile practice, which we cannot but consider as a peculiar mark of ill manners and disrespect *towards them*, not only from its nastiness, but because it obtrudes upon them a selfish indulgence on the part of the men, in which they cannot participate. In short, we must confess that we cannot understand how society affecting to call itself civilized can tolerate so filthy a nuisance.

To the unfavourable impressions that all these details must give of American society, there is one obvious palliative answer,—namely, that similar stories might be told of any similar class of persons in Europe; and that it is as unjust to measure American manners by the standard of stage-coaches and public-houses, as it

* This Captain Alexander Slidell Mackenzie is, it seems, the ‘*Young American*,’ whose ‘*Year in Spain*’ was so favourably noticed in our 64th vol. p. 321. Nothing in the tone or sentiments of that work could have led us to anticipate such a spirit of cold-blooded and canting cruelty as this, *his own exculpatory narrative*, seems to us to exhibit. We, and we believe we may say the whole civilized world, await the result of this affair with more painful anxiety than any question of mere naval discipline could have created.

would be in France or England. There is, no doubt, some truth in this observation, and it leads us the rather to regret that Mr. Dickens has not given us the more favourable view which private society would no doubt have afforded—but truth obliges us to say that this apology cannot at all apply to the odious practice we have last noticed; and that with regard to the other offensive habits, the comparison with the stage-coaches and public-houses of Europe, and particularly of England, is not altogether just. In the first place, though we admit that very coarse manners are to be found in large portions of the population of this as of every country, we think we may assert that no American traveller has ever seen in any English steam-boat, stage-coach, or public-house such practices as Mr. Dickens complains of; but, in the next place, we believe that the class of persons who travel by such public conveyances are very different in America and England. *Here*, when you find low manners it will be in low company, and persons of a better taste need hardly ever subject themselves to such disagreeable associations—but it is not so in America. From the nature of their institutions, and the feelings that these generate, there seems to be comparatively less private life there than we have ever heard or read of in any other part of the world; and we apprehend that if the best bred lady and gentleman in America were disposed to make the same tour that Mr. and Mrs. Dickens did, they must have used the same conveyances, and fallen into the same society. In fact—and this is our reason for dwelling on so disagreeable a subject—these offensive manners—of which the main and worst feature is that they arise from an overweening egotism and a selfish disregard of the feelings of others—are the natural consequences

‘*De ce rêve d'envieux qu'on nomme EGALITÉ.*’

Such *equality* is, really, nothing but an assumption of individual *superiority*. It is this arrogant selfishness that makes an American think that he has a right to require every stranger he meets to gratify his curiosity to any extent. It is this that inflated the *Brown Forester* into such loud contempt for ‘*Down-Easters*’ and ‘*Johnny Cakes*,’ and deluded him into an imagination that the sun shone brighter on him and his than on the rest of mankind: it is this that leads an American to *suck his own knife* and then thrust it into the common dish—it is this that soils a lady’s carpet and stains the marble columns of the Capitol with saliva—it is, in short, to this self-indulgence, self-flattery, and self-worship, in all things, great and small, that we may trace, without any strained inference, almost everything that is offensive in American manners, as well as some graver imperfections in the national character, to which we must now allude.

After

After Mr. Dickens has concluded the too-superficial narrative of his tour, he adds a couple of chapters of general remarks on American character and manners, which seem to be intended as a summary of the opinions which he formed in those private societies to which he did not think proper to introduce us in the course of his journey. One of these chapters is dedicated to the subject of domestic *slavery*, on which Mr. Dickens had already indulged in several occasional tirades, which read to us as if, having reluctantly bottled up his opinions on so many other matters, he was glad to give them vent on that of slavery. We trust we are not less sincere—we certainly are somewhat older—enemies of slavery than Mr. Dickens, but we can by no means bring ourselves to adopt the easy process by which he is inclined to account for all the worst features in the American character by the existence of slavery in some of the States.

He has republished a collection of advertisements of runaway slaves, a

'catalogue with broken arms, and broken legs, and gashed flesh, and missing teeth, and lacerated backs, and bites of dogs, and brands of red-hot irons innumerable'—(vol. ii. p. 266.)

which is, as he says, '*sufficiently sickening*;' and which forms, indeed, a sad commentary on the doctrines of civil and religious liberty professed by the model republic; but when 'he turns to,' as he says, '*another branch of the subject*,' and produces a catalogue of murders committed during his residence in America, some of them not in slave states and others arising out of mere political violence, we hesitate to attribute, as Mr. Dickens does, these individual crimes to the general demoralization produced by *slavery*.

We readily admit—indeed who does not?—the brutalising tendencies of a system of slavery; but the great majority of the cases produced by Mr. Dickens are, we think, much more distinctly traceable to the political institutions of the whole country. Negro slavery is not the only, nor even the worst, slavery that exists in the United States. Here is one extract from Mr. Dickens's catalogue:—

'*Horrible Tragedy*.—By a slip from the *Southport Telegraph*, Wisconsin, we learn that the Hon. Charles C. P. Arndt, member of the council for Brown county, was shot dead *on the floor of the council chamber*, by James R. Vinyard, member from Grant county. *The affair* grew out of a nomination for sheriff of Grant county. Mr. E. S. Baker was nominated and supported by Mr. Arndt. This nomination was opposed by Vinyard, who wanted the appointment to vest in his own brother. In the course of debate, the deceased made some statements which Vinyard pronounced false, and made use of violent and insulting language,

language, dealing largely in personalities, to which Mr. A. made no reply. After the adjournment, Mr. A. stepped up to Vinyard, and requested him to retract, which he refused to do, repeating the offensive words. Mr. Arudt, then made a blow at Vinyard, who stepped back a pace, drew a pistol, and shot him dead. . . .

'Judge Dunn has discharged Vinyard on bail.'—vol. ii. p. 268.

We need not give more of this catalogue—since, in reviewing not long ago Mr. Combe and Mr. Buckingham, we quoted largely from an exactly similar one. The whole picture is very frightful: the instances of assassination, in various forms and on various pretexts, are frequent and appalling; but we see much more reason to attribute them to the fierce and ungovernable temper created in the people by the frequency and violence of their political contests, and to a general spirit of indiscipline and disorder—which they mistake for independence—than to the indirect effect of slavery, particularly in districts remote from slavery and its baneful influences. But, moreover, domestic slavery is as old as America itself, and has been (we hope) gradually reduced, both in extent and intensity; yet these assassinations were unheard of (at least very rare) under the old régime, and they now seem to grow every day more frequent and atrocious, particularly in the new States—a practical proof, we think, (of what might have been expected *à priori*.) that these bad passions and the crimes they generate are the result of that restless, reckless, and insulting egotism of which we have already given so many specimens. It is, we believe, the republican Cicero who says—and higher moralists than Cicero have inculcated—that the best guide to moral improvement is to control, and, as far as possible, subdue all *violent, sordid, and selfish* passions and impulses; but an American citizen seems to think that a directly opposite course is the best proof of dignity and independence.

But, after all, it turns out that Mr. Dickens is of our opinion: for in the very last chapter he gathers courage to speak out a little more than he had hitherto done; and—after a due preamble of compliments to his individual friends—he gives us as unfavourable a view of the moral state of society as any former traveller, and indicates, not obscurely though somewhat reluctantly, that these *national defects* are closely connected with *national institutions*. After stating generally that he believes the American people to be, '*by nature, frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, and affectionate,*' which we are satisfied is as true of them as it would be of any other nation, he proceeds to say that these *natural qualities*

'are, however, sadly sapped and blighted in their growth among the mass; and that there are *influences at work* which endanger them still more,

more, and give *but little present promise of their healthy restoration*, is a truth that ought to be told.'—vol. ii. p. 288.

Mr. Dickens's exposition of these bad influences and of the real working of their political institutions on private morals and manners are by much the best—as they are almost the only serious and thoughtful—passages of his work; and they come with the greater authority from one who was evidently reluctant to find fault with America, and by no means unwilling, we are sorry to say, to disparage British institutions. And we should have made large extracts from them, but that we have the same subjects treated, very much in the same style, by an *American* authority, which we think our readers will be more curious to see, and to which we shall proceed presently; but we cannot conclude with Mr. Dickens without observing the force with which he directly charges whatever is most blamable in American manners or character to that circumstance which is the most marked feature—in a peculiar degree the *child and champion*—of her political institutions—a licentious and uncontrollable newspaper press. As this is a point on which his testimony may be considered as peculiarly valuable, we will quote his final remarks:—

'Among the gentry of America; among the well-informed and moderate; in the learned professions; at the bar, and on the bench; there is, as there can be, but one opinion in reference to the vicious character of these infamous journals. It is sometimes contended—I will not say strangely, for it is natural to seek excuses for such a disgrace—that their influence is not so great as a visitor would suppose. I must be pardoned for saying that there is no warrant for this plea, and that every fact and circumstance tends directly to the opposite conclusion.

'When any man, of any grade of desert in intellect or character, can climb to any public distinction, no matter what, in America, without first grovelling down upon the earth, and bending the knee before this monster of depravity; when any private excellence is safe from its attacks, when any social confidence is left unbroken by it, or any tie of social decency and honour is held in the least regard; when any man in that Free Country has freedom of opinion, and presumes to think for himself, and speak for himself, without humble reference to a censorship which, for its rampant ignorance and base dishonesty, he utterly loathes and despises in his heart; when those who most acutely feel its infamy and the reproach it casts upon the nation, and who most denounce it to each other, dare to set their heels upon, and crush it openly, in the sight of all men; then I will believe that its influence is lessening, and men are returning to their manly senses. But while that Press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the state, from a president to a postman; while, with ribald slander for its only stock in trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class, who must find their reading in a newspaper, or they will not read at all; so long

long must its odium be upon the country's head, and so long must the evil it works be plainly visible in the Republic.'—vol. ii. pp. 294-296.

Our readers will now have seen that however inferior Mr. Dickens's work is to those of Captain Hall, Mr. Hamilton,* or Mrs. Trollope, and however different the points of view from which these several writers looked at the picture, he and they all arrive finally at the same conclusion—a conclusion highly unfavourable to the state of society in America. No one supposes that physically or mentally the Americans are inferior to their European kindred: on the contrary, we believe that they are gifted with their full share of personal and intellectual advantages. When they come amongst us they are hardly distinguishable from ourselves, and the difference, when perceptible, has been in many remarkable instances not unfavourable to them. It is with no personal prejudice, therefore, against the Americans, that we dwell on the defects, the blemishes, the errors of the national character. We see in them the result of their political and municipal institutions—the fruits, in short, of a *despot-democracy*, which we believe to be essentially hostile to the advance of civilisation—the refinement of manners—the purity of morals—the growth of the human mind, and the consequent extension of human happiness. We believe that *society*, in the civilised meaning of the word, could not maintain itself in any European country under such a system, and that even in America it is visibly and rapidly descending to a lower scale—that its energies are taking a most dangerous direction, and would probably ere this have arrived at some violent crisis and explosion, but for the great *safety-valve* of western emigration; and as that resource, though inexhaustible for many years to come, is already sensibly diminished, the existence of the federal republic is, we believe, at least as problematical as that of any European government. That the great Anglo-American people are immortal, we gladly acknowledge—that they have before them an interminable vista of power, happiness, and glory, we hope and believe; but not—we are equally convinced—under their present institutions.

In this conviction—founded, we think, on both the soundest theory of political science and the best attested experience—we are confirmed by all that we can learn of the opinions of the most respectable citizens of the republic themselves—who, proud of their country, glorying in its strength, and anticipating a vast increase of its physical greatness, appear to entertain considerable

* We regret to say that, as we are writing, we hear of the decease of this amiable and ingenious gentleman—a gallant soldier, a well-read scholar, and a writer of remarkable terseness and elegance. He died at Pisa in December, 1842.

anxiety concerning its moral and political condition, and especially the fitness and efficacy of some prominent parts of its present constitution for the purposes of good government. We have before us '*An Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston, 4th July, 1842, by Horace Mann, Secretary of the Massachusetts Education Board,*' which seems to us to be on many accounts a very remarkable production. This oration was delivered on the grand national festival of the anniversary of the declaration of Independence, and very naturally turns on the political and social consequences of that great event. Mr. Mann of course looks at the event itself with veneration, and its consequences with strong predilection; and this renders his evidence as to the defects of the political machine produced by that revolution the more valuable. Mr. Mann looks, as we had done before we saw his publication, at the constitution of the United States as 'the great experiment of the principle of republicanism—the capacity of man for self-government.' He of course decides in the affirmative, but on conditions and under limitations with the help of which we can go almost the whole length of his opinion. He would have the man intrusted with any share of self-government *educated* (this is Mr. Mann's main object) *ad hoc*—so as to be duly impressed with the religious, social, and political obligations of his station in the commonwealth; and, certainly, the 'abstract capacity of *such* men for self-government' it is not for us or any other friend of representative government to deny; but, on the other hand, Mr. Mann, in his honest zeal for the spread of education, and sound religious, moral, and political instruction among the people, is led to show that the present condition of the United States does by no means satisfy the conditions on which such a popular government can be safely based. Though he is himself an *anniversary orator*, he begins by some rather caustic observations on the national vanity that exhibits itself in such proceedings. But hear him open the real question:—

'The great experiment of republicanism—of the capacity of man for self-government—is to be tried anew, which, wherever it has been tried—in Greece, in Rome, in Italy—has failed through an incapacity in the people to enjoy liberty without abusing it. Another trial is to be made, whether mankind will enjoy more and suffer less, under the ambition and rapacity of an irresponsible parliament, or of irresponsible parties; under an hereditary sovereign, who must, at least, prove his right to destroy by showing his birth—or under mobs, which are like wild beasts, that prove their right to devour by showing their teeth. A vacant continent is here to be filled up with innumerable millions of human beings, who may be happy through our wisdom, but must be miserable through our folly.

'In this exigency I affirm we need far more of wisdom and rectitude than we possess. Every aspect of our affairs, public and private, demonstrates that we need, for their successful management, a vast accession to the common stock of intelligence and virtue.'—p. 3.

One of the boasted merits of a republican government is its simplicity. This, however, is not realised in the United States.

'However simple our government may be in theory, it has proved in practice the *most complex government on earth*. It is now an historical fact, that more questions for legislative interposition, and for judicial exposition and construction, have arisen under it during the period of its existence, ten to one, than have arisen during the same length of time under any other form of government in Christendom.'—p. 5.

Though this may be with Mr. Mann a matter of regret, we do not think that it can be one of either surprise or complaint. The laws and constitutions of old nations have grown up with them and about them; discordant principles and circumstances have been mutually reconciled and amalgamated by long experience. Not so America. She was suddenly called on at full growth to extemporise a constitution for immediate use, in which old practical habits were to be subjected to new theories; and it is no wonder that—as in France, under somewhat similar circumstances—there should have been a great deal of conflict and confusion in the working of the heterogeneous system. But though the cause be innocent, the result is—we agree with Mr. Mann—a serious deduction from the merits of the republican government, and this is more particularly felt in its *federal and international relations*, which, as we have lately seen, are in a very complicated and perilous state of legal uncertainty. But much more serious and important is Mr. Mann's exposure of the means by which the government is constituted, and of the utter practical failure of all the plausible theories on which it was founded:—

'The questions which arise for decision are submitted, not to one man, nor to a triumvirate, nor to a Council of Five Hundred, but to millions. The number of votes given at the last presidential election was nearly two millions and a half. When the appointed day for making the decision arrives, the question must be decided, whether the previous preparation which has been made for it be much or little, or none at all. And what is extraordinary, each voter helps to decide the question as much by not voting as by voting. If the question is so vast or complicated that any one has not time to make up his mind in relation to it—or if any one is too conscientious to act from conjecture in cases of magnitude, and therefore stays from the polls—another, who has no scruples about acting ignorantly, or from caprice or malevolence, votes, and, in the absence of the former, decides the question against the right.

'The founders of our government, indeed, intended to increase responsibility

sponsibility by limiting the number of its depositaries in the last resort. Hence, in framing the constitution, they gave a two-years' tenure of office to the representatives; one of six years to senators; and of four years to the president: and, in their contemporaneous expositions of that instrument, they declared that the incumbents of these offices, during their official term, should act according to their own best knowledge and ability, irrespective of the vacillations of party, or the gusts of popular clamour. Indeed so runs the oath of office.

'But, through the practice of extorting pledges from a candidate before the election—through the doctrine, or right of instruction, as it is called, while one continues in office—and emphatically by the besom of destruction with which a man who dares to act in accordance with the dictates of his own judgment and conscience, against the will or whim of his constituents, is swept into political annihilation—the theoretical independence of the representative, senator, president, is to a great extent abrogated. Instead of holding their offices for two, six, and four years, respectively, they are *minute* men; and many of them examine each mail to see what their oaths mean until the arrival of the next.'

—p. 6.

Mr. Mann goes on to expose the fallacies, both theoretical and practical, of the doctrine of *universal suffrage*, with some originality (a merit on so trite a subject), and great truth and effect, and turns with some dexterity against themselves the arguments of the antagonists of monarchy and aristocracy:—

'We laugh to scorn the idea of a man's being *born* a ruler or law-giver, whether king or peer; but men are born capable of making laws and being rulers just as much in the *old* world as in the *new*. *With us every voter is a ruler and a law-maker*, and therefore it is no less absurd to say here that a man is fit to be a voter, by right of nativity or naturalisation, than it is, in the language of the British constitution, to say that a man shall be sovereign or lord by hereditary descent. Qualification, in both cases, is something superadded to birth or citizenship; and hence, unless we take adequate means to supply this qualification to our voters, the Bishop of London or the Duke of Wellington may sneer at us for believing in *the hereditary right to vote*, with as good a grace as we can at them, for believing in *the hereditary right to rule*.'

He then exhibits, with equal force, the practical effects of the *ballot* system—for the introduction of which into the British constitution there used, not long since, to be, *proh pudor!* an annual motion in the British House of Commons:—

'In a republican government the ballot-box is the urn of fate, yet no god shakes the bowl, or presides over the lot. If the ballot-box is open to wisdom, and patriotism, and humanity, it is equally open to ignorance and treachery, to pride and envy, to contempt for the poor, or hostility towards the rich. It is the loosest filter ever devised to strain out impurities. It gives equal ingress to whatever comes. No masses of

selfishness or fraud, no foul aggregations of cupidity or profligacy, are so ponderous or bulky as to meet obstruction in its capacious gorge.'—p. 9.

But he proceeds to wider and still more awful views of the whole state of American society:—

'When an election is coming on, whether State or National, then the rival parties begin to play their game for the ignorant, and to purchase the saleable. Mass-meetings are held. Hired speakers itinerate through the country. A thousand tireless presses are plied, day and night. Newspapers and pamphlets are scattered thick as snow-flakes in a wintry storm. Reading-rooms and committee-rooms are opened, and men abandon business and family to fill them. The census is taken anew, and every man is labelled or ear-marked. As the contest approaches, fraud, intimidation, bribes, are rife. Immense sums are spent to carry the lame, to hunt up the skulking, to force the indifferent to the polls. Taxes are contributed to qualify voters, and men are transported, at party expense, from one State to another. Couriers are despatched from county to county, or from State to State, to revive the desponding with false news of success. . . .

'For the last ten years such have been the disastrous fluctuations of our National and State policy, on the single subject of the currency, that all the prodigality of Nature, pouring her hundreds of millions of products annually into our hands, has not been able to save thousands and thousands of our people from poverty; and in many cases, economy, industry, and virtue could not rescue their possessor from want. . . .

'During all this time the course of our government, on this and other great questions of policy, has been vacillating—enacting and repealing, advancing and receding, baffling all the plans of the wisest. . . .

'And this series of disasters, under which we are suffering, must lengthen to an interminable train: those anxieties which the wealthy and the educated now feel for their purse, they must soon feel for their characters, their persons, and their families; the whole country must be involved in wider and deeper calamities, until a more noble and Christian policy is pursued. . . .

'I have shown—if not an incurable, yet, unless cured—a fatal malady in the head: I must now exhibit a not less fatal malady in the heart. *I tremble at the catalogue of national crimes which we are exhibiting before heaven and earth!* The party rancour and vilification which rage through our newspaper press—the fraud, falsehood, bribery, perjury, perpetrated at our elections, and the spirit of wantonness or malice, of pride or envy, in which the sacred privilege of voting is exercised! The practice of *double voting*, like parricide in Rome, unheard of in the early days of the republic, is becoming more and more frequent. Although in some of the States a property qualification, and in some even a landed qualification, is necessary, yet the number of votes given at the last presidential election equalled, almost without a fraction, one-sixth part of the whole free population of the Union. In one of the States the number of votes exceeded, by a large fraction, one-fifth of the whole population, men, women, and children. Will it not be a new form of a republic,

republic, unknown alike to ancient or modern writers, when the question shall be, not how many voters there are, but how many ballots can be printed and put surreptitiously into the ballot-box? Then there is the fraudulent sequestration of votes by the returning officers, because the majority is adverse to their own favourite candidates, which has now been done on a large scale in three of the principal States in the Union! The scenes of violence enacted, not only *without* but *within* the Capitol of the nation; and the halls, which should be consecrated to order, and solemnity, and a devout consultation upon the unspeakable magnitude and value of the interests of this great people, *desecrated by outrage, and Billingsgate, and drunken brawls* (!);—challenges given, and duels fought, by members of Congress, in violation or evasion of their own lately-enacted law against them; and within the space of a few days, a proud and prominent member, from a proud and prominent state—the countryman of Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison—put under bonds to *keep the peace*, like a wild, fresh-landed Carib. In two of our legislative assemblies *one member has been murdered by another member* in open day, and during the hours of session:—in one of the cases the deed being perpetrated by the presiding officer of the assembly, who descended from his chair and pierced the heart of his victim with a bowie-knife,—*and still goes unpunished, though not unhonoured*. What outbreaks of violence all over the country;—the lynching of five men at one time at Vicksburg;—the valley of the Mississippi, from St. Louis to New Orleans, lighted almost as with watch-fires *by the burning of human beings*;—the riots and demolitions at New York, at Philadelphia, at Baltimore, at Alton, at Cincinnati;—yes, and the spectacle of our own more serene part of the heavens crimsoned at midnight by a conflagration of the dwelling-place of women and female children! . . .

‘And, in addition to this barbarian force and lawlessness, are not the business relations of the community contaminated more and more with speculation and *knavery*? In mercantile honour and honesty, in the intercourse between buyer and seller, is there not a luxation of all the joints of the body commercial and social? The number of fraudulent bankruptcies; the rapacity of speculation; the breaches of private trust; the embezzlement of corporate funds; the abscondings with government property; the malversations of government fiduciaries, whether of a United States Bank or of a Girard College; the repudiation of state debts; and that other class of offences which combines the criminality both of fraud and force—such as the shooting of a sheriff who attempted to execute civil process—or the burning of *a bank with all its contents, by a company of debtors, in Mississippi, because their notes had been lodged in it for collection*!’—pp. 23-25.

Mr. Mann here pauses in what he justly calls ‘this terrific array of enormities,’ because, though his catalogue was not exhausted, he refrained from noticing some other matters ‘ominous’ to the very existence of the Union—these being implicated with party politics, from which he had resolved to abstain. But has he not said enough—ten times more than enough—to justify the regret and

and apprehensions with which we look to the progress and prospects of a people, destined, beyond all doubt, to have a vast influence on the future destinies of mankind?

Mr. Mann appears to see no remedy for the enormous danger that he describes so forcibly but *education*—and, theoretically, he is right; an educated people would not tolerate such a system of government—but education can be at best but a slow and future remedy, while the evils are present, urgent, violent, and will far outstrip the schoolmaster and the lecturer. But, moreover, education is of different degrees—the religious and moral education with which Mr. Mann would fertilize the hearts of his countrymen could hardly be expected to reach the masses in whom he has shown all political power to be lodged. Such an education, indeed, would of itself constitute a species of aristocracy—but we doubt whether mere reading and writing, even if suddenly extended amongst the electoral body, would in any considerable degree improve the working of the constitutional machine, which exhibits, we confidently believe, the ‘terrific enormities’ deplored by Mr. Mann—not because universal suffrage and the ballot-box are given to tongues that cannot read and to hands that cannot write—but because universal suffrage and the ballot-box exist at all. With such elements there can be no good government. Where or how this great and growing nation is to find its remedy for these fundamental defects in her organization we know not—but scarcely, we think, by the slow processes of education. It may more probably arise from the condensation of population, the increased difficulties of emigration, and the rivalry of states. It may be accelerated by accidents of war, of faction, of patriotism, or of ambition. We can only express—with our best wishes for her welfare and happiness—our own fixed conviction that unless they will allow something in the nature of an aristocracy to *create itself* in the bosom of their society—some more permanent depository of public opinion—some more responsible guardian of national character than can be supplied by *universal suffrage* and the *ballot-box*, they can never attain that stability and integrity of public councils, public credit, and public principles which are essential to the dignity, the honour, the prosperity, and, we may even add, to the civilised existence of a people.

ART. XI.—*Life of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart.; interspersed with Sketches from his Note-books of distinguished contemporary Characters.* By Bransby Blake Cooper, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1843.

SIR ASTLEY was of respectable parentage. His grandfather enjoyed reputation as a surgeon at Norwich. His father, the incumbent of Yelverton, in Norfolk, afterwards of Great Yarmouth, seems to have been an accomplished and benevolent man. It appears that, shortly after the publication of Cowper's 'Task,' the Rev. Samuel Cooper, D.D., produced a poem with the same title: of this we had never before heard, nor indeed is it now stated distinctly that it was ever printed; but our author records, with natural pride, that Dr. Parr preferred it to its namesake—witness an epigram *ex cathedra*:—

'To Cowper's Task see Cooper's Task succeed;
That was a Task to write, but this to read.'

This oracle will probably remind our readers of a classical prototype—

'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse;'

and some may still hesitate in what manner to interpret the 'hum' from the vaporous tripod of Hatton. To write a good poem must always demand time and strenuous exertion:

Ἐν μυρίοις τὰ καλὰ γίγνεται πόνοις:

but it seems a dubious compliment to tell a poet that the reading of his piece is Task-work. Almost the only other circumstance related by our biographer to the special honour of Parr's poetical favourite, appears to us, we must own, of equally questionable character. It is, that the vicar of Yelverton drove to the parish-church every Sunday morning in a coach drawn by 'four powerful long-tailed black horses.' If the distance was not unusually great, we are inclined to think the family might as well have performed their sabbath-day's journey on foot; but unless they were all constructed on the model of Cheyne or Daniel Lambert, what pretext could there be for putting more than a pair of the blacks to the carriage? The story says more for the Doctor's living than for his life.

His wife, an amiable and elegant lady, enjoyed in her own time a literary reputation more extensive than that of the Norfolk *Task*. One of her novels, *Fanny Meadows*, must have been familiar to ourselves at some early day, though we do not pretend to remember more of it than the title: of the rest, text and margin, all memory seems to have perished. Mr. B. Cooper does not intimate that he ever saw a copy of any of his grandmother's numerous works.

This

This couple had a large family to fill their coach—and our author devotes a lengthy chapter to brothers and sisters, and even sisters-in-law, before we have a word about Sir Astley. We rather hesitate as to the propriety of this arrangement; but there can be no doubt that the collateral details so introduced are wholly devoid of interest. Mr. Bransby Cooper might have waited for some fitter opportunity to do justice to the character of his own mother, of whom his uncle could have seen but little; and his transcriptions of the epitaphs of sundry infant Coopers would have been inexcusable had they belonged to the blood of Cowper.

At last, after fifty pages, we reach the birth of the hero—August 23rd, 1768, and his baptism ‘on the 9th day of the succeeding month, as appears from the parish registers’—with the Shandean addition, that ‘Mrs. Cooper, while pregnant with him, experienced more suffering than with any of her previous children, or than she did with any of those born after him.’ *Tanta molis erat.* Then come copious particulars of the infancy and boyhood of the future Sergeant-surgeon. Our readers may perhaps be satisfied to know that he was a handsome, good-humoured, spirited lad, distinguished for the skill and courage with which he rode, first the cow, then the pony, and in due season one of the four black-tailed horses. His village celebrity, however, resulted chiefly from his audacity in climbing trees for birds’-nests, and capering along bridge-parapets or the roof of the barn, for mere sport. Many a page is given to miraculous leaps and tumbles, hairbreadth escapes, maternal alarms, and fatherly rebukes. These tricks and scrapes were, as may be guessed, the salient features of a period of idleness—and he found favour with no teacher except a poor dancing Frenchman, who included the vicarage in his weekly peripatetics. All this is told with painful minuteness and solemnity. If Sir Astley had risen to eminence in any department of letters, such details might have had their curiosity. Was it worth while to exhibit with elaborate circumstantiality that a man who scarcely read anything had no turn for books when a boy?

Let us, however, give one specimen of his pranks:—

‘A very laughable occurrence took place betwixt Master Astley and a Mr. —, who had an imbecile wife, and was, consequently, obliged to manage his domestic affairs himself. It came to the ears of Master Astley that this gentleman was much inclined to take unbecoming liberties with his maid-servants, and, resolving to ascertain the truth of this report, on hearing that Mr. — had a vacancy in his establishment for a maid-servant, Master Astley took the resolution of disguising himself as one, and applying for the situation. For this purpose he
borrowed

borrowed a dress of one of the servants in the Doctor's house, and, accoutred in her habiliments, proceeded, in the dusk of the evening, to Mr. —'s house. Arrived, he was introduced to Mr. —, who, pleased with the appearance of the supposed maid-servant, engaged *her* for the vacant situation, and, indeed, was apparently so pleased with *her*, that he accompanied *her* part of the way home, holding a conversation till they arrived at a stile where they were to part. Previously to this taking place, however, Mr. — endeavoured to impress a kiss on the lips of his companion, when Master Astley suddenly discovered himself, and said, "Now, Mr. —, I have often heard you were fond of the maids, but I am Astley Cooper;" and then, bidding him good night, said, "I shall say nothing about it to the Doctor."—vol. i. p. 53.

Strong attachments of every sort come usually by slow growth from obscure and unsuspected beginnings; but it is never so with the love of a modern romance, and very seldom with the professional devotion of a modern biography. Mr. Bransby Cooper, accordingly, must trace his uncle's choice of the surgical calling to some one definite incident of his early days; and we are informed that he happened to call at his foster-mother's cottage one fine evening, anno ætatis thirteen, just after her son, the playfellow of his childhood, had met with a bad accident in the reaping-field: the femoral artery had been cut—the poor people knew not how to arrest the hæmorrhage—life was ebbing fast away: young Astley Cooper took a silk handkerchief from his neck, and bound it so adroitly round the limb, that the flow of blood was stopped until a medical man reached the spot. To the praise which this presence of mind and cleverness of hand brought him, and still more to the pleasure he felt in saving his humble friend and companion, we owe, of course, the selection of Sir Astley's walk in the business of life. That the biographer considers as indubitable—his only doubts are, first, whether his uncle could ever at that time have heard of a tourniquet; and secondly, whether, supposing him to have heard the instrument described, we ought to admire the less on that account his readiness in devising and applying a substitute. But Mr. Bransby forgets two circumstances, both of them recorded by himself—to wit, that the old surgeon of Norwich, having retired from practice, was an inmate in the vicar's house during the later years of his life; and, secondly, that the old surgeon's son, William Cooper, by far the most prosperous and remarkable person in that generation of the family, was an eminent London surgeon, lecturer in Guy's Hospital, and an annual visitor at Dr. Cooper's parsonage (vol. i. p. 89). With such connections, but especially as domesticated under the roof with a retired practitioner, how could Astley have failed to have his boyish curiosity excited on the subject of surgery? How unlike all other grandfathers must his have been,

if

if he had never heard at least of a tourniquet. But is it likely that the old gentleman had so entirely dropped his trade as not to retain about him its commonest implements in case of domestic accidents? We should be surprised, if the truth could be expiscated, to find that a tourniquet had not been among young Astley's playthings. For the rest, we have it in a subsequent page from Sir Astley himself, that at Norwich, two or three years later, he chanced to visit the hospital, and 'saw Mr. Donne operate (for the stone) in a masterly manner; and it was this,' he says, 'which inspired me with a strong impression of the utility of surgery, and led me to embark in it as my profession.' (vol. ii. p. 421.) So much for Mr. Bransby Cooper's story of the foster-brother's ligature—

'one of those *unaccountable* occurrences in which an individual, by a single action, seems to display an intuitive knowledge of a principle which it has taken others, in the progress of science, years to arrive at; and, in this instance, seems to justify the application to the surgeon of the observation usually applied only to the poet—*Nascitur, non fit*.'—vol. i. p. 54.

Nor is the last incident in Astley's Norfolk history a whit less extraordinary. It appears that in his seventeenth year he conceived a tender admiration for a neighbouring clergyman's pretty daughter of the same age; and so violent was the passion, that he borrowed, on a false pretence, one of the long-tailed horses, and actually rode twenty-four miles to see his nymph and back again the same summer evening. Portentous exertion! But the biographer proceeds:—

'What it was that prevented this *evidently mutual* attachment from leading to their future union, their ages and position in life being so similar, I never heard: their youth, and the fact of their being at so early a period separated from each other, were probably the only circumstances which presented an obstacle to their *apparently mutual* wishes.'—vol. i. p. 83.

Cruel Mr. B. Cooper affords us no hint as to the subsequent fate of the heroine: it is so unusual a thing for a boy and girl to be enchanted with each other at sixteen, and yet not found at six-and-twenty in the relation of man and wife, that we have reason to complain of this silence; but he is too good a biographer not to make amends by communicativeness on topics apparently less in his way:—

'During my late visit to Norfolk, I went to this parsonage, and there saw the *very room, the only one which has not undergone alterations since that period*, in which Miss Wordsworth and her father were sitting when young Astley made his appearance after his long ride. It was then used as the dining-room, and, small as it is, the present incumbent,
a relative

a relative of the late Mr. Wordsworth, informed me, that persons of the highest rank in the county, at that time, frequently met there and partook of his relation's hospitality; for Mr. Wordsworth was distinguished for his powers of conversation, and held a high reputation for profound classical attainments, as well as solid worth of character.*

But enough of this nonsense. In 1784 the London surgeon paid the usual visit at the parsonage. The biographer now thinks fit to tell us that this Mr. William Cooper was not only a skilful practitioner, but a man of lively conversational talents—that he was pleased with Astley, and assured the desponding Vicar that many a lucrative career had begun with horror of book-learning—that Astley was captivated with his descriptions of Life in London—and, finally, that a very natural proposal on the part of the uncle, that the nephew should be articled to himself and accompany him to town, was unanimously approved of by the family party. The youth travelled to London accordingly—but the biographer is of opinion that, after all, he had been more smitten with the probable freedom and gaiety of a metropolitan existence under the roof of an agreeable bachelor uncle, than with the charms and attractions of anatomical science. On the other hand, it seems that the uncle, though very willing to amuse and be amused in the intervals of business, had a profound respect for Number one and the main chance, and not the slightest idea of allowing his own interests or avocations to be interfered with by the domestic accommodation of a young gentleman of pleasure about town. We gather that during several months there was a pretty constant succession of squabbling in the establishment; but the connection received its *coup de grace* from the occurrence thus related:—

* One day he had obtained the uniform of an officer, and in this disguise was walking about town, when, on going along Bond Street, he suddenly observed his uncle advancing towards him. Not having time to avoid meeting, he, with the utmost presence of mind, determined to brave out the affair, should his uncle recognise him. Mr. Cooper, divided between the familiar countenance and strange dress, for a few moments could not decide in his mind whether it was his nephew or not; but, soon convinced that it was he, and this one of his pranks, he went up to him, and, in an authoritative tone, commenced a somewhat angry address about his idleness and waste of time. Astley, regarding him with feigned astonishment, and changing his voice, replied, that he must be making some mistake, for he did not understand to whom or what he was alluding. "Why," said Mr. Cooper, "you don't mean to say that you are not my nephew Astley Cooper?" "Really, sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing any such person. My name is ——— of the ———th," replied the young scapegrace, naming, with unflinching boldness, the regiment of which he wore the uniform. Mr. William Cooper

Cooper apologized, although still unable to feel assured he was not being duped, and bowing, passed on.'—vol. i. pp. 104, 105.

Very speedily after the detection of this masquerade, the articles were transferred from Mr. William Cooper to Mr. Cline—and Astley, on becoming an inmate in that great surgeon's house, appears to have in good earnest resolved on no longer trifling with his position. He soon acquired favour with Mr. Cline by the zeal with which he took to the practice of dissection; and his genius for adventures displayed itself in the acquisition of subjects for experiment. *Exempli gratiâ*—thus writes a fellow-pupil:—

'I recollect one day walking out with him, when a dog followed us and accompanied us home, little foreseeing the fate that awaited him. He was confined for a few days, till we had ascertained that no owner would come to claim him, and then brought up to be the subject of various operations. The first of these was the tying one of the femoral arteries. When poor Chance, for so we appropriately named the dog, was sufficiently recovered from this, one of the humeral arteries was subjected to a similar process. After the lapse of a few weeks, the ill-fated animal was killed, the vessels injected, and preparations were made from each of the limbs.'—vol. i. p. 142.

Mr. Bransby Cooper follows up his anecdotes of this class and *date* by a philosophical disquisition on the use and advantage of dissecting living animals: the chief argument being that

'the surgeon's hand becomes tutored to act with steadiness, while he is under the natural abhorrence of giving pain to the subject of experiment, and he himself is thus schooled for the severer ordeal of operating on the human frame.'—vol. i. p. 144.

He goes on to quote his 'friend Dr. Blundell,' who 'has eloquently discussed *this question*:'—

'Men (says he) are constantly forming the most erroneous estimates of the comparative importance of objects in this world. Of what importance is it now to mankind whether Antony or Augustus filled the imperial chair? And what will it matter, a few centuries hence, whether England or France swept the ocean with her fleets? But mankind will always be equally interested in the great truths deducible from science, and in the inferences derived from physiological experiments.'—vol. i. p. 145.

Now we do not feel it to be necessary to enter into the eloquent Blundell's discussion, for it has nothing to do with the question which alone Mr. B. Cooper's clumsy narrative suggests. That question is not whether the dissection of living animals may or may not be justifiable under any given circumstances, but whether it is justifiable in the case of apprentices of seventeen, who have not yet acquired any knowledge worth mentioning from the dissection of dead subjects, either animal or human. And we believe

Mr.

Mr. B. Cooper may rest assured that *this* question will receive but one answer beyond the precincts of Guy's. In young Astley Cooper's case it is very evident that 'the natural abhorrence of giving pain' was a slender influence. However, he, ere long, under Cline's tuition, became an expert carver, and made rapid progress in all the knowledge requisite for his profession. The biographer adds with regret that the society of the master's house was less beneficial than his anatomical instruction. In later days, Sir Astley himself thus sketched the character of Cline:—

'Mr. Cline was a man of excellent judgment, of great caution, of accurate knowledge; particularly taciturn abroad, yet open, friendly, and very conversationable at home. In politics a democrat, living in friendship with Horne Tooke. In morals thoroughly honest; in religion a Deist. A good husband, son, and father. As a friend sincere, but not active; as an enemy most inveterate.'—vol. i. p. 98.

A most amiable picture of a highly useful friend and benefactor!—But let that pass. The Rev. Dr. Cooper and his worthy wife learned presently, to their great grief and dismay, that their son had embraced the politics of his master and his friends, Thellwall, Horne Tooke, and Co. Our author admits that he took up the religious opinions or no-opinions of the set with equal docility; but there is no evidence that the good folks in Norfolk were ever at all enlightened on that score.

We now begin to be favoured with those 'sketches of distinguished contemporaries' which eventually are found to occupy a full half of these 'Memoirs of Sir Astley Cooper.' Some are from the note-books of Sir Astley—others from various correspondents of his biographer—the greater part by Mr. B. Cooper himself. The earliest subjects for this species of dissection are fellow-pupils at Mr. Cline's—and most elegant youths, to be sure, most of them had been. For instance:—

'Clarke was a singular character: he was an admirable scholar; but a very idle fellow, and never studied his profession. His father died during his pupillage, and left him a thousand pounds, and he bought a commission in the Royals. He drank hard. When in the West Indies he fell in love with the Colonel's daughter; and, to ingratiate himself with her, he became the soberest man in the regiment, and the Colonel used to point him out as a pattern of excellence: so he succeeded in marrying Miss Duncan, and in imposing himself upon her father as a man of fortune. He brought his wife to Dublin, and was drunk nearly the whole of the passage, &c. &c.'—[died in a ditch].

'Mr. S—— also lived at Mr. Cline's. He was desperately in love with Miss C——, who refused him, and he went into Essex disconsolate: there meeting with a Mrs. B——, a widow, he offered to her, a fortnight after her husband's death, but she said she had been engaged three weeks.

weeks. However, she jilted the man she had promised, and married S——'—[ditto].—vol. i. pp. 146, 149.

It had been stipulated in the articles of apprenticeship that Cooper should be at liberty to spend one winter at Edinburgh—and he chose to do so in 1787—being then nineteen years of age, and already well advanced in anatomy and practical surgery. He had good introductions, and, besides attending diligently on Dr. Cullen's medical course, Fyfe's anatomical lectures, and Black's chemistry, found time to be a rather active member of the 'Speculative Society,' a debating club then and afterwards of considerable celebrity and influence, which was recruited from students of all classes, and was also indeed the favourite *arena* of as yet briefless barristers. Each evening opened with an essay. The only recorded one of Astley Cooper's was meant to demonstrate *the non-existence of matter*—probably a *Clinical* theory. The connections thus formed must have been highly useful—his notes indicate some on which any man might have been proud to look back :—

'Dugald Stewart was beyond my power of appreciation,—metaphysics were foreign to my mind, which was never captivated by speculation ;—but Dr. Black's lectures were clear, and I knew enough of the subjects he treated upon to understand them. Never shall I forget the veneration with which I viewed Cullen : he was then an old man ; physic may have much improved since his time, but, if Hippocrates was its father, Cullen was its favoured son.'

'Fyfe I attended, and learned much from him. He was a horrid lecturer, but an industrious, worthy man, and good practical anatomist. His lecture was, "I say—eh, eh, eh, gentlemen ; eh, eh, eh, gentlemen—I say," &c. ; whilst the tallow from a naked candle he held in his hand ran over the back of it and over his clothes : but his drawings and depictions were well made and very useful.'

'Adam Smith was good-natured, simple-minded, unaffected, and fond of young people. Lord Meadowbank was a sharp man, something like Wollaston. Charles Hope was a man of reading, a gentleman, and dignified, and very eloquent.'—vol. i. p. 171.

Of Dr. Gregory we have some good anecdotes in this chapter—the best from the biographer's own recollection—for he, too, in after-days was an Edinburgh student.

'It was the custom for each professor to receive at his own house the fees from the new pupils. One day Dr. Gregory, thus engaged, had used all his blank tickets, and was obliged to go into an adjoining apartment to procure another for a student whom he left sitting in his consulting-room. The accumulated money was lying on the table, and from this sum, as he was re-entering the room, he saw the young man sweep a portion, and deposit it in his pocket. Dr. Gregory took his seat at the table, and, as if nothing had occurred, filled up the ticket, and gave

gave it to the delinquent. He then accompanied him to the door, and when at the threshold, with much emotion, said to him, "I saw what you did just now; keep the money, I know what must be your distress; but for God's sake never do it again, it can never succeed." The pupil in vain offered him back the money; and the Doctor had the satisfaction of knowing that this moral lesson produced the desired impression on his mind.'—vol. i. p. 162.

The session over, Cooper made a solitary tour into the Highlands on horseback, and then resumed his quarters at Mr. Cline's, and the regular course of his attendance at the best schools in the metropolis. He is said to have attracted much notice at Edinburgh by his superiority to the other surgical students of similar standing—especially by the skilfulness already of his diagnosis—the fruit of watchful observance of Cline's precepts and practice. He now attended John Hunter, and that eagerly, and with vast profit.

In 1789 he was appointed demonstrator at St. Thomas's Hospital; and his time seems to have been fully occupied in the duties of this office, and study of his profession, until 1791, when Mr. Cline paid him the high compliment of procuring his nomination as joint lecturer with himself in surgery and anatomy. From this date the career was one of rapid and uninterrupted advancement. It was by and by found advisable to give him a distinct course of lectures on surgery; and by degrees, though he was not as yet anxious for private practice, a share of that also came to his hand.

His elevation at the hospital seems to have given satisfaction to everybody but the eloquent Dr. Blundell's uncle, Haighton—the 'merciless doctor' of the 'Pursuits of Literature.'* This gentleman, however, was soon appeased by his own promotion to another chair, and the social intercourse of the rivals resumed its usual channel. One of our biographer's correspondents furnishes him with a pleasing after-dinner anecdote of the period. Astley Cooper asserted, *inter pocula*, the impossibility of any animal's surviving a certain operation. Haighton took the opposite side—the dispute waxed warm. It was terminated against Cooper by Haighton's sending for a pet spaniel of his own.

'He asked Astley to notice his bulk, his healthy aspect, and his good keeping, and, this done, put a period to his existence in a moment. He then at once demonstrated the results of a most careful and rigid operation to which the unfortunate animal had been subjected some three or four years preceding this *dénouement*. If ever he had a favourite in ani-

* See in Dialogue Fourth—

'I spurn unfeeling Science—cruel tales

Of virgin rabbits and of headless snails,' &c.;

with the long note about Spalanzani and other amateur-butchers.

mal life, this poor dog was one: his *Tendo Achillis* had been cut asunder; his *Femoral artery* had been left to nature's curative process, having been subjected to operation; and his *Recurrent nerve* (a nerve connected with the power of voice) had been divided,—I rather think, to prevent his making known his subsequent sufferings; and it may be truly said the faithful animal had fairly won his honours. But to confute a rival in a question of science and physiology, my much-valued old friend and master made not the slightest scruple to sacrifice the only animal I ever knew him to be in the least degree attached to. With all his foibles, and they were all of a *little and trifling nature*, Dr. Haighton was a most superior man in his perfect knowledge of the *MACHINERY* of the human structure.'—vol. i. pp. 201, 202.

This hellish story immediately precedes the tender one of Astley Cooper's courtship. Miss Anne Cock (we believe a handsome and clever lady) was the daughter of an intimate friend of Cline's, a rich retired merchant, inhabiting a villa at Tottenham. Thither Cline often went on Sunday—his favourite pupil occasionally accompanied him. The care of Mr. Cock, during a fit of gout, was principally devolved on the young surgeon—and it is not difficult to understand the consequences. Towards the end of 1791 the wedding-day was fixed, when Mr. Cock was taken ill—so ill, that his intended son-in-law had to announce the total absence of hope. The old man received the intelligence with calmness, called for his cash-book, summed up the current page, 'to save his executor trouble,' and expired in the arms of Cooper and Miss Anne. He died the very day that had been settled for the marriage, November the 21st. Mr. Bransby must give the rest of the romance.

'A short time subsequent to this bereavement the friends of the young people considered it advantageous that their marriage should be no longer deferred. In December a christening was to take place from the house of Mr. Cline, and he thought that this would afford an excellent opportunity for his young friends to be united, without attracting much observation, as they might join with the christening party on its way to church. The marriage was solemnized, and they afterwards retired, as if they had been merely witnesses of the christening. On the evening of the same day Mr. Cooper delivered his surgical lecture with all the ease of manner which characterized him on ordinary occasions; and the pupils dispersed without a suspicion of the occurrence. After lecture he went to the house in Jefferies Square, which Mr. Cock, promising to himself the happiness of seeing his daughter surrounded with every comfort, had but a short time before his decease purchased and furnished for them.'—vol. i. p. 208.

Under these circumstances the wedding trip was put off till June, 1792; and then the happy couple, neither of whom had ever before been on the Continent, proceeded to Paris. They remained

remained there during three terrible months—Mr. Cooper witnessed the 10th of August and the 2nd of September, and many of the horrors that intervened and ensued; but though, in the few extracts which his nephew produces from his journal, he expresses some disgust with the atrocities brought under his eye, they were not able to divert him from the two great objects of the nuptial excursion—namely, to gratify his curiosity by attendance at the debates of the National Assembly, &c., and to improve his professional knowledge by comparing the Parisian practice of surgery with our own. It must indeed have been a very favourable season for anatomical researches in the case of a student of his temper. No scarcity of subjects certainly. He seems to have gone to the hospitals daily, being decorated with a democratic badge, which ensured his personal safety in the streets, and politely welcomed in the interior by some of the leading surgeons, of whom the Journal has one or two entertaining anecdotes: *c. g.*—

‘I once saw Desault dissect out a diseased absorbent gland from the neck of a boy, and, having succeeded in its removal, he began to extirpate another; but his assistant suddenly looked up in the face of M. Desault, and said, “Monsieur, le garçon est mort.” The boy was removed from the operating-table, but the cadavre was brought in the next day in order to show us that no great vessel had been wounded.’

He could have learnt no lessons either of humanity or of modesty in this school—though he may have treasured up some flourishes of dexterity and graces of the scalpel.

Nor did his Parisian experience at all disturb Mr. Cooper in his adhesion to the ‘views which he had imbibed from Mr. Cline and the talented but misguided men with whom he had associated’ (p. 218): on the contrary, immediately after his return he is found in regular attendance at Thelwall’s ‘Classical Lectures.’* And Mr. Travers bears testimony that he ‘went a step beyond Whiggism, being an active steward at the festival of the Revolution Society of London, in 1793.’

Our readers have by this time discovered that Mr. Bransby Cooper’s present work is by no means intended in the main for readers of his uncle’s and his own profession. The Introduction, in fact, announces a separate work, devoted exclusively to the history of Sir Astley’s researches in anatomy and surgery—the only sciences to which he ever applied himself with any zeal—and the development of his skill as an operator. What we now have is avowedly that part of his history which must, in the biographer’s opinion, be acceptable to all who feel a curiosity about eminent men of their own day, in whatever department they may have

* See ‘Pursuits of Literature’ (notes 34 and 210)—on the impudent wickedness of these ‘Lent Lectures’ and Thelwall’s ‘School of Reason.’

attained their eminence. We need not therefore offer many apologies for passing very rapidly over the strictly professional topics which do find here and there a place in the pages now before us. There is, for example, at the stage we have now reached, a neat enough disquisition, by Mr. B. Cooper, on the doctrines of John Hunter, and the manner in which the bold adoption and clever exposition of these by Astley Cooper contributed to fix public attention on him, and, in fact, coupled with his constant and most skilful use of the cases which his pupils might themselves trace in the hospital at the moment, made his fortune as a lecturer. There can be no dispute that he very soon took rank with the most instructive surgical teachers the world has ever seen. His first appointment to the professorship at Surgeons' College occurred in this year, 1793; and he filled the chair with such applause that he was re-elected to it by the Royal College, year after year, as long as he could place his services at their disposal. Though still far from pushing for private practice, the name he had acquired of course told powerfully in that direction; and before the close of the century he had reached, both as lecturer and as practitioner, an eminence with which any man of his standing might well be contented.

The secret was *industry*. We may see how he felt this from what he writes about one who added industry to genius:—

“Mr. Hunter was, as Lavater said, *a man who thought for himself*; but he was more: he was the most *industrious* man that ever lived. He worked from six in the morning till twelve o'clock at night, and sometimes later. He would stand over the most minute object for three or four hours before breakfast, dissecting and exploring it. His vast museum is a proof of what industry can accomplish, for it contains matter for seven years' investigation. He worked at each thing for himself, although he might have heard about it by his brother's lectures, or by men who read for him. I went with him to the dissection of a whale, and he examined every part for himself, caring nothing about dirt or trouble, and taking out parts of the animal for minute subsequent examination.”—vol. i. pp. 288, 289.

The following statement from Sir Astley's fee-book is curious:—

“My receipt,” says he, “for the first year was 5*l.* 5*s.*; the second, 26*l.*; the third, 64*l.*; the fourth, 96*l.*; the fifth, 100*l.*; the sixth, 200*l.*; the seventh, 400*l.*; the eighth, 610*l.*; the ninth, 1100*l.*” He himself appends a remark, which sufficiently shows his feeling on this subject:—“Although I was a lecturer all the time on anatomy and surgery.”

Blessed with vigorous health, buoyant spirits, an affectionate wife, extending reputation, and yearly increasing profits—he had, however, his share of losses and griefs even during this bright early period. Above all, the only child Mrs. Cooper ever gave birth

birth to was soon taken from them; and this affliction seems to have left a deep trace behind it. Another sensible distress was the expulsion of his friend Thelwall from a certain Physical Society, the majority of whose members did not approve of the philosopher's pertinacity in urging on their attention his grand doctrine of Materialism. Thirdly, his practice was interrupted for part of 1798, in consequence of a severe fall he had when riding 'one of the carriage-horses' in the city. The head was much damaged, and life for some time despaired of:—

'Mr. Cooper was, one morning after the accident, when in the full belief that he was about to die, lamenting to Mr. Cline the event, not so much on his own account, as because it arrested a train of professional inquiry in which he was then engaged, and which he thought would prove of the highest public benefit. "Make yourself quite easy, my friend," replied Mr. Cline; "the result of your disorder, whether fatal or otherwise, will not be thought of the least consequence by mankind." The eager aspiring ambition of the young patient, and the calm philosophic coolness of his preceptor, form a curious contrast; but at the same time the anecdote exhibits feelings highly characteristic of each of the two parties.'

It is a pity that Mr. Bransby Cooper cannot write with a little more precision. The man who uses words so absurdly can hardly be supposed to see things clearly. For 'but at the same time,' in this last sentence, *lege* 'in other words.' The story deserved better treatment. Old Cline understood the world.

The next great step, the appointment as surgeon to Guy's Hospital, in 1800, was not unopposed. Astley Cooper's French politics were extremely offensive to many of the electors; but the difficulty was got over by his giving a distinct pledge to the treasurer that he had 'determined to relinquish the companionship and intimacy of his late democratical friends, and abandon for the future all participation in the strife of politics and party.'

'His maxim became, and this he never failed to inculcate in the younger portion of his acquaintance, "That, as the duties of a surgeon extend alike to men of all parties and views, it must be most unwise for him to attach himself to any one particular set, and thus render adverse to him all maintaining contrary opinions."—vol. i. p. 298.

All this is well; but we find nothing to justify the biographer in going on to speak of 'this important change in his political feelings' as one that must have given 'joy' to his loyal-hearted parents in Norfolk. They might well approve the prudence of his change in *conduct*. He was elected without further demur; and Dr. Roots says strongly, but truly,—

'From the period of Astley's appointment to Guy's until the moment of his latest breath, he was everything and all to the suffering and afflicted: his *name* was a host, but his *presence* brought confidence

and comfort; and I have often observed that, on an operating day, should anything occur of an untoward character in the theatre, the moment Astley Cooper entered, and the instrument was in his hand, every difficulty was overcome, and safety generally ensued.'

This is, we repeat, most true. It was the result of his retaining the most perfect possession of himself in the theatre. He was, indeed, a great actor in more senses than one. His admirable manual dexterity was not more obvious than the love of display that he brought to the most critical of incisions. His nephew, we see, produces two extracts from his note-book, in which he says that for certain classes of operation he had 'too much feeling.' (vol. ii. pp. 474-5.) But we believe no really great artist ever quite satisfied himself. A satirical Sawbones thus sung many years ago:—

'Nor Drury Lane nor Common Garden
Are to my fancy worth a farden;
I hold them both small beer:
Give me the wonderful exploits,
And jolly jokes, between the sleights,
Of Astley's Amphitheatre.'

About this time Cline removed to the west end of the town, and Cooper succeeded him in his spacious premises in St. Mary Axe. He of course succeeded also to a great share of Cline's city practice—and that was in those days most lucrative. As yet the great merchants of London had not, generally speaking, abandoned the old custom of having their town residences in connection with their places of business. They had comfortable, sometimes magnificent, villas within a few miles; but the stately mansions, with their quiet interior quadrangles and little patches of garden, approached through massive folding-doors from some narrow street or lane in the heart of the traffic of this our Babylon—mansions which had originally, in many cases, been erected and tenanted by the nobility of the seventeenth century—these were still kept up in splendour, and blazed with hospitable light all through the winter. They are now, with hardly an exception, warehouses—their masters flown to the precincts of the Regent's Park, or Pimlico, or Dr. Chambers's favourite locality, the splendid new city springing up on the estate of the see of London, towards Bayswater. In 1800 St. Mary Axe was about as different from what it is in 1843, as the Strand of 1800 was from the Strand of Buryleigh or Buckingham. Mr. Cooper was in the centre of a most intelligent and opulent society; and he lived to regret the days when his dealings were chiefly with our merchant princes. They seldom, it seems, had much loose cash about their persons; and 'You

'You know,' said SIR ASTLEY, 'when a man writes a cheque, he can hardly make it for less than five guineas.' By and by he became accustomed to munificent fees. One ancient merchant, Mr. Hyatt, when pronounced all right again, tossed his nightcap to the surgeon, who, bowing politely, put it in his pocket, and on entering his chariot found pinned inside a bank-note for 1000*l*. We doubt if any duke ever had heart for the like of this. It beats even the 'big bag of gold' which Cromwell's pious son-in-law, Ireton, when in a scrape, offered to old Hamey.* Others regularly paid him liberal annuities—a Mr. Coles, of Mincing Lane, for a long course of time gave him 600*l*. every Christmas.

He was now in high practice, and of course thrown constantly into familiar contact with the most eminent physicians of the time. His notes supply some shrewd sketches and some lively anecdotes:—

'I recollect many of the physicians of my early time; and they were all empirics. With Dr. Curry there was only one organ diseased, the liver; and only one medicine to be prescribed, calomel. He could not be corrected: for if one of his patients died, and was examined, and Dr. Curry was told that there was no disease of the liver, he replied that he had cured it.† Dr. Fordyce was a coarse man, a bad lecturer, got drunk every evening, and, Mr. Cline said, was not over-careful about truth. He himself said he was the only Scotchman he ever knew that had entirely lost his native dialect; and this he would assert in the broadest Scotch it could be spoken in.'

'Dr. Fordyce,' adds the biographer, 'was one evening, at a late hour, called to see a lady of title who was supposed to have been taken suddenly ill. Arrived in the apartment of his patient, he seated himself by her side, and, having listened to the recital of a train of symptoms which appeared rather anomalous, next proceeded to examine the state of her pulse. He tried to reckon the number of its strokes, but in vain; the more he endeavoured to effect his object, the more his brain whirled, and the less self-control could he exert. Conscious of the cause of his difficulty, in a moment of irritation he inadvertently muttered out an exclamation, 'Drunk, by ——!' The lady heard the remark, but remained silent; and, having prescribed a mild remedy, one which he

* We believe the handsomest fee on record is that which Dr. Dimsdale of Hertford received from the Empress Catharine for inoculating her children. He had 12,000*l*., it is said; besides a snuff-box and the rank of a Russian Baron.

† Mr. B. Cooper adds, 'With respect to himself, Dr. Curry always believed he was labouring under a disease of the liver, and one of a peculiar nature; for he thought that there was a worm in the gall-bladder. The supposed attempts which this worm every now and then made to effect its escape through the duct created considerable irritation, and constituted one of the Doctor's hepatic attacks. For these he immediately flew to his favourite remedy, calomel. The reason which he gave for always falling in getting rid of the worm was amusing; for he said "That directly the creature felt the influence of the mercury it ran back again to its gall-bladder." I remember, when I was a pupil at Guy's, that a report prevailed that Dr. Curry sprinkled calomel on the meat in the sandwiches which he ate for luncheon.'—vol. i. p. 310.

invariably

invariably used on *such occasions*, the Doctor shortly afterwards took his departure. Early the next morning he was roused by a somewhat imperative message from his patient of the previous evening, to attend her immediately; and he at once concluded that the object of this summons was either to inveigh against him for the state in which he had visited her on the former occasion, or perhaps for having administered too potent a medicine. Ill at ease from these reflections, he entered the lady's presence, fully prepared to listen to a severe reprimand. The patient, however, began by thanking him for his immediate attention, and then proceeded to say how much she had been struck by his discernment on the previous evening; confessed that she was occasionally addicted to the error which he had detected; and concluded by observing that the object of her sending at so early an hour was to obtain a promise that he would hold inviolably secret the condition in which he had found her. 'You may depend upon me, madam,' replied Dr. Fordyce, with a countenance which had not altered its expression since the commencement of the patient's story; 'I shall be silent as the grave.' Dr. Fordyce's patient was a lady of fortune and influence, and proved of essential service to him, by introducing him into the circle of her acquaintance.

Sir Astley says—it is, no doubt, a passage rich in *innuendo*—

'Matthew Baillie was *remarkable* for his kindness to the whole profession, but especially so to the junior members of it: he knew his frown could chill their aspiring hopes, or a contemptuous word crush and destroy them. They had no fear of *his* seeing their patients without them, as they knew no word of censure would escape his lips. *He* was not an assassin, who would proffer one hand in friendship and stab in the back with the other. His integrity was as remarkable as his consideration and kindness. The candour of Baillie was another striking feature in his character. It was his cultivation and knowledge of morbid anatomy, and numerous opportunities in practice, which gave to medicine the scientific character it now holds.'—p. 308.

But we must return to Astley Cooper himself, as professor to the Royal College, and surgeon at Guy's. In his later days he used to say that he had instructed 8000 surgeons; and, in fact, not only in every corner of England, but almost in every considerable town in the north of Europe, there is at this moment some flourishing pupil of his school. He was a kind as well as careful master: this is apparent from all the reports, without exception, with which his biographer has been favoured by those who had sat at his feet, especially those who had been his dressers, assistants in the hospital, or, as the phrase is, had '*carried a box under Cooper.*' The most valuable of these reports comes from one of the most distinguished of them all, Mr. Travers; but it is far too long to be copied here. By a few sentences, however, and especially by one happy phrase, which we mark with italics, he sets the man before us to the life:—

'Astley

‘Astley Cooper, when I first knew him, had decidedly the handsomest, that is, the most intelligent and finely-formed countenance and person of any man I remember to have seen. He wore his hair powdered, with a queue, then the custom, and having dark hair, and always a fine healthy glow of colour in his cheeks, this fashion became him well. . . . He was remarkably upright, and moved with grace, vigour, and elasticity; nor was he altogether unconscious of the fine proportions of his frame, for he would not unfrequently throw his well-shaped leg upon the table at lecture, when describing an injury or operation of the lower limb, that he might more graphically demonstrate the subject of his discourse. . . . He would look at particular or urgent cases before and after lecture;—and he generally went round, *à loisir*, as a *florist* would visit his *parterre*, with two or three elder students, on a Sunday morning.’

But the private *parterre* at St. Mary Axe was his paradise, the constant object of his care and scene of his delighting study. He had a set of rooms over a long range of stabling fitted up entirely for dissection. There he was to be found at peep of day; and if by chance he had an unoccupied hour in the evening, there it found the ardent *florist*, luxuriating over some choice specimen. We cannot liken it to a *hortus siccus*. John Hunter, we have heard, when a young man from the country asked his advice about the study of anatomy, said, ‘The first thing is to conquer your nose.’ This triumph no one ever achieved in higher perfection than Astley Cooper. Among other purveyors that he had in pay were several eminent fishmongers, who sent regularly to St. Mary Axe whatever article of any mark or dignity had been kept too long for the manipulations of the cook. With him all was fish that came to the net. An elephant died in the Tower. He begged the carcase, and it was safely delivered in his court-yard, but no effort could hoist the huge spoil into the rooms over the stable. Mr. Cooper had a tall *hard* erected in front of the house, as if repairs were going on, and day after day, with a chosen band of pupils, cut and carved away—season, the height of summer—until every fragment of the putrid mass had been dealt with. The skeleton is now in the Royal College. But the poor dogs paid for their confidence in mankind; they were the chief victims. A pupil states that he remembers as many as thirty dogs of various degrees, all tied up at one time in an outhouse, waiting their turns to be experimented on, and finally killed, and, if finely boned, *articulated* for the museum. The biographer intimates that the supply depended principally on the professional dog-stealers; but his own servants, it is confessed, were all dabblers in the trade. The coachman and footman had their eyes about them while he was paying a visit; and many an unsuspecting pet was lured into
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the odorous basket beneath the hammercloth. The peccant parts of the patients themselves were of course lawful prize. Mr. Travers evidently smiles over his recollection of the trophies they used to carry home from a *post mortem* examination:—‘a curious but not over-fragrant part of the old lady,’ and so on. Peradventure the business did not always rest here. When at the height of his fame and fortune, Sir Astley could safely tell a Committee of the House of Commons, ‘No person dies in London, no matter of what rank or station, but I could have his body in my dissecting-room if I chose.’

Upwards of one hundred pages (being an eighth part of this work) are devoted by Mr. Bransby Cooper to one particular class of his uncle’s ‘distinguished contemporaries;’ and who are these? physicians, surgeons, or patients? They have their space; but it is more moderate. The favoured heroes are the body-snatchers, or, to adopt their own technical designation, the ‘resurgam hominos,’ on whose exertions Astley Cooper, while at St. Mary Axe, relied mainly for what the same dialect calls ‘things.’ We cannot deny that the biographer might justly consider this subject within his province; for he proves abundantly that his uncle had really a most close and confidential connexion with several of the most infamous desperados of his time; that he was so intimately mixed up in their transactions, that, when they had been tried and imprisoned, he acknowledged their perfect right to depend on him for pecuniary support to themselves, and for pensions to their families; but nevertheless we must wish the affair had not been dealt with in such detail. The fact, we cannot but suspect, is, that Mr. Bransby Cooper was educated by his uncle exactly when the trade of the resurrection-men was in its most palmy state. He was himself thrown into association with these daring ruffians at a time of life when adventure, of whatever sort, has its charms; and now that the system is at an end—we trust for ever—he could not resist the temptation of a soft indulgence in the ‘pleasures of memory.’ His picture of the traffic, moreover, may prove a popular feature. We should not be surprised to see it drawn upon liberally by the masters of our Jack Ketch school of romance.

In these odious chapters we find a few—but a few—quotable things. It appears that during the Peninsular war the London resurrectionists frequently followed the march of our armies. Had steam-boats been in fashion, the parterres at Guy’s and St. Mary Axe would, indeed, have shown a plentiful succession. But that was out of the question. The object was more limited. Towards the end of the struggle Mr. Bransby Cooper was himself attached to one of our regiments. One day a face, not to be forgotten,

forgotten, presented itself at his quarters, near Sarre. This was one of the leading purveyors, bearing this laconic note from the patron:—

‘My dear Bransby,—Butler will tell you the purport of his visit. I hope you are well and happy. Your affectionate uncle, ASTLEY COOPER.’ And what was the purport of his visit?—

‘Oh, Sir, only let there be a battle, and there’ll be no want of teeth. I’ll draw them as fast as the men are knocked down.’—*Ib.* p. 401.

This seems always to have been a regular though subordinate pursuit with them even at home. One of our author’s acquaintances, Mr. Murphy, robbed the vault under a London meeting-house, in one night, of teeth which he sold for 60*l.* No wonder, then, if we find in a subsequent page that one of these fellows returned from Waterloo with a box of teeth and *jaw-bones* valued at 700*l.* Did the autumnal beauties of 1816 suspect this? But the most precious harvest of all was, we are told, that of 1813. ‘The German universities,’ says a French dentist, ‘turned out many youths in their very bloom; and our conscripts were so young that few of their teeth had been injured by the stain of tobacco.’ The Polish Jews were very active at this work during Napoleon’s later campaigns; and we remember a British dentist who was nicknamed *Dr. Pulltuski* from the notoriety of his dealings with them. After all, such things are *not* the worst that might be quoted in the tooth department; and we need not wander into the kindred one of curls and ringlets.

Mr. Bransby Cooper winds up his annals of the resurrectionists with a long, grave, solemn, even pompous, apology for his uncle. We all must admit that, as the law then stood, it was impossible for any man to become a great anatomist without at least winking at most heinous practices; but the less that is said on the subject the better.

We have hitherto referred to the first of these volumes. Throughout the second we have Astley Cooper before us as at the head of his calling; and his nephew (though not on the present occasion going into minute professional details) affords the general reader some notion of the most important operations by which his high skill was from time to time manifested—his reputation, if possible, still further raised and extended. He notices also various essays which were published in the Transactions of the Royal Society, or separately, and some of which—especially those on the *Membrana Tympani*, on *Hernia*, on his own great operation of *Tying the Aorta*, on *Fractures and Dislocations*, and on the *Anatomy of the Breast*—will always continue to hold a respectable place among the records

cords of the surgical art, though it cannot be said that any of them reflect credit on their author as compositions. But the principal merit of this compilation is in the clear light it throws on the actual life—the daily existence—of a first-rate London surgeon. Astley Cooper made more money than any surgeon that ever lived before him. In one year, 1815, his professional income amounted to upwards of *twenty-one thousand pounds*. No physician in the world has at all approached this. We do not believe that any barrister—not even Lord Abinger as attorney-general—came very near it. The nephew, the pupil, and frequent assistant of such a man as this must have his memory stored with details, which, if but tolerably set forth, are sure to be thankfully received. Mr. Bransby Cooper, however, tells his tale with such profuse verbosity and long-windedness that it must, in mercy to the reader, undergo a compressing process.

Throughout the whole thoroughly active period of his life, then, Astley Cooper was in his dissecting-room, winter and summer, by six o'clock at the latest; by eight he was dressed (perhaps rather over-dressed) for the day, and at the service of gratuitous patients, who occupied him till half-past nine. Young physicians and surgeons owe much, of course, to their practice among the poor; but the generosity with which the best-employed men in both branches devote many hours every week—'every minute being a guinea'—to this inestimable charity, is perhaps not sufficiently considered by the wealthier classes when the matter of fees is in discussion. No professional men sacrifice time to duty and benevolence at such a heavy cost to themselves. Few men liked money better than Cooper; but he never abandoned this honourable custom. His breakfast with his family occupied but a few gay minutes; and by ten his waiting-rooms were thronged with patients, who continued to stream in by the dozen until one o'clock:—

'To the right of the hall were two large rooms, occupied by gentlemen patients; two drawing-rooms immediately above were appropriated to the reception of ladies. The hall had generally servants waiting for answers to notes; the ante-room was for the one or two patients next in succession. The farther room on the right was full of gentlemen waiting their turn. These were anxious, perhaps, but still in a much less pitiable state than the occupants of the first to the right. All in this room had undergone some operation, which unfitted them for the present to leave the house. It was certainly an object of interest, at times partaking no little of the ludicrous to me as an inconsiderate youngster, to see six or eight persons who had never set eyes upon one another before, contorting their features into expressions of all the kinds of suffering, from the dullest *torment* to the most acute *pain*—[happy youngster, and happy language!]
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ness to different parts of the room—while some one would be asking his neighbour with eager curiosity what was the nature of the infliction he had undergone, still writhing, perhaps, under the effects of his own. These patients used to remain in this room until either their pain had ceased, or Mr. Cooper himself dismissed them after completing the operation to which they had been subjected.

‘The patience of the ladies, perhaps, was more severely tried than even that of the gentlemen; for as in Charles’s judgment their occupation was not likely to be so important, nor their time so precious, he was accustomed rather to expedite the admission of the gentlemen than theirs. He most ungallantly used to observe, “There was more difficulty in drawing one lady than two gentlemen;” meaning in withdrawing the lady from Mr. Cooper’s presence. The manner by which the ladies exhibited their impatience was by frequently opening the drawing-room door, peeping over the banisters, or sometimes coming down into the hall and supplicating Charles; requests which he knew well enough how to answer.

‘The ante-room was sometimes applied to another purpose than the legitimate one, for Charles had some few chosen friends, who knew how to pay their way into this room at once.

‘Sometimes the people in the hall and ante-room were so numerous and so importunate that my uncle dreaded the ordeal of explaining the necessity for his departure. He was in the habit, under such circumstances, of escaping through the back-yard into his stables, and so into the passage by the side of Bishopsgate church. He would then run round past his carriage, which was standing at the front door, into Wormwood Street, to which place he would be immediately followed by his coachman, who well understood this *ruse*.’—vol. ii. pp. 72-77.

He was in a few minutes at Guy’s—where a hundred pupils were waiting on the steps. They followed him into the wards of the hospital, and from bed to bed, until the clock struck two—then rushed across the street to the anatomical theatre, and the lecture began. At three he went to the dissecting-rooms, and observation, direction, and instruction kept him busy here for half an hour. Then he got into his carriage, attended by a dresser, and his horses were hard at work until seven or half-past seven. His family were assembled: dinner was instantly on the table, and he sat down apparently fresh in spirits, with his attention quite at the command of the circle. He ate largely, but cared not what—after twelve hours of such exertion he, as he said, ‘could digest anything but sawdust.’ During dinner he drank two or three large tumblers of water, and afterwards two glasses of port—no more. Then he threw himself back in his chair and slept. He seldom required to be roused, but awoke exactly as the allotted *ten minutes* expired—started up, ‘gave a parting smile to everybody in the room, and in a few seconds was again on his way to the hospital.’

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There was a lecture every other evening during the season—on the odd nights, however, the carriage was equally at his door by eight—and he continued his round of visits till midnight, often till one or two in the morning.

His carriage was well lighted; and by night as well as by day, in passing from one house to another, his attendant was writing to his dictation—the chronicle of each case kept pace with the symptoms;

‘And Sunday shone no sabbath-day for him.’

When called into the country he usually said to the postboys—‘I give threepence a mile for bad driving, fourpence for good, but sixpence if you drive like the devil.’ Such for full fifteen years was the existence of the great surgeon of Broad Street, Saint Mary Axe.

Industry of such ‘high pressure’ had, of course, some interruptions of relaxation; but the diversions of the very busy are rarely very delicate. They are willing to accept what is nearest at hand, and may be entered on without preparation, and enjoyed without effort. He was hospitable to his pupils, whose reverence and submission made them attentive listeners and ready laughers. He also entertained, though less frequently, those of his own or the other branches of the profession, with whom he had been connected familiarly in early years, or whom he encountered daily in the rounds of his practice. Of these such as were, like himself, successful—were, if not like himself actually overworked, aware that he was so, and under the habitual impression of his great professional ability; if the less fortunate did not always regard his prosperity without envy, his authority was so extensive, that some advantage might be anticipated from the cultivation of his goodwill: among neither set, therefore, was he likely to find over-critical guests. With accomplished men, beyond his own calling, he seems in his prime neither to have held nor desired to hold much social intercourse; and in no particular did he less resemble most of those among his own brethren who in our time have attained similar reputation. Their minds have, in general, been expanded and refined by a variety of studies; they delight in the society of their intellectual compeers; and we think on the whole, of all orders of professional men, their conversation in mixed company has been commonly acknowledged to be the most interesting, affording the happiest combination of instructiveness and entertainment. We might, it is possible, fill an amusing page by quoting from Mr. Bransby Cooper’s picture of his uncle’s city dinners and suburban clubs, but we are afraid that the result might be to leave a somewhat disrespectful notion of the profession itself—that which has perhaps justly been called ‘our most accomplished

plished profession.' We leave therefore some chapters, filled with what seems low-enough merriment, and occasional *verses*, in which we can discover nothing but dismal imbecility, to be explored by those who are curious in such matters. Cooper's own chief distinction amidst these scenes of festivity appears to have depended on joyous hilarity, practical jokes (much in the style of his youth at Yarmouth), and, above all, the incessant audacity of puns.

It is, however, well attested that he was even then a very different sort of converser in a *tête-à-tête*. When shut up by chance in the same carriage with any man of talents, the tenacity of his memory—the searching sagacity with which he had observed whatever the course of life had brought under his view—and the unaffected frankness of his temperament, seem to have been more than sufficient to render his talk richly diverting. To hear him thus, we suppose, was like being present at one of the best of his easy colloquial lectures on comparative anatomy. The truth is, he was then, as at his lecture, enjoying the exertion of his powerful faculties. In the favoured conviviality of the evening he thought only of unbending them; or if, indeed, he had come at last to confound boisterous pleasantry with the fascinations of wit, we must not forget how easily almost any man who is much flattered learns to flatter himself; and that of all weaknesses the most harmless, as well as the most common, is vanity.

Of his memory his nephew gives some striking examples; and they will be considered as of great importance by those whose experience has brought them to our own conclusion—namely, that this faculty is *almost* always in exact proportion to the general capacity and vigour of the intellect. It may be greatly strengthened by culture: but where it has not been largely given, or successfully improved, all other talents are vain and fruitless. We are aware that some people on the verge of idiocy will exhibit an all but miraculous power of memory as to some one particular class of objects; but we speak of cases where the mind is not actually incomplete or deformed—where there is the usual set of faculties to be measured and appreciated.

His sagacity was shown in some remarkable extra-professional incidents. Being called in to see Mr. Blight of Depiford when wounded in 1806, the aspect of the partner, Mr. Patch, instantly conveyed to him conviction of his being the assassin. When, on examination of the localities, he signified that the shot must have been fired by a left-handed man, the attendants, who were far from having taken up any similar suspicion, exclaimed that there was no left-handed person near except friend Patch—who was tried and condemned, and who confessed before his execution.

execution. In like manner when Nicolson, the trusted and respected old servant of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar, arrived in Broad Street with the news of that midnight catastrophe, the man's countenance satisfied Astley Cooper that the murderer was before him. We all know how slow the family were to adopt this opinion—and also that he too confessed his crime. In neither of these cases, however, could the acute anatomist pretend to define the source of his impressions. He could only say 'There was an indescribable something.'

To illustrate the happy exercise of these gifts *within* Sir Astley's professional department would be to write his life—as it has not yet been written.

By 1815 the change in city habits was well advanced, and he had besides come into very great practice among the nobility and gentry at the other end of London. He therefore made up his mind to do as Cline had done before him, and established himself in the neighbourhood of the Court—New Street, Spring Gardens—where he continued a course of life not much unlike that of Broad Street, except that he had now retired from his professorship at the Royal College, and begun to affect more silkiness of manner and finery of habits.

With his private patients he was, we believe, more popular than any other contemporary practitioner in either branch. His goodly person had its effect with the ladies—his good-nature with all—and the varnish of feeling with most. With oil enough for every wound, he was the conveyer of more comfort than any one of his more sensitive brethren. We know, from Cheselden's account of himself, that the greatest of surgeons may feel his profession a burden and torment all through the most successful of lives. John Hunter turned pale as death whenever he had to use the knife. Abernethy, in our own time, whom many took for a coarse man merely because of his rough humour, could never think of an operation without heart-sickness. It was the same with that great and ill-requited genius, Sir Charles Bell—we must not name living names. But all came and went more easily with Astley Cooper. When a friend of ours, returning casually with him from a consultation one day, dropped something in a melancholy tone about the anxieties of their common profession, 'I don't understand you,' said he; 'upon my word I think ours a very pleasant life. Is it such a hardship to chat with a succession of well-bred people every morning, and seal up a round sum for your banker as often as you get home?' But we must not understand such sayings too literally. No man had a better right to the natural satisfaction of reflecting that human sufferings had been largely relieved by his ministry.

If Mr. Bransby Cooper had thought fit, we dare say he might have produced extracts from the Notes of this period which would have gratified abundantly the malicious curiosity of the public. As it is, they supply but little amusement, and very seldom demand censure. The most interesting passages are perhaps those about the late Lord Liverpool, the Duke of York, and George IV.; but even these contain nothing novel as regards characters or even manners. Mr. Cooper was not on the royal establishment when the king first chose him to operate on his person. There was an ugly tumour on the head; and it was understood at the time that, for once, Cooper's nerves rather failed him, and that Cline had to complete the job; and the biographer, though he does not confirm the common story, says nothing that distinctly contradicts it. He mentions Cline as present, and, casually as it were, that he did *something*. The king, however, made Cooper his serjeant-surgeon soon afterwards, and in due time, most properly, a baronet (with remainder to his eldest nephew)—and our author says he continued to grow in favour until he made an unlucky *lapsus*—that is, told his illustrious patient a certain offensive anecdote. But though Mr. Bransby Cooper twice promises to give his readers this anecdote, he reaches *finis* without having screwed his courage to the point. It must, we suppose, have been something far more awful than what he does mention as having occasioned a little interruption in the intercourse—namely, Sir Astley's waiting on His Majesty one morning just after performing an operation:—The King's face darkened—the jocular baronet was abruptly dismissed—and discovered, as he entered his chariot, that there was blood on his wristband—‘Out, damned spot!’ It would not be difficult for us to cap *that* story if we chose.

Sir Hans Sloane's baronetcy, given by George I., was the first title of hereditary honour granted to any medical gentleman in this country. The profession has since furnished at least its fair share of recruits to the baronetage. Between 1796 and 1837 that rank was, if we reckon aright, conferred on seventeen physicians and surgeons, one oculist, and two apothecaries.

The complete change which time and prosperity had wrought in Sir Astley's political sentiments is evident from some of his Notes.

‘The first time I ever saw George the Fourth was at the time he was Prince Regent. He was walking with the Duke of York and the Duke of Bedford, and he looked far superior to either. They were the three finest men in England, but he was the prince of grace and dignity.’

Here is some mistake. The Duke of Bedford who was a *‘fine man’*—Francis—died a dozen years before George IV. was

Regent: nor do we think that Cooper ever saw *them* walking together.

‘He often awoke early, and read from five or six o’clock in the morning until nine or ten, and thus he became acquainted with all the new books, which he read of every description—novels, pamphlets, voyages, travels, plays—and he liked to talk of them. He usually received me at from ten to eleven o’clock, in his bed. He chatted with me for half an hour or an hour, and was generally very agreeable, although now and then irritable. He was not strictly attentive to facts, but embellished all his stories to render them more amusing, so that it would not answer always to repeat his sayings of others.

‘When ill the King would never allow that it was caused by his own imprudence. One morning his tongue was white, and he was much heated. “By G—,” said he, “it is very extraordinary that I should be thus heated, for I lived very abstemiously, and went to bed in good time—I must have some *beaume de vie*, sir.” When we went out of the room, W— said, “You must not professionally act upon what His Majesty said: he was drinking maraschino at two o’clock this morning.”

‘He was a good judge of the medicine which would best suit him.* He bore enormous doses of opiates—one hundred drops of laudanum, for instance. In bleeding, also, I have known from twenty to twenty-five ounces taken from him several times.

‘The King was irregular in his times for eating and drinking. “Bring me cold chicken,” he would say at eleven, before he rose. “Yes, sire.” “Bring it, and give me a goblet of soda-water.” Soon after he ate again, and at dinner largely; but he did not in general drink much at dinner unless tempted by the society of men he liked.’

It is hardly fair for a gentleman who visits a Prince only in his medical capacity to volunteer descriptions of the patient’s ordinary habits. When out of sorts the King’s meals were, we suppose, irregular enough; but in general, we believe, he abstained entirely from meat of a morning. Probably he was, like ourselves, of the sect whose tenet it is that no man eats luncheon who has a proper respect for his dinner.

‘The King would sometimes be coarse in his conversation and anecdotes, but again nobody could be more refined and polished when he chose. Every story of a character about town, every humorous anecdote, he was perfectly acquainted with, and was constantly seeking means of adding to his stock, and then took the greatest pleasure in relating them

* The biographer says:—‘He had been very early instructed in anatomy, by the desire of his father, at whose request John Hunter made a complete set of preparations, especially for the use and information of the young prince and his brothers. He frequently conversed on the subject; and on several occasions, when an account reached his ears of something novel or extraordinary being met with in the course of anatomical investigation, he had the actual specimen brought to him for his inspection. His knowledge of medicine was so acute that I have heard my uncle say he was obliged to be unusually careful when writing a prescription for the King.’

to others. He was himself witty, but the points of his conversation consisted principally in anecdote and the relation of jokes.

'The King was indolent, and therefore disposed to yield, to avoid trouble; nervous, and therefore anxious to throw every onus from his own shoulders. He was the most perfect gentleman in his manners and address—possessing the finest person, with the most dignified and gracious condescension, yet excessively proud; familiar himself, but shocked at it in others; violent in his temper, yet naturally kind in his disposition. I have seen him spurn — from him, yet in ten minutes say that he liked nobody so much about him, and that no one but he should do anything for him.

'George the Fourth had an extraordinary memory,—he recollected all that he had read or seen,—and had the faculty of quickly comprehending everything. If he saw a steam-engine, he would describe not only its principles of action, but enter minutely into its construction. He could recount anecdotes of everybody, and could quote the beauties of almost all the works, in prose or verse, in English literature. He also prided himself on his knowledge of Latin, being, in fact, an excellent classic, and frequently quoted Horace. Dates, also, in history he could well recollect; and it was dangerous to differ with him concerning them, as he was sure to be right. The connexions and families of the nobility he was quite familiar with.

'He spoke German and French as well as his own language, and knew a little of others. He spoke remarkably well, but did not write so well, because he would not give himself the trouble, and therefore always sought assistance from others. His life had been, since the age of sixteen, conversational, from which time he had given very little attention to writing or composition. He told me that from the time he was sixteen he knew everything, bad and good, and that he had entered into every amusement that a gentleman could engage in. His judgment was good as regarded others, and as respected his country. If I had wanted to decide upon what I ought to do, nobody would have given me better advice; but he very likely would have practised just the contrary himself.

'The abilities of George the Fourth were of the first order. He would have made the first physician or surgeon of his time, the first lawyer, the first speaker in the House of Commons or Lords, though, perhaps, not the best divine. As a king he was prosperous, for he had the good sense to be led by good ministers, although, however, he did not like them all.'—vol. ii. p. 347-352.

In all this about the King we see nothing to complain of. Of some of the accomplishments above mentioned the Serjeant-surgeon was little qualified to judge: but if he formed an extravagant opinion of His Majesty's natural talents, he at least erred in good company. Sir Astley's thinking it worth record that the King of England was well versed in the family history of the English nobility is very good. We doubt as to the criticism on the King's writing. The letters printed in Sir W. Knighton's

Life are poor and slovenly; but they, we believe, were mere *refuse*, put in to fill space, when the *real* intended publication was *suppressed*. We once read part of a MS. Memoir on some incidents in His Majesty's personal history, and it seemed to us easy, elegant English. If he had been 'invisibly' helped, assuredly it was not by either Knighton or Cooper.

The Notes on Lord Liverpool have not been weeded so carefully. It was hardly fair to print, if to write down, some of the premier's unkindly communications about one of his colleagues. The mere fact of his lordship's opening his lips at all on such a subject to his surgical visitant must be considered a symptom that his disease had reached his mind; and in such a state what more common than fretful jealousy? Our author should also have thought twice before he published his own sarcastic description of a 'court physician' coming into Lord Liverpool's chamber just after he had been bled for apoplectic symptoms by Mr. B. Cooper himself—bowing three times to the patient as he lay insensible on the sofa—and then asking the young surgeon if he was aware of the responsibility he had assumed in bleeding the prime minister of England before his own arrival. The passage indicates no great respect for the physician on the part of the narrator—but it also suggests what the physician's opinion *was* of Mr. Bransby Cooper. Dr. Radcliffe has recorded how narrowly William III. escaped dying before his time, in consequence of its being held unlawful to bleed the sovereign without the consent, not of the court physician only, but of the privy council: but we were not before aware that such notions of sanctity had ever been attached to the vein of a minister.

Sir Astley was also sergeant-surgeon to King William IV.—and we shall gratify all our readers by one extract from his Notes under that head.

'We often saw the queen, who appeared a most amiable lady, elegant but simple in her manners, and sensible in her conversation. She was, in truth, an excellent person, and, though gracing the dignified position which she occupied, would equally have made an admirable clergyman's wife, and in such a situation have employed herself among her parishioners in acts of kindness and benevolence from morning to night.'

There is a very striking account of the behaviour of the late Sir John Leach, when first cut for the stone. The patient having been placed in the required position, Sir Astley, who had already the knife in his hand, laid it aside for a moment to write a prescription. As he resumed his instrument, the expectant's countenance indicated much disturbance, Sir Astley paused. 'Excuse me,' said the Judge; 'but, pray, don't leave the pen in the ink.' During the operation, which occupied longer
time

time than usual, he never moved a muscle. When it was over, Sir Astley left his nephew to keep watch in the chamber. By-and-by Sir John Leach turned his head on the pillow, and whispered that he wished to see his housekeeper: it was to tell her that Mr. Bransby Cooper would stay to dinner, and to order some *entrée* in which his cook was supposed to show particular merit. He had to undergo that terrible operation three times, and always did so with the same imperturbable coolness. What a mixture is man! Who has forgotten Lord Byron's scornful sketch of this astute, hard-faced old lawyer, as a Mayfair tuft-hunter, aping dandies, and fawning on dowagers? We hope Byron's future editors will have the candour to quote the surgeon's testimony to the higher qualities of this victim. Much less heroism, we apprehend, was shown at Missolonghi.

In these later years our author was the regular assistant of his uncle, who had himself begun to suffer from attacks of vertigo, and was not always in condition for exertion. Sir Astley was by this time very rich—and he now indulged himself by purchasing a considerable estate in Hertfordshire, with a handsome mansion-house and grounds, to which he often retired for repose and relaxation. By degrees he became extremely fond of the place—at last he usually spent three days of the week there—and contracted many of the feelings and even the habits of his new order. He was a rigid preserver of his game, for example; and what is by no means so common, he made money by keeping a large farm in his own hands. This was chiefly the result of his and his coachman's skill in horseflesh. Michael having informed him that the horses sold at Smithfield were usually of three classes, almost all cripples, some fit only for the knacker, others bought for the chance of their becoming sound, others by people who did not care for permanent lameness so they would but *draw*,—

' my uncle desired him to go every market morning into Smithfield, and purchase all the young horses exposed for sale which he thought might possibly be convertible into carriage or saddle-horses, should they recover from their defects. He was never to give more than seven pounds for each, but five pounds was to be the average price. . . . In this manner I have known thirty or forty horses collected at Gades-bridge, and thus Sir Astley procured stock to eat off his superfluous herbage. In the winter these horses were put into the straw-yard, and his waste straw thus converted into manure, thereby saving many hundred pounds in the purchase of this commodity.

' I believe, however, the greatest pleasure derived from this new plan was the occupation it afforded him, by treating these horses as patients, and curing them of their various complaints. On a stated morning every week the blacksmith came up from the village, and the horses were in successive order caught, haltered, and brought for inspection.

He then examined into the causes of the particular defect of each animal, and generally ascertained that there was disease of the foot. The blacksmith took off the shoe, pared out the hoof, and then Sir Astley made a careful examination of the part. Having discovered the cause of the lameness, he proceeded to perform whatever seemed to him necessary for the cure—cut out a corn, make a depending opening to cure a quittor—order the proper shoe for a contracted heel, &c.

‘The improvement produced in a short time by good feeding, rest, and medical attendance, such as few horses before or since have enjoyed, appeared truly wonderful. I have myself paid fifty guineas for one of these animals, and made a good bargain too; and I have known my uncle’s carriage for years drawn by a pair of horses which together only cost him twelve pounds ten shillings.’

The baronet’s *battues* had, in like manner, their professional features. The brother sportsmen were, for the most part, physicians or surgeons of renown. Some of them were tolerable shots, and so was their host; but he at least could seldom play out the Squire’s part for a whole morning.

‘It was not an uncommon event to lose him for an hour or two; for if a bird towered, or a hare, after being shot at, evinced anything particular in her death-throes, he would either quietly sit down under a hedge, or would walk home to his dissecting-room, and examine the nature of the injury, and the cause of the peculiar circumstances which had attracted his notice. Nothing could afford him greater delight than when he arrived at an explanation of the peculiar phenomena which had instigated him to make the inquiry.’

The vision of Arcadia would be incomplete without what follows:—

‘It rarely happened but that one or two of the dogs which we had out with us had been submitted by Sir Astley to some operation or experiment, a circumstance which in some measure accounted for their inferiority as sporting dogs. Some *amusement* was always afforded by the timidity which these animals manifested when near my uncle.’

Hereabouts the biographer describes his uncle as ‘crying like a child’ over something in ‘*Oliver Twist*.’ It must have been a great relief to his Recurrent Nerves.

An unfailing member of these shooting-parties was Dr. Babington, whose Irish humour seems to have been the prime condiment of the evening banquet. Our author gives several of the Doctor’s stories—let us find room for one:—

‘He told us that, after having been many years from Ireland, an irresistible desire again to see his native soil made him determine, during a certain vacation, to revisit it. In order to reach his native village it was necessary for him to cross a river by a ferry. Years before he had passed at this spot a thousand times, and, as he sat in the boat, vivid recollections of his youth recurred, filling him with mingled sentiments of pleasure and pain. After some minutes’ silence, he inquired

quired of the ferryman if he had known the Rev. Mr. Babington, the former rector of the place. "Did I know him? Faith, and I did, for the kindest of men he was to us all." "He was my father," said Dr. Babington. "Was he, by the powers!" exclaimed the fellow, and, wrought up at once to a wonderful pitch of enthusiasm, "Then I'll take you nearer to the falls than ever man showed his nose before."

Sir Astley had the misfortune to lose his lady in June, 1827, and the shock was so severe that he resolved on withdrawing from practice. In September he sold his house in Spring Gardens, and remained for a time shut up in Hertfordshire; but the interval was not long. The retirement became intolerable—within a few months he had taken another house in town, and resumed his profession—and in July, 1828, he re-married.

His anatomical zeal attended him to the last, wherever he was. He makes, late in life, an excursion to his native Norfolk—and his journal is mostly of this tenor:—

'Cromer, Sunday, Sept. 25th.—Rose early and dissected eels; went to church.

'26th.—Rose early; rode on horseback along the beach, and saw a boat with 1400 herrings come in: the beach a busy scene. Picked up three dog-fish; beautifully clean animals for dissection.

'27th.—Rose early, and rode before breakfast. A porpoise this morning of about four feet in length. Dissected a gurnet.

'28th.—Before breakfast walked on the beach, and dissected dog-fish and herrings' brains.

'29th.—It rained, but I went to the beach for a little time before breakfast. They brought me a porpoise; I sent the heart to Guy's Hospital, and dissected dog-fish. The brain is composed of," &c.'—vol. ii. pp. 421, 422.

Another of his later trips was to Paris. His reputation procured him a most flattering reception there. Among other attentions he was invited to a grand *déjeuner* by Dupuytren:—

"We went to the Hôtel Dieu, and I found a room devoted entirely to myself, a cadavre there, &c. I dissected for nearly two hours before breakfast."—vol. ii. p. 408.

Sir Astley was made on this occasion a Member of the Institute. His honours, indeed, had accumulated rapidly. William IV. bestowed a Grand-Cross of the Guelphic Order—Louis Philippe sent, through Talleyrand, the decoration of the Legion—various Scotch and foreign Universities showered diplomas on him—and at the Duke of Wellington's Oxford Installation in 1834 he was admitted D.C.L.

He continued ardent in practice until his increasing infirmities disabled him for it, and expired at his country-seat, after a short confinement, on the 12th of February, 1840, in the seventy-third year

year of his age. His will is in all respects honourable to him—not least so, considering what his mode of study had been, the clause by which he commanded the dissection of his own body.

He left a very large fortune—and a reputation, as a practical surgeon, second to none. But it cannot be said that Sir Astley Cooper was a man of genius, or even, in any high sense of the word, a man of science. He will never be classed with the great luminaries of his own branch of the profession—and out of that he was no more than a shrewd, intelligent man of robust, vigorous faculties, sharp set on the world and its interests, scarcely tinctured with letters, as remote as any clever man could well be from high aspirations or elegant predilections of any sort. It was said of Lawrence that he could—

‘Fix noble thought on Abel Drugger’s face,
And turn Malvolio’s attitude to grace:’—

but his pencil has preserved, without flattering, Sir Astley’s portly presence—his handsome, acute, self-satisfied, and unrefined physiognomy. It was also most proper that his Life should be written; but if we are to have two bulky volumes of this gossiping class, and then a strictly professional supplement, about every man of such calibre, the prospect is rather formidable.

Of Mr. Bransby Cooper’s taste and talents we have enabled our readers to form their own opinion.

- ART. XII.—1. *Observations upon the Treaty of Washington, signed 9th August, 1842, &c.* By George William Featherstonhaugh, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S., late one of Her Majesty’s Commissioners for the North American Boundary. London. 1842.
2. *Speech of Mr. Benton, Senator for Missouri in the Secret Session of Congress, in Opposition to the British Treaty, 18th August, 1842.* Washington. 1842.
3. *Speech of W. C. Rives, of Virginia, on the Treaty with Great Britain, delivered in the Senate 17th and 19th August, 1842.* Washington, 1842.

OUR readers, having heretofore received from us such detailed information on the origin and progress of our boundary dispute with the United States, will naturally expect us to complete our task by laying before them the final result of that complicated discussion—a result which, though it falls, in our opinion, far short of the *abstract* justice of our case, is yet, we think, as satisfactory as—considering all the difficulties in which the incredible ignorance, negligence, and incapacity of our former negotiators

tiators had entangled the question—could reasonably have been looked for.

Of the clear, unequivocal justice of the *whole* of our claim we never have had the slightest doubt, nor do we believe that any one, even amongst the Americans, has ventured directly to deny that the British line approached most nearly to the *intentions* of the original negotiators; but we have already had occasion to show that the *wording* of the treaty was so curiously infelicitous as to be nothing short of nonsense, or at least to afford a sufficient colour for the King of Holland's award that its terms were '*inexplicable and impracticable.*' (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxvii. p. 507.)

In consequence of the difficulty, or, as the royal umpire thought, the *impossibility* of reconciling the letter of the treaty with the claims of either of the parties, he took upon himself to recommend a *new line, far to the northward of the St. John's*, of which the result would have been to give the United States two-thirds, and England about one-third of the disputed territory.

We confess that we have never been able to discover the *rationale* of that award. On what imaginary evidence the royal umpire carried the United States beyond the River St. John's—or, having once crossed the River St. John's, upon what reasoning he stopped short of conceding their entire claim—or why, finally, when he had discarded both the terms and intentions of the treaty, he did not carry his conventional line along so obvious a boundary as that of the St. John's—we cannot comprehend. Mr. Benton, in his vehement attack on the treaty of Washington as more unfavourable to the United States than *even* the Dutch award, thought proper to remind Congress that the King of the Netherlands was 'on the list of British generals, and in the pay of the British Crown' (p. 6)—a statement which happens, like too many others in Mr. Benton's speech, to be totally untrue; but might it not with more plausibility be surmised, considering the state of the relations between England and Holland in January 1831, when this award was made, that any bias which might be imputed to the umpire was not likely to lean towards a power which was at that moment threatening Holland with hostilities in favour of the Belgian insurgents? But the personal feelings of the Ex-King of Holland—if (which we are reluctant to believe) any such existed—can change nothing in the facts of the case, as we have now to deal with them. The award was made, and, according to the terms of the reference, ought to have been final and conclusive! The British ministry, with what we may almost call an excess of good faith, accepted it; and it would no doubt have also been accepted by the United States, but it happened that at this moment the American minister

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ter in Holland happened to be Mr. Preble, himself a *citizen of the state of Maine*, which had a great territorial and pecuniary interest in establishing their pretended boundary, and had shown a great deal of angry feeling in the preceding discussion. We have seen of late such remarkable instances of ministers of the United States at foreign courts taking, without reference to their government, public steps with the apparent and almost avowed object of making themselves individually popular at home, that we now look back with less surprise than we then felt at this *citizen of Maine* having, two days after the award, addressed, in his public character, to the Dutch government a protest against the award, on the ground that the arbiter had exceeded his powers by recommending a new boundary, instead of *adjudicating* the boundary specified by the treaty of 1783;—and though it is known that President Jackson was not only willing but anxious to accept and ratify the award, the Senate—to which the opposition of the State of Maine obliged General Jackson to refer the question—adopted Mr. Preble's view of the matter, and rejected it by a decisive majority of 34 to 8; the present President, Tyler, and the present Secretary of State, Webster—who, as Mr. Benton insists, have made a less favourable arrangement—voting in the majority.

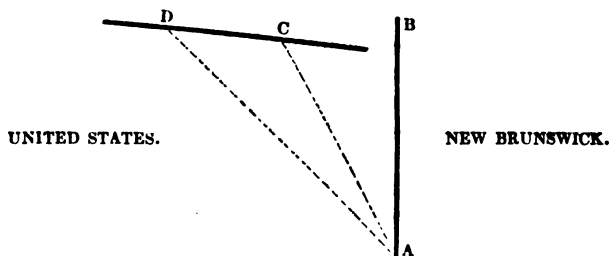
It seems at first sight difficult to understand why the United States should have rejected a decision which was so extravagantly in their favour; but it must be remembered that, under their Constitution, the general Government is held to have no right to dispose of any portion of the territory of any individual State, and as Maine; insisted that the whole disputed region was *her* incontrovertible right, the President could not cede an inch without her consent. Nor are we much surprised at the resistance of Maine; for when the King of Holland had once taken the extraordinary step of carrying the line to the northward of the St. John's, we ourselves must confess that he seems to have established the *whole principle* of the American claim (though he negatived it in several minor points), and that it therefore was not unreasonable in the people of Maine to insist that, the *principle* being thus decided in their favour, they were entitled to, and would by perseverance undoubtedly obtain, all its consequences;—an expectation which, however, we think it no disgrace nor even inconsistency in Messrs. Tyler and Webster to have resigned when experience had proved its futility. We must also recollect that England was at that moment under the misrule of the Reform mob, and in a condition that may have encouraged, if it did not suggest, the idea—not, it seems, altogether unfounded—that she might be safely pressed upon with impunity. These were, perhaps, the motives

motives that influenced the Senate at that day; but we cannot so easily explain the readiness of Lord Palmerston* to acquiesce in this award. No doubt the precarious state of the country—the general and growing difficulties of the Whig cabinet, and the obvious jealousy of all the Conservative cabinets of Europe, may have made him over-anxious to extract *spinis de pluribus unam*—but superadded to these motives there was also, we have no doubt, some feeling of respect to the decision of the arbiter, whose award, however erroneous it might really be, would nevertheless have a considerable influence on the public opinion of mankind; and the rather, as the antagonist party appeared to complain of it as unjust towards them. But whatever were his motives, Lord Palmerston, carrying candour and patience to the utmost verge of endurance, continued willing to accept the Dutch decision, till at length, finding that the States would not give way, he, on the 30th of October, 1835, ‘withdrew his consent to the territorial compromise recommended by the King of the Netherlands.’ So far, although we think the offer of acquiescence in the Dutch award was impolitic in itself and persisted in too long, we impute no blame to Lord Palmerston;—but while he was debating this point in a very desultory correspondence, another proposal was interjected by the American government, on which we think his Lordship’s conduct is more liable to question, if not to reproach.

The then President, General Jackson, had, we have no doubt, an anxious desire—a laudable ambition we may venture to call it—to settle this boundary question; and when the constitutional difficulties raised by Maine, and sanctioned by the Senate, restricted him not merely from ratifying the King of Holland’s arbitration, but from concluding *any* conventional line whatsoever, by binding him to the strict *terms* of the treaty, he evinced something, as we think, of his characteristic spirit, by making a proposition which—evading the constitutional difficulty by which he had been just defeated—would have accomplished his object of concluding the affair on terms not more onerous to England, and even less advantageous to Maine, than the award that Maine had compelled him to reject. Our readers will recollect that one of the first difficulties in following out the treaty-boundary was this:—the treaty provided that the boundary-line should run *due north* from the head of the River St. Croix, till it came to certain *Highlands*—which were supposed by the British, and, we believe, by the United States, to

* Though throughout the article we shall generally use his Lordship’s name as the ostensible Minister, yet we are very well aware that he must in strictness be considered as one only of a cabinet, all equally responsible. Against Lord Palmerston individually we can have no personal bias—*quite the reverse!*

exist *south of the St. John's*; but when the due north line came to be drawn, it appeared that there were no such Highlands to be found in that line. This was the foundation of all the subsequent difficulty—and this General Jackson professed to obviate by proposing, through Mr. Livingston, his secretary of state, to Sir Charles Vaughan, the British minister at Washington, that a joint commission should be appointed, with a mutual umpire, to make a scientific survey of the country, and if, as was supposed, the *due north* line did not fall in with the required Highlands, then that such Highlands should be looked for elsewhere, and that, wherever found, a line *drawn from them straight to the head of the St. Croix* should be taken to be the north-eastern boundary of the United States. This proposition was accompanied by the following diagram,



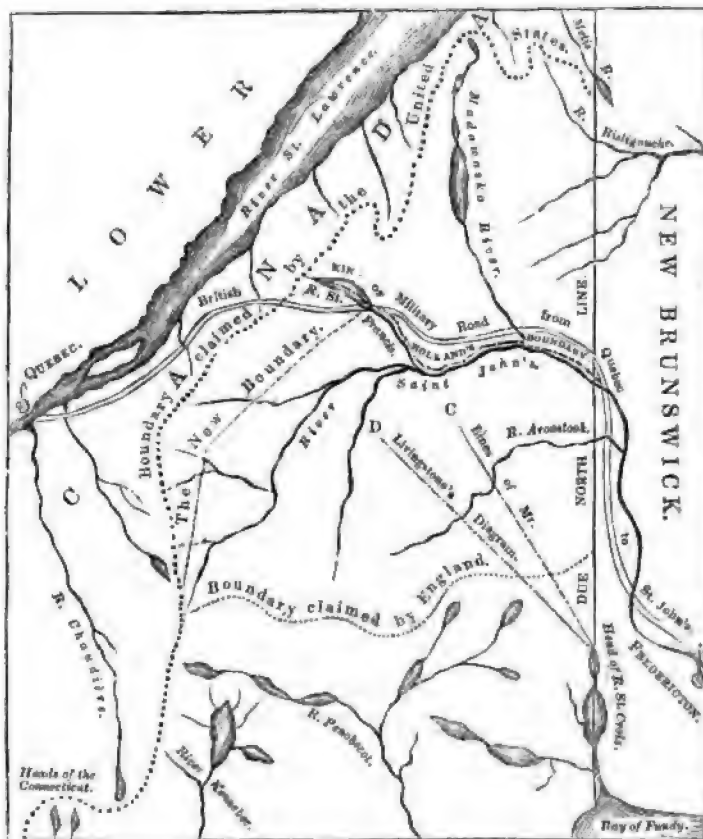
showing that if the Highlands should be found at C or D, the lines A C or A D, as the case might be, should be the north-eastern boundary of the United States; and this Mr. Livingston further explained verbally, by exhibiting a map which showed that the probable point of the Highlands was about 50 miles westward of the river *St. Francis*.

This was the proposition for which the shrewdest and most experienced of the advocates of the United States' claim, Mr. Gallatin, censured the American Secretary of State,—

'who, on this very question, did, subsequent to the award, propose to substitute, for the due north line, another which would have given to Great Britain the greater part, if not the whole, of the disputed territory. Why the proposal was made, and *why it was not at once accepted*, cannot be otherwise accounted for, so far at least as regards the offer, than by a *complete ignorance* of the whole subject.'—*Correspondence laid before Parliament*, 1838, p. ix.

We are entirely of Mr. Gallatin's opinion, and so, we think, will be our readers, when they shall have examined and compared Mr. Livingston's proposition and explanation with the subjoined sketch of the country, where we have marked the American and

and British claims respectively, and the King of Holland's award ; and have also applied to the actual locality the lines of Mr. Livingston's diagram :—those lines, be it always remembered, which were to be in the specified cases the north-east boundary of the United States.



The very inspection of this little map will satisfy our readers of the many great advantages which this proposition opened to us ; but let us observe specifically,—first, that whatever might be the result of the new survey, it must be of great value to us in ulterior negotiation, that the United States, while stickling for the strict terms and very letter of the treaty, should have voluntarily departed from the only terms of the treaty that were undisputed and undisputable—the due north line :—secondly, *any* alteration which could have been made on Mr. Livingston's principle

ciple in the original American line must have been to our certain advantage; every degree of deflection to the westward was so much ceded of the American claim, and so much clear gain to us: the gain might be more or less, as the Highlands might happen to be found more or less to the southward of the American claim, or more or less to the westward of the due north line; but it must always be a gain, and in no possible circumstances could be a loss. The result might have been that we should, as Mr. Gallatin thought, have obtained the whole of our claim, or if Mr. Livingston's anticipation—of carrying the line fifty miles westward of the St. Francis—should be fulfilled, something as good as our claim; but in no event could the United States have gained an additional inch upon theirs.

This, as it seems to us, most conciliatory proposition—accompanied by the strongest professions, and, we may say, proofs of General Jackson's sincere hope and wishes for the success of the expedient—Lord Palmerston treated with unaccountable coolness. For *six months* he took no notice whatsoever of it; and then only after the American Secretary of State had jogged Sir Charles Vaughan, and Sir Charles Vaughan had jogged his lordship; and when at last he did answer, it was—to use a common but expressive phrase—by *throwing cold water* upon it. He began, by objecting that if the President could not ratify the King of Holland's deviation from the terms of the treaty, how could he ratify the greater deviation suggested by Mr. Livingston? This seems to us to have been exceedingly strange. It would have been an excellent objection in Mr. Livingston's mouth if the proposition had been made by Lord Palmerston; but was certainly not so appropriate as a reply of Lord Palmerston's to Mr. Livingston.

General Jackson, however, still persisting in thinking that he best knew his own power and position, Lord Palmerston was driven to find other difficulties, and amongst them he suggests the *delay and expense* of a new survey—as if any probable delay and expense could be worth consideration in so momentous an affair, which had already lasted so long and cost so much:—but, admitting that the delay and expense of a new survey were likely to be more considerable than we suppose—what then? The rejection of Mr. Livingston's proposition *did* in fact occasion, some years after, the *expense* of a new survey, which was ordered by Lord Palmerston himself in 1839—it *has* caused a *delay* in settling the question of nearly nine years—and, finally, it *has settled the question* by forfeiting more than half the territory which that proposition—as far as we can judge—would have secured to us.

But Lord Palmerston's main point, and that on which the proposition

proposition ultimately failed, was, that his lordship required as a *preliminary* to his accepting Mr. Livingston's proposition, that the President should admit, as adjudicated and *settled*, so much of the Dutch award as intimated an opinion that the *St. John's* and *Ristigouche* were not *Atlantic rivers* in the meaning of the treaty. We have not the slightest doubt of the fact itself, nor of the King of Holland's opinion having been with us on that point—but it is not expressly stated; and Lord Palmerston never could have expected the President to make such an admission, or to accept an unfavourable fragment of an award of which he had rejected the whole—even if its meaning were unquestionable. The impression on our minds from this part of the correspondence, coupled with Mr. Livingston's explanations, is, that the President expected that the survey would give those rivers, or at least the greater part of them, to England, and was very reluctant to be forced to say beforehand anything that might trammel his future decision, and probably defeat his ultimate object. It may be very reasonably doubted whether the President would have had influence enough to have carried a boundary-line westward of the due north, and of course giving up more or less of the American claim. But General Jackson was a man of resolution and sagacity, and not likely to have taken this course if he had not seen his way through it;—he had, we are satisfied, a strong and laudable ambition to settle the question—he thought he had found a mode of neutralising the—we must call them—factious difficulties raised by the state of Maine;—and having in former days gallantly defeated us in the field, he was stronger in public opinion than any other statesman would have been for now doing us justice in the cabinet. It was therefore, we must always think, highly impolitic in Lord Palmerston to push him to the wall by this preliminary *sine quâ non*, which he could not possibly concede. But, however all that may be, even if General Jackson's proposal had been either insincere (which we cannot suspect) or unsuccessful—if he had failed to make, or been unable to ratify, a satisfactory treaty, or if any other impediment had intervened,—still the very fact of a negotiation on such a basis,—particularly if the arrangement should be accepted by the Executive, even though it were to be afterwards negatived by the Senate,—would have been of the greatest eventual advantage to us, and must have, sooner or later, led to our ultimate success:—just as Lord Palmerston's protracted acceptance of the King of Holland's award has obtained for the United States the acquisition of the greater part of the territory so awarded—and would have insured the *WHOLE* of it, and probably *more* than the award contemplated, but for the concurrence of favourable circumstances by which

which Lord Ashburton was enabled to rescue a part of it—in extent comparatively small, but in importance and value much the greatest—as we shall see by-and-by.

We have dwelt upon this episode—which may now appear somewhat obsolete—for *three*, we think, sufficient reasons—first, *historically*, to mark the hopeless position in which Lord Palmerston placed the negotiation, and in which it remained—under four Presidents—from 1833 to Lord Palmerston's retirement in 1841: secondly, *politically*, in hopes of leading the American public to a more just appreciation of their own case than Mr. Benton and the other violent opponents of Mr. Webster would now give them, by showing that ten years ago General Jackson and Mr. Livingston were ready to have risked, and had indeed taken steps towards concessions, infinitely greater, in *Mr. Gallatin's opinion*, than Mr. Webster has eventually made: and thirdly, from, we must confess, a sense of retributive justice, with a view of showing that *he* who, in this country, is supposed to have, directly and indirectly, censured the treaty of Washington as a shameful *capitulation*, is the very person whose general conduct of the whole affair, and whose special error in this portion of it, had rendered *so good* a treaty, *hopeless*—and a *better, impossible*.

But while these negotiations were dragging their slow and tortuous length along, certain citizens of Maine—instigated by personal cupidity—by the national spirit of adventure—and by, we fear, the opportunity of insulting England—resolved to take the decision of the question into their own hands; and, sanctioned by their local legislature, and subsequently backed by a military demonstration, they seized upon and occupied successive points of the disputed ground, which up to this time had been in the *de facto* possession and jurisdiction of the British colony of New Brunswick.

Before these successive and outrageous encroachments, the British cabinet and its local authorities *retired!* We abhor war—particularly a war for territory—above all a war for a worthless territory on a questioned title; but here was assuredly a case of *land piracy*, committed by an individual State, and by individual citizens of that State, not merely without the sanction of, but in direct opposition to, the desires of the Federal Government, and altogether under circumstances so unjustifiable, that England would have been fully entitled to have repelled these robbers by force, and to have maintained—pending the negotiations with the general Government—the *status quo* of the territory against the '*marauders*'—we thank Mr. Benton 'for teaching us that word.'

But we do not blame our Cabinet for their forbearance. It

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was justified in point of honour by the amicable intervention of the Federal Government at Washington to arrest the local mischief; and it was recommended by considerations both of humanity and public policy—for who could foretell how far a flame kindled in the woods of Aroostook might have spread?—what distant echoes might have been awakened by a single shot on the obscure and barren banks of the Madawaska? But our forbearance—justifiable, and we will *now* say fortunate, as it was—had naturally a very unfavourable effect on our position in the question. It not only accredited throughout the United States, and even in Europe, the opinion already unanimous in the north-eastern States, that the right of Maine was indisputable and that England would not venture on a hostile resistance—but it took from us the practical advantage of the *de facto* possession, and it deprived us of the diplomatic resources of the *uti possidetis*. Our readers will see how all this must have fortified the arrogant pretensions of the citizens of Maine, and complicated the general question of sovereignty with additional difficulties of state finance and private property.

In the mean while there had arisen and were in progress other more serious, though perhaps not so imminent, dangers to the peace of the two countries, and elements of discord seemed to accumulate on every side. General Jackson—who, like other eminent soldiers, seems to have been—from his experience of the calamities and risks of war—sincerely disposed to the preservation of peace—had retired from office, and was succeeded by a man too feeble in public opinion to make any adequate resistance to popular impulses, and who could not venture, even if so disposed (which he certainly was not), to bate one jot of anything that his predecessor had stickled for—a result that Lord Palmerston ought to have foreseen, and which should have made him the more reluctant to break off the negotiation with General Jackson, who certainly could have *afforded* to have given us better terms than any possible successor. Mr. Van Buren, therefore, had nothing to offer, and there was nothing he could accept; and he, therefore, of necessity, as well as, we believe, from private feeling, took his stand on the extreme and rigorous verge of the original claim. There was, therefore, nothing conciliatory to be expected from Washington.*

During the whole of the period we have been treating of, a republican and revolutionary spirit had been gradually developing

* There were also boundary difficulties in the *far West*; but as they had not then, and indeed have not yet (though forming a prominent object in Mr. Benton's philippic), created any sensation in the public mind, we pass them over in our present discussion, as not constituting any noticeable obstacle to Lord Ashburton's success.

itself in our Canadian provinces, and we need not waste time in showing in how many and how important points these unhappy disturbances must have increased and complicated our difficulties with the people of the United States. We say the *people*: because, however well disposed the Federal Government might have been to adhere to the principles of international amity, it had no more power to control the adverse *sympathies* of individual States with the Canadian rebellion, than the individual States had, or at least exercised, to restrain the active hostility of individual *sympathisers*. Our province of Lower Canada was invaded from the state of Vermont—and Upper Canada, from New York across the Erie waters. Then came the case of the *Caroline*, on account of which so loud a cry was raised against us, because we had destroyed, in waters common to both parties, but close, we admit, to their shore and within their jurisdiction, a vessel which was there employed by our rebels and their *sympathising* allies in actual hostilities against us, and with which their authorities either would not or could not interfere. In self-defence we destroyed her; but our readers can have little idea of the fury with which we were assailed for this exercise of the first right of nature throughout the Union, but particularly in the very States which were, at the same moment—not in self-defence, but voluntarily and wantonly—lending their territory and sending their citizens to aid the Canadian rebellion. Again, the intervention of the General Government—tardy and imperfect from the defects of their federative constitution—supervened and saved the countries from immediate hostilities.

While this unlucky concurrence of irritating circumstances—in which we can boldly assert that England was in no case to blame, and in which our government showed, perhaps, an excess of patience—had spread a hot and hostile spirit against us along the whole line of northern States, an accident occurred which extended the same bad feeling to the south. A vessel called the *Creole* was employed to convey a cargo of slaves bred in Carolina—where slavery is lawful—round, as it was alleged, into one of the American ports in the Gulf of Mexico. This was, by the code of those States, a lawful transfer. Some of the slaves, however, fearing, or affecting to fear, that they were not really destined to an American port, but were to be sold to the Spaniards, rose on the master and crew, murdered one man, and ran the vessel into the port of Nassau, in one of our Bahama Islands. There the American consul demanded that the ship and slaves should be delivered to him, to be all sent back to America. The British authorities were ready to deliver the vessel, and to keep the slaves actually concerned in the murder

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in custody for trial; but the great body of the slaves who were not charged with any crime, they thought they had no authority to interfere with, as, being free, *ipso facto*, on arriving in a British colony. This declaration excited great indignation, and, it would seem, alarm, in all the slave States. Mr. Benton is so ridiculously unjust as to characterise this accidental and unforeseeable circumstance as a deliberate attempt, on the part of England, 'to excite a *San Domingo* insurrection in the south' (p. 16). This case involves many curious and difficult questions of the laws of the States, the common and statute laws of England, and the laws of nations, into which we need not enter: suffice it here to say that this incident (though it did not make much noise in Europe) had a vast, and, to England, unfavourable though unjust, effect in all the southern and western States.

Misfortunes, says the proverb, never come alone; and it is peculiarly true of what we may venture to class as misfortunes,—national misunderstandings. The spirit that generates one generates many. There arose, or rather were revived, about this time, discussions on a most serious, and, in the United States, inflammatory topic. The execution of our slave-trade conventions on the coast of Africa had unavoidably led to the visit of ships bearing the United States flag, in order to ascertain whether they were really Americans, or only guilty vessels usurping and abusing that flag to escape detection. Our readers will recollect our explanations on this subject (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxix. p. 273), and our exposure of the—as we thought and think—most unwarrantable means by which Mr. Stevenson, the late minister of the United States in London, had endeavoured to confound the *mutual* right of *visit*—common and necessary to all nations—with a *belligerent* right of *search*:—leaving, at the moment of his recall, an inflammatory remonstrance against this *phantom* injury—for such it really was—a remonstrance which he himself is stated to have, somewhat indecently, we think, characterised as '*very hot shot*, and a *bomb-shell*, thrown into the British cabinet at his departure.' These proceedings of a public minister, with some concurrent circumstances in France, which we shall mention presently, raised a considerable ferment in the United States, which easily mixed itself up with all the other elements of hostility before enumerated; and, in fact, we believe that never was there a nation more unjustly, but more completely, angry with another than the United States were with Great Britain towards the close of the year 1841.

On the accession of Sir Robert Peel's administration it was felt that this state of things could not be endured by either country; that the cup of strife had, by a long series of ill-luck and mismanagement on both sides, become brim full, and that the

slightest accident was now certain to cause the awful calamity of a hostile overflow. Some remedy must be found; but what? and where? All the usual topics, resources, and expedients of office had been mutually exhausted; the routine of diplomacy had been trodden bare, and at every new step the business, instead of advancing, had retrograded, and was now apparently in a more desperate state than at any former stage of the negotiations. It was a lucky sagacity that thought of a *special mission*; an especially fortunate judgment that selected *Lord Ashburton*. The special mission was itself a pledge of the frank, cordial, and generous views of the British cabinet. We need not state to our readers, of a man 'so known, so honoured' as Lord Ashburton, all the circumstances, public and private, which rendered him the best informed and most competent judge of all *our* commercial, and particularly of our Transatlantic interests, and at the same time the most acceptable and popular *mediator* that we could have employed in a case, where the prejudices and jealous susceptibility of our antagonists were to be calmed before we could hope for any fair discussion of real and substantial interests. On all matters of business Lord Ashburton was an authority whose weight must be felt by both parties; and in points of honour and national pride, which constituted, we really believe, on the part of the United States, full two-thirds of the difficulties, Lord Ashburton was certainly the Englishman to whom the Americans would look with the least jealousy.

But what hope was there that his Lordship would undertake the office? Retired into the bosom of his family after a long and prosperous life, what could induce him, at his age and in his personal position, to cross the Atlantic on so difficult and apparently inauspicious a mission—a mission having none of the ordinary diplomatic temptations, and which, exactly for the same reasons that peculiarly fitted him for the task, must necessarily be one of peculiar anxiety and painful responsibility? This sacrifice, however, of private feeling to public duty Lord Ashburton fortunately consented to make. He shared, we dare say, something of the same laudable ambition that we have attributed to General Jackson, of closing this unhappy contest; and he felt probably the inspiring conviction, that if it were possible to be done, he was, from a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, the man to do it. The result has, in every point, justified these anticipations; though, even before he embarked, things had occurred which rendered his success much more problematical than it might have seemed a month before.

We have already stated the ferment created in the American
mind

mind by the question of visiting vessels suspected of carrying false colours, and the uncandid and (judging from his own statement) ill-intentioned misrepresentations of Mr. Stevenson; but about the time when Lord Ashburton's mission was first resolved on, a circumstance had occurred which promised to smooth the difficulties of this question—we mean the treaty between Austria, France, England, Prussia, and Russia, conceding a conventional and mutual right of search for the suppression of the Slave trade. We ourselves confidently believed (*Quart. Rev.* vol. lxi. p. 279) that the Republic would accede to this system—that she would not consent to remain, alone of all nations,* excluded from this humane and honourable alliance—and we still believe that she would have so acceded—but unfortunately the Cabinet of the Tuileries had, we know not why, delayed to ratify this treaty, and the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies seized it as a party weapon of personal animosity against M. Guizot, and of national hostility to England;—and a vote—more unconstitutional than anything, we believe, that had been done by any of their assemblies since the days of the Convention—was carried which forbade the ratification of the treaty. Towards exciting this commotion, General Cass, the United States Minister at Paris, largely contributed. Actuated, we believe, by the motive of making himself personally popular at home (where we hear that he is, on the strength of this public service, a candidate for the Presidency), he took upon himself to remonstrate with the French Government and Chambers against the ratification of this quintuple treaty; and the result was, that instead of the anticipated facilities of arranging the question with the United States, Lord Ashburton found *them and France* united and arrayed in a most violent and warlike opposition to any arrangement of the question. We shall go more at large into this matter by and by; here we only mention it to explain how much this sudden and unexpected junction of—we will not say *interests*—(for the supposed right of search is a mere bugbear) but of *passion*—between two such powers as France and the United States, must have enhanced the difficulty, and, at the same time, the necessity of arranging our American differences.

Lord Ashburton sailed from England in February, but, having had a passage of extraordinary length, did not arrive in Washington till the beginning of April; and above a month was employed in assembling at Washington three Commissioners from the state of Massachusetts, and four from that of Maine, whose consents

* Brazil, Denmark, Holland, Naples, Portugal, Sardinia, Spain, and Sweden had already entered into similar conventions.

were constitutionally necessary to the adoption of any conventional line. The negotiations therefore did not formally commence till the middle of June; but they were opened on both sides with so much frankness, and conducted with such activity, that, although complicated by the intervention of the *State Commissioners*, they were terminated by a treaty signed on the 9th of August, of which we may confidently assert that it bears on its face the broad characteristics of being a good, a just, and honourable treaty:—it moderates and approximates the extreme pretensions of both parties—it grants to each what each thought most essential to its own interests—it has satisfied the two governments—it has been sanctioned by the vast majority of public opinion in both countries; and in both countries it has been by a small and partisan section of public men censured on the most contradictory and irreconcilable pretences. Mr. Benton calls it a humiliating *surrender* of American rights—by Lord Palmerston, or at least by those who are supposed to be his Lordship's organs, it is stigmatised as a shameful *capitulation* on the part of England. With whatever ability, or upon whatever authority, such opposite charges may be urged, it is obvious that they cannot both be true, and a little consideration will satisfy us that neither is. Mr. Benton thinks that the whole claim of his country was incontrovertibly just—we think the same of the whole of our claim—and therefore *strict justice* would, under these opinions, require the adjudication of the whole claim to one or to the other. But a *treaty* is not a trial at law, in which a court decides on the issue joined;—a treaty is a *compromise* of national differences which there is no tribunal to decide,—a balance of interests having no defined standard or measure, in which, to avoid the frightful alternative of—the *ultima ratio*—an appeal to the sword, concessions and compensations are mutually made. In all such cases, if either of the parties will only reckon up its own sacrifices, without looking to the other side of the account, the fairest treaty that ever was made would appear a 'humiliating capitulation;' but when you come to examine the opposite scale, and find that the concessions on one side are fairly counterbalanced by compensations on the other, you have all that national honour can require, or human justice secure.

We will add one other practical consideration, which, obvious as it may seem, is too much overlooked in these unilateral criticisms of treaties—that no treaty, which is not founded on mutual and, as far as may be, equal advantages, can be either honourable or safe, or be, in fact, expected to last beyond the first opportunity of infraction or escape. We look, therefore, upon the opposite yet simultaneous attacks of Mr. Benton and Lord Palmerston

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on the treaty of Washington as *primâ facie* evidence of its excellence, and a happy promise of its success and stability.

Let us examine, however, the value of their objections in detail; and in doing so we shall be, on the principle we have just stated, as anxious to do justice to Mr. Webster against Mr. Benton, as to Lord Ashburton against our own critics. Both negotiators acted, as it seems to us, with remarkable ability, intelligence, and zeal, and, we have no doubt, the purest patriotism: we firmly believe that each carried perseverance in his propositions to the very verge of prudence—that the fund of concession on both sides was exhausted—and that, had either held out for further advantages, the rope would have snapped, and then——

But—

‘*Dii meliora piis, erroremque hostibus illum.*’

The good sense of the negotiators preserved them from this fatal error, into which the rash counsels, now advocated by their enemies, would have plunged them and their countries.

The main objection on both sides is, of course, to the settlement made of the main question—the north-east boundary; and for a clearer understanding of this point, we beg our readers to turn back to our sketch of the localities. They will observe—

1st. The *American* boundary, running parallel to the St. Lawrence, overlooking the valley, and approaching within a few miles (in some points only *eleven*, or even less) of the banks of the river.

2nd. The *Award* boundary, which would have deprived the United States of the region east of the St. Francis and north of the St. John's, but left them the most important part of the frontier along the St. Lawrence.

3rd. The boundary obtained by Lord Ashburton, which has removed the frontier considerably *inland*, dividing into nearly equal parts the disputed territory between the American claim and the River St. John's, and giving England the mountainous range overlooking the valley of the St. Lawrence, and commanding the communications between Quebec and our Nova-Scotian provinces. The territorial gain to England by this alteration of the Dutch boundary is calculated at 893 square miles, or 517,520 square acres.

We have also marked on this sketch the line of the *military road* that connects Quebec with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which we have not seen in any English map, but which is an important feature in the case—for the facility and security of that communication had been, all along, our great object, and that Lord Ashburton has obtained.

These are the naked facts of the case; and it must be admitted that

that Mr. Benton's objections (though, as we shall afterwards see, not more substantially just) are much more plausible than those of Lord Palmerston and his organs. Mr. Benton first insists on the whole of the American claim; and reminds President Tyler and Secretary Webster that *they*, as senators, were members of the majority that forced General Jackson to reject the Dutch award, and that Mr. Webster on that occasion showed such a personal conviction in the extremest view of the American claim, that he offered himself 'to shoulder a musket, and march to the north-eastern corner of Maine in defence of that boundary.' How, then, asks Mr. Benton, can these same men now propose to sacrifice the boundary they would have so recently fought for, and to accept—not even the award they had rejected—but an egregiously unfavourable fragment of that award, by '*the surrender of the mountain boundary*,' and 893 square miles of territory along the northern frontier of Maine? This point Mr. Benton develops at great length and with much zeal—but the following passages of his speech will be sufficient to explain to our readers the American view of this portion of the *Ashburton capitulation*:—

'Near three hundred miles of this strong national frontier have been surrendered by this treaty—being double as much as was given up by the rejected award. The King of the Netherlands, although on the list of British generals, and in the pay of the British Crown [!!!], was a man of too much honour to deprive us of the commanding mountain frontier opposite to Quebec. . . .

'Our negotiator gives up the boundary for one hundred and fifty miles on this side the head of the St. Francis, and without pretext; for the mountain-ridge was there three thousand feet high. The new part given up, from the head of the St. Francis to Metjarmette portage, *is invaluable to Great Britain. It covers her new road to Quebec, removes us further from that city, places a mountain between us, and brings her into Maine.* To comprehend the value of this new boundary to Great Britain, and its injury to us, it is only necessary to follow it on a map—to see its form—know its height, the depth of its gorges, and its rough and rocky sides. . . .

This mountain barrier is yielded to Great Britain. Now take up a map—follow the mountain north—see how it bears in upon Quebec—*approaching within two marches of that great city*, and skirting the St. Lawrence for some hundred miles. All this is given up. One hundred and fifty miles of this boundary is given up on this side the awarded line; and the country left to guess and wonder *at the enormity and fatuity of the sacrifice.* Look at the *new military road from Halifax to Quebec*—that part of it which approaches Quebec, and lies between the mountain and the St. Lawrence.

'Even by the awarded line, this road was forced to cross the mountain at or beyond the head of the St. Francis, and then to follow the base of the mountain for near one hundred miles, with all the disadvantages

advantages of crossing the spurs and gorges of the mountain, and the creeks and ravines, and commanded in its whole extent by the power on the mountain. See how this is changed by the new boundary! The road permitted to take either side of the mountain—to cross where it pleases—and covered and protected in its whole extent by the mountain heights now exclusively British. Why this new way, and this security for the road, unless to give the British still greater advantages over us than the awarded boundary gave?—*Benton's Speech*, p. 6.

Though Mr. Benton's complaint is unjust, his facts are true. The complaint is unjust, as Mr. Rives, in his reply, conclusively proved, because it *assumes* that this was the lawful and recognized boundary of Maine—while we utterly denied it, and *Mr. Webster might have seen*—since the former discussion—*reason to suspect* that we were in the right; because it also assumes that this was a *surrender* without compensation, whereas it was in fact but one side of a hard-fought bargain; and because, when he proves that this boundary was so *essential* to England for the communication between her North American provinces, he establishes a main argument of the British case—one which we have always considered as of the greatest force, namely—that *such* a line of boundary never *could* have been in the contemplation of the original negotiators! But his facts are true—the mountain-range is essential to England for her internal communication, and for, in case of aggression, her external defence, while it can only be valuable to the United States as a menacing position against Lower Canada, and especially Quebec. Mr. Benton reproaches the new line with being '*a British line made for the security of Quebec.*' (*Ib.*) Be it so—what fitter or more natural provision could we expect to see in a treaty of *peace and amity*? What amity could exist—what peace could be expected—if the United States had persisted in retaining a position *admitted* to be in our hands a defensive one, but in theirs a means of menace and aggression?

But what shall we say to the objections made by Lord Palmerston's organs to this boundary? They call it a *capitulation*, because——we really hardly know where to find their *because*.

Is it because it resigns about *half* the disputed territory?—Lord Palmerston had himself stated that he thought the most equitable adjustment would have been 'an equal division of the territory in dispute,' (*Disp.* 30th October, 1835,) and had been all along willing, and even eager to give up—not merely one-half, but—*two-thirds*.

Is it because it resigns a strip of territory north of the St. John's?—Lord Palmerston was pressingly anxious to give up that same strip of territory, and as much more into the bargain.

Is it because it abandons half the Madawaska settlement?—Lord Palmerston had offered to surrender that same settlement without a struggle; and he rejected Mr. Livingston's proposition, which, whatever other effect it might have had, would assuredly have given us the *whole* of the Madawaska settlement.

Is it because Lord Ashburton has given the United States a limited navigation of, or, to speak more truly, an *exit* for the 'unmanufactured produce of the forest' through, the Lower St. John's? We will take upon ourselves to say that that concession was a necessary consequence of Lord Palmerston's acceptance of the King of Holland's award, and *must* have eventually followed *any* arrangement which gave the United States the upper waters. To have refused it would have been the occasion of constant bickerings and animosity. It would also have been highly injurious to our own province of New Brunswick and our town of St. John's. They must, we presume, understand their own interests, and there the treaty is unanimously popular; and without this boon we are convinced that the State of Maine never would have acquiesced in the loss of not only the territory east of the St. Francis, but of above 500,000 acres, which Lord Ashburton's treaty has obtained beyond the award.

We heartily wish that Lord Ashburton could have obtained the line of the St. John's—first, because it would have been a nearer approach to what we shall always consider as our original right; but, secondly, because it would have been a more distinct and better boundary—though we learn from both parties that the strip which the United States retain on the north of that river is of very little value; but how could Lord Ashburton have ventured to make a stand on this point, which had been over and over again abandoned by Lord Palmerston? How could a man of common sense, common honesty, or common humanity, run the awful risk of a war for the possession of some miles of morass which for so many years the English Secretary of State had readily and unequivocally renounced?

We confess that we ourselves never could anticipate by what means these reiterated offers on our part, and the firm refusals of the United States to accept the Dutch boundary, were to be got over. The intervening circumstances had all tended to damage our position, or, to speak more accurately, to encourage and strengthen the United States in their pretensions:—the Canadian revolt—the cases of the Caroline and Creole—the right of search question—and, above all, the union of France and America in the hostile feeling of which this question was made the signal and excuse, rendered it, in our opinion, exceedingly unlikely that Lord Ashburton should be able to establish even the King of Holland's
award.

award, which America had rejected, when our general political position was much stronger. We certainly had little hope that he would have been able to obtain any, the slightest amendment of the boundary: but to our equal surprise and satisfaction he did so—and for the extent of the advantage we refer back to the evidence of Mr. Benton. Much as we have seen of the injustice and blindness of party, we certainly never were more astonished than at the dissatisfaction expressed at this success by those who would have gladly ratified much less advantageous terms.

But a postscript to Mr. Featherstonhaugh's pamphlet has announced the accidental discovery of a map, in which Dr. Franklin himself had described the British line as the true one. This discovery naturally created, for the moment, an opinion that, if Lord Ashburton had been more pertinacious, we might perhaps have obtained a better boundary—one south of the St. John's, if not our original and rightful claim. Dr. Franklin's map does certainly confirm that original claim by additional and, we think, conclusive evidence; and we cannot now doubt that it has been the secret cause of our obtaining not only the awarded boundary which had been so often refused, but the important addition of the mountain frontier, for the concession of which we have honestly admitted that we could not very well account: but we have very strong doubts, which we shall hereafter explain, whether this *secret*—if our negotiator had been fully aware of it—could have procured us any, or at least any considerable modification of the terms we have obtained. The facts are these:

A little before Lord Ashburton's arrival in America Mr. Webster received a communication from Mr. Jared Sparks, the eminent biographer and historian, then in Paris, to the following effect:—

'While pursuing my researches among the voluminous papers relating to the American Revolution in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangères* in Paris, I found in one of the bound volumes an original letter from Dr. Franklin to Count de Vergennes, of which the following is an exact transcript:—

' "Passy, December 6, 1782.

' "Sir,—I have the honour of returning herewith the map your Excellency sent me yesterday. I have marked with a *strong red line*, according to your desire, the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries between the British and American plenipotentiaries.

' "With great respect, I am, &c.,

' "B. FRANKLIN."

'This letter was written six days after the preliminaries were signed; and if we could procure the identical map mentioned by Franklin, it would seem to afford *conclusive evidence* as to the meaning affixed by the

the Commissioners to the language of the treaty on the subject of the boundaries. You may well suppose that I lost no time in making inquiry for the map, not doubting that it would confirm all my previous opinions respecting the validity of our claim. In the geographical department of the Archives are sixty thousand maps and charts; but so well arranged with catalogues and indexes that any one of them may be easily found. After a little research in the American division, with the aid of the keeper, I came upon a map of North America, by D'Anville, dated 1746, in size about eighteen inches square, on which was drawn a *strong red line* throughout the entire boundary of the United States, answering precisely to Franklin's description. The line is bold and distinct in every part, made with red ink, and apparently drawn with a hair-pencil, or a pen with a blunt point. There is no other colouring on any part of the map.

'*Imagine my surprise on discovering that this line runs wholly south of the St. John's, and between the head waters of that river and those of the Penobscot and Kennebec. In short, it is exactly the line now contended for by Great Britain, except that it concedes more than is claimed. The north line, after departing from the source of the St. Croix, instead of proceeding to Mars Hill, stops far short of that point, and turns off to the west, so as to leave on the British side all the streams which flow into the St. John's, between the source of the St. Croix and Mars Hill. It is evident that the line, from the St. Croix to the Canadian highlands, is intended to exclude all the waters running into the St. John's.*

'There is no positive proof that this map is actually the one marked by Franklin; yet, upon any other supposition, it would be difficult to explain the circumstances of its agreeing so perfectly with his description, and of its being preserved in the place where it would naturally be deposited by Count de Vergennes. I also found another map in the Archives, on which the same boundary was traced in a dotted red line with a pen, apparently copied from the other.

'I enclose herewith a map of Maine, on which I have drawn a strong black line, corresponding with the red one above mentioned.'—pp. 104-106.

With this secret in his possession, Mr. Webster commenced what we may call his *triple* negotiation—with Lord Ashburton and the Commissioners of the States of Massachusetts and Maine respectively—and we think that any one who attentively considers the whole correspondence will see reason to suspect that Mr. Webster's negotiations with these States were quite as difficult as that with Great Britain; in fact, we are ourselves satisfied that, but for the opportune discovery of Dr. Franklin's map, secretly communicated to the Commissioners *in terrorem*, not even the concession of the navigation of the St. John's would have overcome the obstinate spirit of resistance that existed and even still survives in the State of Maine. The concurrence of the Senate in a treaty of reasonable and mutual concession would probably have been not so
hopeless

hopeless as that of Maine ; but it would still have been, we believe, a matter of considerable difficulty—for even after the Secretary of State had made a secret communication to the Senate of Mr. Sparks's discovery, there was still a strong inclination to resistance, and a very general expression of opinion that this piece of evidence, though admitted to be serious, was by no means conclusive. Even Mr. Rives, the chairman of the committee of foreign relations—who made the secret communication, and who answered with great ability and with several strong additional facts Mr. Benton's objection to the authority of the map imputed to Dr. Franklin—was himself obliged—in compliance, we presume, with the prejudices of his audience—to introduce it as 'an embarrassing, though *apocryphal*, document.' In short, when we consider the long and pertinacious rejection of the King of Holland's award, and more particularly when we recollect that all the energy and authority of General Jackson, with the additional temptation of 1,250,000 dollars, failed to satisfy the State of Maine, we cannot reasonably doubt that without the influence of Dr. Franklin's map that State—in a much stronger position than she was when she rejected General Jackson's instances—would have rejected the worse territorial terms of the treaty of Washington.

All this, it may be said, is very true—but was not the British negotiator deluded, and is not Mr. Webster chargeable with bad faith and duplicity when in the outset of the negotiation he thus addressed Lord Ashburton?—

'I must be permitted to say that few questions have ever arisen under this Government, in regard to which *a stronger or more general conviction was felt that the country was in the right, than this question of the north-eastern boundary.*'—*Dispatch, 8th July, 1842.*

Upon this Mr. Featherstonhaugh remarks that—

'we are unavoidably brought to a conviction that whilst the highest functionaries of the American Government were dealing with Lord Ashburton with a seeming integrity, they were, in fact, deceiving him ; and that whilst they were pledging the faith of their Government for a perfect conviction of the justice of their claim to the territory which was in dispute, they had the highest evidence in their possession which the nature of the case admitted of, that the United States never had had the slightest shadow of right to any part of the territory which they have been disputing with Great Britain for near fifty years.'—pp. 102, 103.

Now we cannot quite concur in Mr. Featherstonhaugh's censure of the American functionaries. We doubt in the abstract how far a public minister or a private advocate is bound to produce to his adversary evidence hostile to his own case, particularly when that evidence has been confided to him in his capacity of minister or advocate. Our readers all recollect Sir Henry Wotton's punning definition of an ambassador, made when he himself

himself was an ambassador :—‘ An honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country ;’ and there is some difference in such matters between the *suggestio falsi* and the *suppressio veri* ; but we need not discuss these nice cases, because Mr. Webster cannot, we think, be justly charged with either, for saying that ‘ there were few questions on which his countrymen entertained a stronger or more general conviction than this,’ for it was perfectly true ;—so true, that we have been assured that the production of Franklin’s map has not made any change in the *opinion* of even the most respectable Americans. This seems wonderful, but such they tell us is the fact. But there is another consideration still more in Mr. Webster’s favour. All attempts at adjustment under the *terms of the treaty* had been abandoned by mutual consent, and in the most explicit terms ; and when Mr. Webster alluded in one of his first dispatches to evidence explanatory of the *intentions* of the original treaty, Lord Ashburton reminded him that the time of discussing the terms of the treaty was gone by, and that they were now to arrange a purely conventional line, not on discussions of evidence, but on considerations of mutual convenience and compromise. If, therefore, Mr. Webster had had still more absolute and conclusive evidence that the English construction of the treaty was the correct one, it could not have been considered, we believe, by the most scrupulous casuist, as *obligatory* upon him, in a new negotiation for a line of convenience and compromise. Mr. Benton, indeed, strongly insists that Lord Ashburton himself was aware of the discovery of Franklin’s map :—

‘ The British minister knew our secret before we knew it ourselves.’
—*Speech*, p. 16.

This, we are satisfied, was not the case. Lord Ashburton knew that there was a great—according to our own views an invincible—mass of evidence to prove that the British line was that intended by the treaty ; and Mr. Featherstonhaugh informs us that after his lordship’s departure further evidence was discovered in *England* which coincides in a remarkable manner with Dr. Franklin’s map. But we do not believe that Lord Ashburton had any knowledge of Mr. Sparks’s discovery : the phrase in one of Lord Ashburton’s letters to Mr. Webster, on which Mr. Benton builds his conjecture—

‘ If this question should unfortunately go to a further reference, *I should by no means despair of finding some confirmation of this* [the British] *view of the case*’—(*Disp.* 11th July, 1843)—

was probably only a general expression of confidence in the justice of his case, or perhaps some allusion to the additional evidence mentioned by Mr. Featherstonhaugh.

We

We have no suspicion whatsoever (though we are told that some persons profess to have) of the authenticity of Dr. Franklin's map. It received, Mr. Rives informs us, 'most remarkable and unforeseen confirmation' (p. 5) by other evidence found in the archives of the American Senate, and formerly belonging to Mr. Jefferson; and we cannot doubt that if this map, and the various corroborations of it which have since appeared, had been known earlier, and submitted to the arbitrator, they must have had their due effect. If even they had been discovered between the arbitration and Lord Ashburton's mission, they might have given a different turn to the negotiations, and afforded us a *new trial* on this better evidence; but when Lord Ashburton's mission had been once opened on the principle which the British government had been for so many years urging on the Cabinet of Washington,—of abandoning all discussion of the *treaty* and negotiating for a *conventional* line,—we know not that the *discovery* could have been better employed than it was by Mr. Webster, in overcoming the hitherto intractable violence of Maine, and by moderating the formidable opposition which we may learn from Mr. Benton's speech the new treaty would have otherwise encountered in the Senate.

There are several circumstances that prove that, even with the assistance of Franklin's map, the success of the treaty was not easy—the tone of the debate in the Senate was by no means cordial. One of the senators of Maine voted against the treaty; and, after all, Mr. Webster was forced to draw from the almost bankrupt coffers of the national treasury a sum of 500,000 dollars, by way of compensation to Maine and Massachusetts for territory to which, if Dr. Franklin's map were to be received with implicit acquiescence, they had not a pretence. This payment of 500,000 dollars is an unquestionable proof that the President and Mr. Webster did not think the map *conclusive*, and that the terms of the treaty appeared so favourable to England, that—notwithstanding Mr. Sparks's discovery—Maine and Massachusetts were entitled to this large compensation.

And, indeed—without relying implicitly on all Mr. Benton's able, but we must be allowed to say partial, statements—we see good reason to believe that the *in terrorem* production of Dr. Franklin's map would probably not have sufficed, if Lord Ashburton had not been able to propitiate some of the northern States as well as the public feeling of the whole Union, by giving, in return for the strong highland line on the Canadian frontier, some local amendments of the boundaries of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. We cannot altogether deny Mr. Benton's assertion that these concessions were really

really little or no sacrifice on our part; but the argument of *convenience*, which Lord Ashburton admitted in these cases, helped him in his ulterior object, and became applicable with the greater force, as well as the better grace, to the Canadian boundary. The affair was this: the boundary between the States just mentioned and our possessions was, by the original treaty, a line coincident with the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude: immediately after the treaty that line was set out; but, by an error of the surveyors, it deviated by about an average of half a mile to the northward of the true parallel. That error had been since discovered, but this half-mile strip had been in the meanwhile thickly settled by citizens of the United States; and Lord Ashburton, taking into consideration the hardship of disturbing people who had been so long in a *bonâ fide* possession of what they and all the world considered as their native soil, and feeling probably, as Mr. Benton suggests, that these *American citizens* might not be very desirable *Canadian subjects*, he willingly consented—indeed he may be said to have offered—that the erroneous line should stand as the true one—on the same principle by which a *similar error* made in tracing the *due north* line has been adopted to *our advantage*.

Upon the former transaction Mr. Benton observes, first, with regard to a part of the slip where it joins Lake Champlain, and where the Americans had formerly a fort, called Rouse's Point, which the Dutch award had proposed to reserve to the State of New York, while it granted all the rest of the strip to Canada:—

‘It is not to be dissembled that its recovery gratifies the public feeling, *propitiates two States* in favour of the treaty, and facilitates the grand object of the British mission. The British negotiator conducted skilfully in conceding *for a price* what he had no wish to maintain—what had been given up without a price in the award—what had an illusive value in our eyes, and none at all in his; and the concession of which was *smoothing his way to Maine*.

‘The strip in Vermont was given up by the British negotiator for the same reason—he did not want those people; his government would not have them; but the concession recommends the treaty to Vermont. *Two votes more for the treaty.*’—p. 4.

There had also been a question about which was the *western* head of the Connecticut river: the King of Holland decided that a stream called Perry's Creek, running into the lake called *Connecticut*, should be so considered, though it lay several miles to the *eastward* of a branch called Hall's Creek:—the intermediate space had always been in the possession of New Hampshire. Lord Ashburton would not stand out, on the more than doubtful
authority

authority of the Dutch award, against the plain intention of the treaty—he ceded the district in question:—

‘The concession,’ says Mr. Benton, ‘of the British minister changes nothing; but, while changing nothing, it prevents an objection, and conciliates support for the treaty in the State of New Hampshire.’—*Ib.*

In the same style Mr. Benton represents a kind of exchange of two disputed islands in the water boundary—*Sugar Island* and *Bois Blanc*—as a mode by which Lord Ashburton, while accomplishing his own object,

‘sweetened the treaty to the palate of the young State of Michigan, conciliated that State in favour of his treaty, and marched straight to the grand object of his mission.’—*Ib.* pp. 3, 4.

It is not for us to make any comment on the motives thus imputed by Mr. Benton to so many members of the august body to which he himself belongs. We think their assent to the treaty is easily traceable to higher, larger, and more patriotic considerations; but we may, at least, accept his testimony that Lord Ashburton reached what we have hitherto considered as the *beau ideal* of diplomacy, when, making an excellent bargain for his own employers, he satisfied the rights and conciliated the good feelings of the other party.

So much for the questions of boundaries.

The next most important provision of the treaty regards the suppression of the slave-trade on the coast of Africa. Our position in this matter was twofold:—

First:—Hitherto, as we have already stated, the fraudulent use of the American flag had obliged the British cruisers to *inquire*, in certain peculiar cases, into the right of suspicious vessels to the flag they carried.

Secondly:—Great Britain has also, by treaty with the several countries before enumerated, not so much the *right* as the *duty* of *searching* vessels under the flags of those contracting parties, for the detection of slave-trading.

We beg our readers to attend to the distinction between these two cases—1st, the right of *inquiring* whether a ship is what she pretends to be; and, 2nd, the right of *searching* her in execution of a treaty—a distinction which, clear as it is, there seems not to be ten men in France, besides the Duc de Broglie, M. Guizot, and M. de Gasperin, who are able—or should we not rather say willing?—to comprehend.

The first, or right of *inquiry*, now somewhat inaccurately called right of visit, is a practice as old as navigation itself—common to all nations in all times—equally necessary to the safety of all, and to the security of ‘the *high-road* of nations,’ as the Americans
love

love to call the sea; and we, in this discussion, can have no kind of objection to the designation—for, inasmuch as upon the *high-roads* of civilised states the police, and even accidental passengers, have a right, in cases of danger or strong suspicion, to satisfy themselves that malefactors are not endangering the safety of the public under false names, false passports, and other guilty disguises; so it is equally reasonable and necessary for the public safety that smugglers, robbers, mutineers, murderers, and pirates should not be enabled to prosecute their criminal career with impunity by so cheap and easy an expedient as the hoisting, when in danger of detection, a piece of bunting—the colour of any nation under the sun save that one to which the cruiser which alarms them may happen to belong. But England has no more desire for, and no more interest in, this practice than any other country; and if it were really productive of inconvenience to any one, except the guilty, *she* would suffer the more in proportion to her extended commerce.

The right of *search* in time of peace, either for suppressing the slave-trade or for any other purpose, is altogether a different thing. We admit no such right in others, nor do we claim it for ourselves: no nation concedes or acquires *that* right but *by treaty*—by express stipulation—by which, for reasons special to each occasion, two countries may, under what limitations and restrictions they please, grant a mutual right of search for a particular object. Such are the treaties that we have made with so many powers for the suppression of the slave-trade; treaties, let us observe, that for any maritime purposes *of our own* we had much rather be released from,—which we entered into only for the sake of humanity; and if any more effectual way could be discovered of suppressing the slave-trade, there is, we suppose, no statesman in England who would not be glad to be released from the cost, the trouble, and the responsibilities imposed upon us by the present system; but the truth is, that some powers whose flags are the most liable to abuse have not themselves the means of protecting them from this abuse, and are therefore obliged to appeal to our assistance.

The hostile French press—that is, nineteen-twentieths of everything published in France—is exceedingly elated because the treaty of Washington has not created a reciprocal right of search between England and the United States. Their triumph on this matter is exactly proportionable to their ignorance of the subject, and to the extravagance of the mistake they have adopted, namely, that of supposing that *we* have any individual object of either profit or honour in the *right of search*. *We* have neither, as we have said, beyond the common feeling of humanity; and had abstractedly rather be without it. We are therefore quite as
glad

glad as our French neighbours can be that the treaty of Washington does not impose this fresh burden upon us, while it provides still more effectual means for the great and indeed only object we have in view, the suppression of the slave-trade; for instead of throwing upon us, as most other countries have done, the whole trouble and expense of this duty of humanity, America stipulates to send out and maintain on the African seas a force sufficient, if duly employed, to the *extermination* of any slave-trading on the part of *bonâ fide* Americans, and consequently of the fraudulent abuse of the American flag. But of the ancient and self-defensive right of *inquiry* the treaty says nothing, and leaves that question where it found it. The vigilance of the American cruisers will probably put an end to the abuse; but wherever such an abuse shall be found to exist—wherever there shall be a fraudulent assumption of false colours for guilty purposes, whether by slave-traders on the coast of Africa—or by smugglers, Carlists, or Bonapartists on the coast of France—or by mutineers or pirates in the Gulf of Mexico—we may be sure that neither England nor France, nor the United States, will ever submit to resign a right of inquiry necessary to their own interests and honour, and to the safety of all who travel ‘the great high-road of nations.’

What we have just said refers more particularly to the arrangements made by the treaty of Washington; but we feel it to be our duty to add, that few questions have suffered more under the united mystification of malevolence and ignorance than this of the right of search. While the great mass of the public in France and America seem to have known nothing, or to have forgotten everything, of the earlier history of this question, the disturbers of public peace in both countries, a class unfortunately but too numerous, have seized upon it eagerly, not for its own merits, but for its use in promoting their mischievous purposes. General Cass, at first by a pamphlet which he sent round to all the members of the French Chambers, and subsequently by his formal intervention as American minister, mainly occasioned the rejection of the quintuple treaty by France. He appealed to the sympathies of France not to abandon the American to the tyrant of the seas by further sanctioning this conventional right of search, against which they had invariably struggled. Our lively neighbours have never been remarkable for being well informed of what passes in the world—out of their own portion of it—but what shall we say of an American minister who could so state his case? We must pronounce him to have been ignorant, that we may avoid bestowing upon him a harsher epithet.

America, he says, has been fighting perseveringly this battle for the freedom of the seas.

Why, does not General Cass know that long before France agreed to the treaties of 1831 and 1833—viz. in the year 1824—the *United States* pressed earnestly on all the powers of Europe, in pursuance of an almost unanimous vote of Congress, the principle of an *universal right of search*? The American State papers show their diligence and eagerness in this laudable crusade of humanity. The African slave-trade was to be pronounced '*piracy*;' and, fearful that the signification of the word should be misunderstood, it must be '*piracy by the law of nations*'—a phrase which could have no other meaning than that slave-traders, under whatever flag, might be run at by all as offenders against the human race. The result of this short-lived fever of humanity, and of some of the applications to European powers, is worth following up. In London the communication was, as might be supposed, favourably received; and a treaty for reciprocal search was signed by Sir Stratford Canning and Mr. Huskisson on our part, with Mr. Rush on that of America. The then secretary of state, Mr. Canning, acceded to the peremptory demand that by Act of Parliament the trade should be declared piracy—though, with more sobriety in his zeal than the other party, he refrained 'from any 'unauthorized interpolations in the general law of nations.' In this treaty, which was in substance the same as proposed to us by the United States, their Senate, on its being presented for ratification, desired to make an alteration, which we must say appears to us not to have been unreasonable. In describing the zones within which reciprocal seizure might take place, *the coast of America* was included; and as these words evidently authorized our acting off their own immediate coasts and harbours, the Senate proposed to strike them out. The words were not inserted by us, but originally proposed by the States: we are at this distance of time at a loss to understand why Mr. Canning refused this seemingly reasonable proposal. But for this accident, this treaty, thus lost, would now be in force; and England and the United States would have been acting under a reciprocal right of search, *proposed by the States*, of an infinitely more stringent character than that described by the quintuple treaty represented by General Cass to be so insulting to his country, and so fatal to the liberty of the seas.

This simple narrative of facts must, we think, suffice to settle our opinion of General Cass. This intrepid defender of the seas may have made among the electors of the backwoods what is, we are told, there termed '*political capital*' by his zeal; but he can hardly expect much applause from persons possessed of the most ordinary

ordinary information, either in Europe or in his own country. His champion and follower in Paris, M. de Tocqueville,—an example of those occasional reputations made for a man by a party, and unmade by himself,—has been so effectually demolished by Lord Brougham, that we abstain from further pursuit of the defenceless. We must, out of mere civility to him, conclude that he really knew nothing of the earlier history of this question; and we should think, with Lord Brougham, this ignorance '*marvelous*,' if we were not aware of the levity with which those vulgar elements of knowledge called *facts* are overlooked by ingenious theorists on laws and institutions.

Among the applications by America to the other courts of Europe, that to the Netherlands is remarkable for a very able and pressing address to the same purport; indeed, the known earnestness of this country for the suppression of slave-trading seems, if possible, to have been exceeded, at the time of which we are speaking, by the government of America. Our limits will not, however, permit us to follow up these details, but the result of the application to the court of *France* is so singularly illustrative of what is now taking place, that we will close this part of our subject by shortly noticing it.

Mr. Sheldon, the then American minister at Paris, made proposals, similar to those made to us and to other governments, to M. de Chateaubriand, who, personally favourable to the design, felt himself obliged to reject the application, from the apprehended aversion of the French people and of the Chambers, which—he went on to explain—was not to the measure itself, but because they suspected that *the original proposal was from England*. 'If we submit it to the Chambers,' says M. de Chateaubriand, 'there is danger, not only that it will be rejected, but that what has already been done towards the suppression of the slave-trade will be revoked.' If, for the year 1824, we read, transposing the two last figures, 1842. and for *M. de Chateaubriand* read *M. Guizot*, the cases are identical—only the poet-statesman seems to have shown a deeper insight into the humour and temper of his countrymen than the historian and moralist.

The greatest impediment to the bettering of the condition of mankind seems to be this unfortunate angry and hostile feeling—we will not say between the *two* peoples, because we believe we may safely affirm that it does not exist with Englishmen, but—on the part of France—a feeling industriously cultivated and aggravated by all that too numerous class to whom the peace of the world is a grievance. M. Guizot says this feeling dates from our operations in Syria: we wish we could believe it had no deeper root; but of this we are sure, that the efforts evidently made and making

by Sir Robert Peel's government to cure this disease, so fatal to the world, merit our applause and our best wishes.

We have further, as connected with these topics, to remark with great satisfaction the ninth article of the treaty, which runs in these terms :—

‘Whereas, notwithstanding all efforts which may be made on the coast of Africa for suppressing the slave trade, the facilities for carrying on that traffic and *avoiding the vigilance of cruisers by the fraudulent use of flags*, and other means, are *so great*, and the temptations for *pursuing it*, while a market can be found for slaves, *so strong*, as that the desired result may be long delayed, unless all markets be shut against the purchase of African negroes: the parties to this treaty agree that they will unite in all becoming representations and remonstrances, with any and all powers within whose dominions such markets are allowed to exist; and that they will urge upon all such powers the propriety and duty of closing such markets effectually at once and for ever.’

We trust that this strong stipulation towards *closing slave-markets* all over the world—at once and for ever—will have a decisive effect; and we cannot see without satisfaction in so solemn an international instrument, the broad admission of the great extent to which ‘*the fraudulent use of flags to defeat the vigilance of cruisers*’ has been carried on the coast of Africa—for it is not only an earnest that the United States will lend their cordial assistance to suppress that abuse hereafter, but it affords an obvious vindication of the *vigilance* heretofore exercised by the British cruisers, and which has been made the pretext of so much misrepresentation and rancour, both in France and the United States—of the ‘*bomb-shell*’ dispatches of Mr. Stevenson—the electioneering pamphlets of General Cass—the at once flippant and profound ignorance of M. Tocqueville, and the ridiculous but malignant falsehoods of M. Emile Girardin, or whoever *does the Presse* under that person's auspices.

The next and last topic of the treaty is one that provides for the *Extradition*, as it is technically called, or the mutual delivery up to justice of persons legally charged with the crimes of *murder, piracy, arson, robbery, or forgery*.

We have before stated that the case of the *Creole* was complicated with many difficulties of municipal and international law, as well as of public policy, the resolution of which no treaty could accomplish, and which were therefore most properly adjourned to diplomatic communications in London. We very much incline, as Lord Ashburton seems to do, to Mr. Webster's doctrine, that ships driven by stress of weather into a foreign port, carry with them what we may call their native rights, and are liable only to a kind of municipal jurisdiction in the port in which they happen
to

to arrive; for instance, in the case of *slaves*—a main branch of the case of the *Creole*—we are inclined to think that if a foreign vessel, having slaves *lawfully* on board, should be forced by stress of weather or other irresistible circumstances into a British port, the British law that emancipates slaves on touching the British soil cannot fairly apply to such a case; and although, if such slaves should *escape* ashore, it seems certain that our municipal law could afford no means of apprehending and sending them back to the foreign vessel, still it seems equally reasonable, though not equally certain, that our municipal law ought not to intervene to alter their condition towards their ship—that is, their country—and we can say, with a fuller conviction, that no local authorities should interpose to *help* any such escape, or to *encourage* any part of the crew of any vessel to any infraction of the law of the country to which the vessel belongs and under which they stood before the accident had forced the ship into the British harbour. For instance, if while the *Warspite* was lying at New York waiting for Lord Ashburton, some of the crew had been spirited away by the American authorities, under the plea that their engagement to *her Majesty's service* was not valid in New York, could it be pretended that such conduct would be justifiable? We think not—and we confess that we do not see, in an international view, such a difference between *service* and *servitude* as to justify the Bahama authorities in dealing with the crew of an American ship (above all if forced in by stress of weather) differently from what the American authorities would be authorised in doing to a British ship at New York. But though we see this obvious principle to which we might appeal as a general rule, we are by no means so clear about its individual application, for there are an infinite number of *accidents* which would vary each particular case. The most curious part of the *Creole* affair is that—after Mr. Webster had written a very able paper on this subject, but concluding with a severe censure of the British authorities at Nassau—Lord Ashburton replies to Mr. Webster—himself lately a senator of Massachusetts—by the following unanswerable fact:—

‘The present state of the British law in this respect [the emancipation of slaves on arrival in the British dominions] is too well known to require repetition; nor need I remind you that it is *exactly the same with the laws in every part of the United States* in which a state of slavery is not recognised; and that the slave put ashore at *Nassau* would be dealt with exactly as would a foreign slave landed *under any circumstances whatever at Boston*.’—*Dispatch, 6th August.*

This was, to be sure, a pretty convincing reason why Lord Ashburton could make no arrangement on the subject; and it is
a still

a still stronger answer to the insinuation which disfigures Mr. Benton's able speech, where he represents this fortuitous and unforeseen transaction at Nassau as the 'result of a plan formed in England, to create a *St. Domingo in the Southern United States.*'

But though *this question was not settled*, and in fact *could not be settled* by the treaty, it probably produced the article of Extradition that we have just mentioned. Besides the question of the emancipation of the slaves in the *Creole*, there was also a question of *murder*—our authorities should willingly have given up the accused for trial before their natural and national tribunal, but that the United States had formerly repudiated a convention of *Extradition*. There had been, we think, under Mr. Jay's treaty such an arrangement; but it had been renounced by America, and she had rejected all overtures for renewing it. This case, however, brought her back to a reconsideration of the matter and its various bearings; and the result has been this article, which, we really believe, is of more real practical importance to the two countries than all the other special provisions of the treaty put together. It is really a disgrace to countries calling themselves civilised, that a criminal guilty of offences against society in general, so heinous as to be punishable by the laws of all countries, should be able to escape punishment by just slipping over a boundary-line—that a robber or a murderer, whose crimes are equally odious and punishable in New York and Canada, in France and England, should nevertheless secure impunity by passing across from Buffalo to Chippewa, or from Dover to Calais. The Ashburton treaty removes this great error and disgrace from the Western Continent; and though the article is, perhaps not unwisely, made terminable at the will of either party, we are satisfied that it, or something on the same principle, must soon become the acknowledged and permanent law of all civilised peoples. We believe we may venture to announce that a similar arrangement is almost agreed upon with France; and we have learned with still greater satisfaction that our Government intend to bring a measure for making the criminal process of any *part* of Her Majesty's dominions current and effective throughout the *whole*. This will remove another disgraceful anomaly in the practice of our laws.

The *Caroline* affair, still less than that of the *Creole*, could have entered into the treaty—it was a mere accident, without likelihood of recurrence, and stood upon its own accidental grounds—never, we hope, likely to occur again. Lord Ashburton, without giving up a jot of our justifiability in the whole of that affair, has by a fair and honest statement of the circumstances and a dignified expression of regret at our having been forced by the Americans
themselves

themselves to retaliate a violation of territory, satisfied the cabinet of Washington, and has—only with a little more courtesy than on the first occasion—towed the *Caroline* out of the jurisdiction of the United States, and sent her down the abyss of Niagara, never more to be heard of. But there are some circumstances in this case, and that of Mr. M'Leod which was connected with it, that deserve particular notice. In these cases, as in that of the aggressions in Maine, the *people* behaved very ill; and the *local Governments* not much better—in Maine, from ill disposition—in New York, we believe, chiefly from impotence; but in both cases it is but justice to say that the General Government behaved well—as well, we believe, as the laws of their anomalous constitution, that regulate or rather confuse federal and local authority, would permit. The federal attorney-general was sent to afford Mr. M'Leod legal assistance and personal countenance; and—as it was rumoured that, if the regular court of justice should acquit the accused, there was a *court of Lynch-law* ready to do its atrocities on him—a military officer of rank and reputation was sent to the spot to direct the national forces for Mr. M'Leod's personal protection:—this was, we believe, General Scott, who had already been employed in similar amicable missions during the preceding border commotions both of Maine and New York. A new law was also introduced which it required all the authority of the President and Mr. Webster, and all the conciliatory influence of Lord Ashburton's mission, to pass through Congress, for transferring such international cases as M'Leod's from the local to the federal courts—a considerable security for the future peace of the frontier. When the General Government had thus done its duty by us, and not only relieved itself from all suspicion of having countenanced these aggressions, but shown every disposition to arrest and to prevent them, it was certainly entitled to the explanation that Lord Ashburton gave of our regret at having been forced, in legitimate self-defence, to trespass, as we assuredly did, on the territorial rights of the *General Federation*.

The last question suggested was that of Impressment, on which Mr. Webster wished to have made a formal arrangement—but this subject Lord Ashburton was not authorized to enter upon—nor could he have done so to any good purpose. At the bottom of this question is the great principle of allegiance—which all the nations of the Old World hold to be indefeasible—a right belonging to the native country, and not a mere transitory obligation which individuals may cast off at their pleasure; while, on the other hand, the United States, being, as it were, created by immigrations, and granting their rights of citizenship on very easy terms, repudiate, naturally enough, the ancient doctrine of national allegiance.

Whether

Whether these contradictory opinions can ever be reconciled—whether the Old World may relax some of its strictness—or whether the United States may not hereafter find it necessary to assert for their own security some principles of national allegiance—we cannot venture to guess; but at least it is certain that Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster were quite right in finally agreeing that it would be inexpedient to embarrass their urgent practical arrangements with the discussion of this additional and *speculative* difficulty. We say *speculative*—for although, as Lord Ashburton admits, the question might, in the event of a war, take a formidable practical form—still we must observe that it is not every war—nor even the most probable war—that would bring this principle into action. Our own opinion is, that the case itself has become, from various causes, *highly improbable*, and we apprehend that little good would eventually result from attempting to provide for the unforeseen contingencies and emergencies of future wars.

We have thus gone through all the provisions of the treaty, as well as the collateral topics which came into discussion, and we think we may now venture upon fuller evidence to expect the concurrence of our readers in the opinion we expressed at the outset, that—considering the state in which Lord Palmerston left the boundary question—the many subjects of irritation between the parties which had supervened—and the new position which France had taken with regard both to us and the United States—the treaty of Washington is a wise treaty and a good treaty, and not the worse because each side may see something in it to regret or complain of. The best—because the fairest—treaty for the arrangement of differences and counter-claims must always be one in which the advantages are mutual, and the sacrifices not unequal. Such eminently is the character of the treaty of Washington, and we infinitely prefer it—both as to its present effect on public opinion, and as to its future stability—to any arrangement which should have been more unexceptionably satisfactory to either party.

One great merit of this treaty—besides the main and prominent value of settling the points in discussion—was its collateral effect on the public mind in the United States, where their political institutions, and the uncontrolled action of such a press as has been described in a former article of this Number, give to what is called public opinion a degree of violence, intensity, and power, of which we, in our more temperate political atmosphere, have little idea. We, of course, never can steer *our* policy by their irregular impulses. On the contrary we should, on a fitting occasion, say with Brutus,—

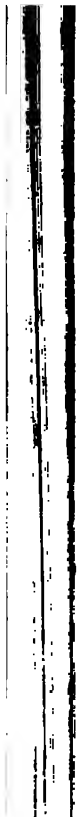
‘ Must

' Must I give way and room to your rank choler ?
 Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?'

But still in a country where the *people* act so directly on the government, we owe it to ourselves as well as to them not to be indifferent to popular feeling, and to be ready to avail ourselves of any opportunity of either averting or allaying such excesses of temper—for which—and that is the main international defect of their constitution—there can be no tangible responsibility. We therefore saw with great satisfaction the frank and favourable reaction so suddenly produced in the public mind of the United States, not merely by the terms of the treaty, but by the special mission itself, and more particularly by the conciliatory yet dignified language, manners, and deportment of the British minister. He found the States in a ferment of what we may call hostility to us, and to everything connected with us; he left them in a temper of more apparent cordiality than had, we think, existed since the original separation.

This leads us to observe, in conclusion, on the admirable and *original* character of Lord Ashburton's diplomatic correspondence: the clearness and simplicity of the style—the unreserved and impressive candour of the statements—the calm sagacity with which he dissects his antagonist's assertions, and the ingenious yet sound dexterity of his own arguments, are very remarkable, and make us think what we have seen of his Lordship's dispatches about the best both in matter and manner that we have ever read.

We must, in justice to Mr. Webster—and the rather because he has been, as we think, so unfairly censured—add, that we see no reason to doubt that Lord Ashburton's sentiments were responded to by him personally in a similar spirit—though we are not always equally satisfied with either his arguments or his style; which too frequently (though necessarily perhaps from his position as the organ of President Tyler, now a *candidate for re-election*) have the air of endeavouring to obtain mob popularity:—an object which the President himself has flagrantly pursued in the—to say the least of it—uncandid Message with which he opened the present session of Congress; and which, together with a speech lately delivered by Mr. Fairfield, Governor of Maine, has increased, we must fairly say, our satisfaction that the wise and conciliatory counsels and conduct of Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster have removed the many important and delicate topics settled by their treaty, out of the hands and beyond the jurisdiction of unscrupulous speculators in '*Political Capital*.'





Ashburton, Lord, appointed on a special mission to America, 572. *See* Treaty of Washington.

B.

Bagster, Samuel, 'The Management of Bees,' 1—chief recommendation of his book, 25.

Bather, Archdeacon, 'Hints on Scriptural Education and on Catechising,' 332.

Bear, the, his love of honey exemplified, 20.

Beavan, James, M.A., 'A Help to Catechising,' 332.

Bees, interest attached in them at all times, 2—the inhabitants of the bee-hive, 4—position in which it should be placed, 7—localities to be avoided, 8—bees' pasturage, 9—necessity of not overstocking a district, 10—floating beehouses, 13—extent of bees' flight, 14—honey-dew, *ib.*—bee-bread; wax, 16—propolis, 17—enemies of the bee, 18—their domestic battles, 21—management of bees, 22—construction of the comb, 23—advantages of straw hives, 24—manner in which they should be treated, 26—anecdotes of their anger, 27—processes for removing the honey, 28—means to be employed for increasing the number of hives throughout England, 33—the best bee-dress, 34—product of a bee-hive in 14 years, 35—bee-'ringing,' 37—swarming, *ib.*—the queen-bee, 39—devoted attachment to her, 40—propagation of the species, 42—tithe bees, 46—length of life, 47—massacre of the drones, 48—the bee not set forth as a pattern in the Bible, 50—it is especially the poor man's property, 52—universal love for the bee, 53.

Benton, Mr., Speech of, in the Secret Session of Congress, in opposition to the British Treaty, 560—character of Mr. Benton's statements, 561—his view of the Treaty, 576, 583.

Bevan, Edward, M.D., 'The Honey-Bee, its Natural History, Physiology, and Management,' 1—nature and value of his work, 46.

Bill to amend the Laws which regulate the Registration and Qualification of Parliamentary Electors in England and Wales, 478. *See* Election.

Blind, books for the, 46.

Books, manner in which they are got up at the present day, 411.

Books for children, 54—children's books at the end of the last century, 55—

their defects, 56—state of children's literature at the present day, 57—fallacy of combining instruction with amusement, 58—exception with reference to works of amusement blended with a high moral or intellectual tone, 60—character of modern scientific manuals, 61—impropriety of appealing solely to the reason of a young child, 62; Mr. Gallaudet's metaphysical treatises, 64—Peter Parley's works, 74—Mr. Abbott's, 78—American disregard of style and taste, 79—American works worthy of favourable consideration, 82—leading national features of Americans traceable in their children's books, *ib.*

Borrow, George, 'The Bible in Spain,' 169—Mr. Borrow's personal history, 170—motives of his journey to Spain, 171—success of his mission, 172—a night-scene at Evora, 174—Druidical remains near Estremoz, 175—treatment by a Portuguese officer at Elvas, 176—the author among the gipsies, 177—a tender proposition, 180—interview with a national guard at Jaraicejo, 182—ride with a Moresco, 184—a Spanish execution, 188—Mr. Borrow's impressions of Madrid, 189—revolution of La Granja and last day of Quesada, 191—rencontre with an old fellow-traveller, 196.

Bowring, Dr., his rhymes in the 'Anti-Corn-Law Circular,' 264.

Brandy and Salt, 83. *See* Vallance.

Bremow, Erneste Geo., *De l'Organon; ou l'Art de Guérir*, 83—history of Dr. Hahnemann, the founder of the homœopathic system of medicine, 93. *See* also Curie.

Bush, Mrs. Forbes, 'Memoirs of the Queens of France, with Notices of the Royal Favourites,' 411—the modern readers at the British Museum, *ib.*—the three classes of translators, 412—the class to which Mrs. Bush belongs, 413—specimens of her ignorance, 414—offensive materials in her book, 416.

C.

Caas, General, his proceedings in respect to the right of search treaty, 573—ignorance as to the American recognition of the right of search question in 1824, 588.

Catechising, parochial, 332—model of the Christian Catechesis, *ib.*—rules of the reformed church on this subject, 333—effect of the great extent of mo-

- dern preaching, 334—the Bishop of Exeter's charge, 335—preaching defined, *ib.*—preaching as distinguished from catechising, 336—period of the introduction of the former, 337—difficulty of enforcing a general system of catechising, 338—its importance, 339—the two methods of appreciating sermons, 345—necessity of simplicity of language in sermons for rural congregations, 344—suggestions to catechists, 345.
- Chadwick, Mr. Edwin, 417. *See* Labouring Classes.
- Champouing, history of, 90.
- Claridge, R. J., Hydropathy, or the Cold Water Cure, 83.
- Cobden, Mr., M.P., 268. *See* Anti-Corn-Law Agitation.
- Cold Water Cure, nature of the, 98—circumstances under which it may be beneficial, 100—its probable duration as a fashionable remedy, *ib.*—sources of the benefits derived by visitors to the German baths, 102.
- Condé, the Great, 106. *See* Mahon.
- Cooper, Bransley B., Life of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., 529—parentage, *ib.*—boyhood, 530—first love, 531—apprentice to Mr. Cline, 534—Cooper at Edinburgh, 536—demonstrator at St. Thomas's Hospital, 537—marriage, 538—the wedding trip, 539—professor at the College of Surgeons; rapid advancement, 540—surgeon to Guy's; renunciation of his democratic principles, 541—succeeds Cline at St. Mary Axe, 542—fees from the city merchants, 543—Drs. Currie, Fordyce, and Matthew Baillie, *ib.*—the studio at St. Mary Axe, 545—body-snatchers, 546—amount of his fees in 1815; arrangements for receiving and visiting his patients, 547—relaxations, 550—mental qualifications, 551—established in New-street, Spring Gardens, 552—intercourse with George the Fourth; created a baronet, 553—his sketches of the king, 554—of Queen Adelaide, 556—Sir John Leach, when operated on for the stone, *ib.*—Sir Astley becomes the purchaser of an estate and a successful farmer, 557—his battues, 558—retirement from, and resumption of the profession, *ib.*—death, 559—character, 560.
- Cotton, Wm. Charles, M.A., 'My Bee-Book,' 1—his plan for removing the honey without destroying the bees, 28—qualities of his book, 29—his present profession, 30.
- Curie, P., M.D., Principles of Homœopathy; practice of Homœopathy, 83—its fundamental principle, 94—Hahnemann's classification of disease and nature of the experiments upon which it is founded, 95—infinitesimal divisions of medicines, 97.

D.

Dickens, Charles, 'American Notes for General Circulation,' 502—causes of the morbid sensibility of Americans to the opinions of English visitors, *ib.*—difference in the importance of the criticisms of Frenchmen and English writers, 503—Mr. Dickens's previous authorship, 504—anticipated effect of this work, 505—its character, and causes of its failure, *ib.*—synopsis of the topics treated in the first half of the first volume, 507—space occupied in his descriptions of New York and Boston, 508—absence of all topics of general interest, *ib.*—specimen of his misplaced pleasantry, 509—reasons why he should not have written a book of travels, 510—specimen of the better portion of the work, 511—American curiosity as to Boz, 512—effective scene of individual character—the Brown Forester of the Mississippi, 513—discrepancy between Mr. Dickens's general and individual descriptions of American manners and character, 514—hotels and steam-boats, 515—steam-boat dinners, 516—disgusting prevalence of spitting, 517—causes of this and of other offensive habits, 518—Mr. Dickens on domestic slavery, *ib.*—assassination, 519—his opinion as to the sources of American national defects, 520—their three leading characteristics, 521—effect of the despot democracy upon the advance of civilization in America, 522—Mr. Mann's anniversary oration, 523.

E.

Edwards, Rev. Henry, 'Union, the Patriot's Watchword on the present crisis,' 244.

Election Committees and Registration of Electors, 478—history of the jurisdiction of the House of Commons over the return of writs, *ib.*—introduction of Mr. Grenville's bill, 479—failure of all legislation upon this subject, 480—nature of election committees; contrast between them and juries, *ib.*—

practical operation of the union of judge and jury, 481—defects of an election committee as a court, 482—amalgamation of the two separate branches of judicature assigned to it, 484—attempts of the legislature to make it work more smoothly, *ib.*—practical difficulties in consequence of the Reform Act, 485—object of the proposed bill for the amendment of the law for the registration of electors, 486—alterations in the present forms considered, 487—intended method of paying the revising barristers, 488—main defect of the system of registration proposed in the bill, *ib.*—illustration of its inapplicability to the city of London, 489—the court of appeal, 492—appointment and condition of the judges; powers of the court, 493—inconsistency between the proposed mode of paying the judges and the revising barristers, 494—a better and costless court of appeal already exists, *ib.*

Exeter, the Bishop of, upon preaching and catechising, 335.

F.

Featherstonhaugh, Geo. Wm., observations upon the treaty of Washington, signed 9th August, 1842, 560—Mr. Jared Sparks's discovery of Franklin's map, marking the American and Canadian boundary intended by the treaty of 1783, 579—Mr. Featherstonhaugh's plea of Mr. Webster's want of faith examined, 581.

Feldman, J. C., M.D., Quacks and Quackery Unmasked, 84—the Doctor's method of administering drugs, 99—his impressions as to the efficacy of the cold water system, *ib.*

Frere, Mr. Henry, his books for the blind, 46.

Froude, the, 124. *See* Mahon.

G.

Gallaudet, Rev. T. H., 'The Child's Book on the Soul,' 'The Youth's Book on Natural Theology,' 54—absurdity of the arrangement and contents of the first book, 64—dialogue upon the soul, 66—upon eternity, 67—irreverence of the author's language, 69—character of the 'Youth's Book on Natural Theology,' 71—specimens, 72.

Gardner, Richard, address to the middle

and working classes engaged in trade and manufactures throughout the empire, 244.

George IV., 553. *See* Cooper.

Glasgow, part of its population the most wretched in Great Britain, 425.

Goodrich, Mr., 74. *See* Peter Parley.

H.

Hahnemann, Dr., 93.

Hampton, R. T., 'Medii Ævi Kalendarium,' 379—plan of the work, *ib.*—perplexity of inquiries relating to historical dates, 381—Yule or Christmas-day, 382—causes of the difficulties in ascertaining particular days in the Mediæval periods, *ib.*—the two classes of denominations of days, 383—red-letter days in the present calendars that should be expunged, *ib.*—value of the old method of denominating days, 384—formation of the present kalendar of festivals and saints' days, 385—substitutes for the festivals abolished by the Puritans, 388—practical objects thus gained, 389—importance of national holidays, *ib.*—the opening of museums, &c., on Sundays, 390—Lord John Manners' 'Plea for National Holidays,' 391.

'Handley Cross, or the Spa Hunt,' 392—interest attached to the sporting of London citizens, *ib.*—London sportsmen and sporting men, *ib.*—the sporting tiger, steeple-chase and hurdle-race riders, 394—the Epping hunt, 395—'Parson Harvey of Pimlico,' 396—an economical method of keeping hounds and hunters, *ib.*—the author not a plagiarist of Boz, 397—history of the Handley Cross Spa, 398—its doctors, 400—the master of the ceremonies, *ib.*—Mr. Jorrocks appointed master of the hounds, 401—his arrival at Handley Cross and inaugural address, 402—answers to his advertisement for a huntsman, 405—a scene in the harness-room, 406—Mr. Jorrocks and the ex-president of the Geological Society, 409.

Hives, 4. *See* Bees.

Homœopathy, 83. *See* Curie.

Honey, chief sources of it for English consumption, 32.

Honey-bee and bee-books, 1. *See* Bees.

Huber's 'Natural History of the Honey-bee,' 1—birth and early blindness, 43—marriage, 44—accuracy of his researches, 45.

Hugo, Victor, Le Rhin, 315—contrast between the mediæval and present navigation of that river, *ib.*—the author at Andernach, 317—Laach, *ib.*—Marksburg, 318—Lorch; a fire-scene, 319—Mayence; the Dom, 321—tombs of the archbishop-electors, 322—their extinction, 323—the astrologer's prophecy, 324—Cologne; the Hôtel de Ville; the Dom, *ib.*—history of the latter, 325—means adopted for completing it, 327—its progress since 1509, 328—object of M. Hugo's work, 329—present state of political opinion in Germany, 331.

Huish, Robt., a 'Treatise on the Nature, Economy, and Practical Management of Bees,' 1.

Hydrophathy, 83. See Claridge.

J.

Jorrocks, Mr., 401. See Handley Cross.

K.

Kalendars, mediæval, 379. See Hampson.

King's evil, number of persons touched for, by King Charles II., 86—practice until its final abolition, 87.

Kimaird, Lord, letter to the secretary of the Anti-Corn-Law Association, 246— inconsistency of its statements with fact, 247, 256.

L.

Labouring Classes, Report on the Sanitary Condition of the, 417—sources from which the facts contained in the report are derived, *ib.*—the air of London, 418—absence of all scientific means for its purification, 419—a London drawing-room, 420—importance of remedial measures, 421—miasma, 422—its production by London churchyards, *ib.*—deaths in England in 1838 from want of drainage and ventilation, 423—forms of diseases caused by removable circumstances, *ib.*—public arrangements external to the residences, by which the sanitary condition of the labouring classes is affected, 425—state of portions of Liverpool, Edinburgh, Stirling, &c., 426—the 'Foul Burn' at Edinburgh, 427—plans for the disposal of the refuse of cities, 428—objections to Mr. Chadwick's plan with reference to London,

430—privations of the labouring classes from want of water, 431—effects of want of ventilation, 433—effects of good ventilation in crowded places, 435—over-crowding of the dwellings of the poor, 436—evils arising from damp buildings, 437—domestic mismanagement a predisposing cause of disease, 438—comparative mortality of the several classes of society, 439—value and importance of sanitary measures in prolonging the lives of the labouring classes, 440—evidence of their being short-lived, and of their physical deterioration, 441—ages of the prisoners for trial at the special commission in Cheshire, Lancashire, and Staffordshire, October, 1842, *ib.*—characteristics of the pauper children at Norwood, 443—importance of remedial measures, both in a moral and a pecuniary sense, 444—advantages derived from employers providing suitable dwellings for their work-people, 445, 447—consequences of paying wages at public-houses, 446—necessity of legislative interference, 449—steps to be taken in the mean time, *ib.*—proposed machinery, 450—character of Mr. Chadwick's labours in this investigation, 453.

'Lays of Ancient Rome,' 453. See Macaulay.

League, the, 244. See Anti-Corn-Law Agitation.

Ley, Rev. J., Documents and Authorities on Public Catechising, 332.

Liverpool, number of inhabited cellars, courts, and alleys in, 426.

Long, St. John, his Medical Theory and Practice, 91.

Louis XIV. at the deathbed of his father, 114.

M.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' 453—difficulties of Mr. Macaulay's task, 454—probable origin of the early Roman history, *ib.*—contrast between the mythic and heroic legend, 455—character of the poetic groundwork of the early history of Rome, *ib.*—grounds for believing the existence of this poetry, 457—prosaic elements in the Roman history, 459—evidence of the existence of the Roman ballad poetry, 460—causes of its extinction, 462—manner in which popular poetry becomes history, 460—the Lay on the defence of the bridge over

- the Tiber, by Horatius Cœles, 465—self-denial of Horatius and his companions, 467—his reward, 469—the battle of the Lake Regillus, 470—description of Mamilius of Tusculum, 471—the flight of the Latins, 473—the Lay of Virginia, 474—style to be avoided by Mr. Macaulay as an historian, 477.
- Mackenzie, Captain A. S., United States' navy, 517.
- Magistrates, number of, nominated by Lord John Russell in the anti-corn-law and other districts, 249.
- Mahon, Viscount, 'Essai sur la Vie du Grand Condé,' 106—his Lordship's motive for writing the work in French, 107—titles and pedigree of the Condé family, 108—birth and boyhood of Louis, the great Condé, 109—his first appearance at court, 111—his first appointment and campaign, 112—marriage, *ib.*—appointed to the command of the army on the Flemish frontier, 114—gains the victory of Rocroy, 115—Reception upon his return to Paris, 117—Gains the battles of Fribourg and Hellinghen, 119—his neglect of his wife, 120, 160—conquest of Dunkirk, 121—death of his father, 122—his Spanish campaign of 1647, 123—of 1648, on the Scheldt, 124—the Fronde, 125—position of parties at its commencement, 126—origin of the term, 128—Condé detached from the Parliament chiefs, 129—divisions in his family, 130—rupture with Mazarin, 131—imprisoned in Vincennes, 133—defeat of Mazarin's attempts to arrest the Princess de Condé and her son, 135—opposition to Mazarin at Bourdeaux, 137—analogy between the events in that city in 1650 and 1815, 138—failure of an attempt for the escape of Condé from Vincennes, 139—causes of the termination of the siege of Bourdeaux, 140—the Princess de Condé's interview with the Queen Regent, 141—effects of the battle of Rhetel, 143—release of Condé, 144—state of parties shortly after this event, 146—flight of Condé from Paris, 147—proceedings at Bourdeaux, 149—Mazarin's efforts in opposition to Condé, 150—Turenne's invasion; his and Condé's alternate defeat and success at Orleans, 152—their march to Paris, 153—battle before the Porte St. Antoine, *ib.*—slaughter of the magistrates of Paris, 156—fatal blow to Condé's power, *ib.*—complete success of Mazarin's policy, 157—Condé in arms against France, 158—his attainder removed, 159—in retirement, 161—obtains a lettre de cachet to imprison the Princess, 162—Condé in the campaigns of 1672 and 1674, 165—death, 168.
- Main, Horace, an oration delivered before the authorities of the city of Boston, 4th July, 1842, 523—Mr. Mann's views as to government, *ib.*—causes of the complexity of the American government, 524—his exposure of the means by which it is constituted, *ib.*—universal suffrage—the ballot system as it works in America, 525—fearful state of society in the United States, 526—Mr. Mann's proposed remedies, 528.
- Manners, Lord John, 'Plea for a National Holiday,' 391—character of the work, *ib.*
- Mazarin, Cardinal, 113. See Mahon.
- Medical profession, nature of the bill for the regulation of, intended to be introduced by Sir James Graham, 105.
- Medicines, quack, utility of several, 103.
- Miasma, its effects upon the white population at Sierra Leone, 421.
- Milliners and dress-makers in London—their early deaths, 436.
- Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley—description of the physician who attended her in a dangerous illness, 84—her opinion of tar-water, 87—her explanation of the reasons why persons have faith in quackery, 101.
- Mortality, excessive, does not diminish the sum total of population, 439.
- Mustard-seed, its history as a universal medicine, 90.

N.

- Nicolas, Sir Harris, 'Chronology of History,' 381.
- Nile, floating bee-houses upon the, 19.
- Nutt, Thomas, humanity to bees, 1—his plan for obtaining the honey without destroying the bees, 22.

O.

- Osbaldeston, Mr., his economical method of keeping hounds and hunters, 396.

P.

- Palmerston, Lord, a great general, 183—his Lordship's conduct on the United States and Canada boundary question, 563. See Treaty.

Payne, J. H., 'The Bee-keeper's Guide,' 1—character of the book, 25.
 Perkins's metallic tractors, history of, 89.
 'Peter Parley's Farewell'; his 'Magazine,' 54—cause of the original popularity of these works, 74—specimen from his farewell book, 75.
 'Poor Robin's Almanack' for 1733, 386.
 Popery an evil to the Christian church, 199—not Anti-Christ, 200; the Anti-Christian power is still to come, 201—connexion of Anti-Christ with Popery, 202—manner in which the controversy against it should be carried on, *ib.*—Popery not purely evil, 204—means by which it has been upheld, 205—sources of its good, *ib.*—its essential evil principle, 207—character of the papacy, 208—contrast between Christianity and Popery, 209—theory of its morals, 210—confession and absolution, 211—contrasts in that part of the system relating to the maintenance and inculcation of religious truth, *ib.*—character of the intellectual system of Popery, 212—its tendency towards infidelity and scepticism, 213—its grasping for supremacy and universal authority, 214—its virtual suppression of Episcopacy, 215—it has set aside the Bible, 216—asserts supernumerary sacraments, 217—encourages and practises forgeries, 218—undermines the evidence of the senses; the doctrine of transubstantiation, 219—the part taken by Christianity in respect to temporal authority, 221—that taken by Popery, 223—Judaism, 224—nature of the Pope's authority, 227—Rationalism and Popery, 229—Jesuitism; sacraments, 231—sources of the sins of Popery, 235—position with reference to the true faith, 237—conditions required of its followers, 238—reasons for closely watching it, 241—parallels between it and Anti-Christ, 242.

Q.

Quackery, 104.
 Queens of France, Memoirs of the, 411.
See Bush.

R.

Ramsay, Rev. E. B., 'A Catechism for the Use of St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh,' 332.

Registration of electors, 478. *See* Election.
 Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain, 417. *See* Labouring Classes.
 Reporters of the English newspapers described, 193.
 Rhine, the, 315. *See* Hugo.
 Richelieu, Cardinal, his death described, 113.
 Rivers, W. C., Speech of, in the American Senate, on the Treaty of Great Britain, 560.

S.

Saints' Days, 382. *See* Hampson.
 Sciences, Medical, reasons for their not attaining the same perfection as other branches of knowledge, 85.
 Seymour's 'Sketches of Cockney Sporting,' 392.
 Slave Trade, 585. *See* Treaty.
 Smith, Richard, 'The Cottager's Bee-Book,' 1.
 Sparks, Mr. Jared, his discovery of Franklin's map, 579.
 Spitting, its universal prevalence in America, 548.
 Steam, its probable effects upon the continental states, 316.
 Stephens, Mrs., analysis of her medicine for the cure of gravel and stone, 88.
 Stultze, Mr., his benevolence, 435.

T.

Tailors, want of ventilation in their workshops the cause of their premature decay and early deaths, 434.
 Tar-water, its history as a medicine, 87.
 Taylor, Henry, author of 'Philip Van Artevelde,' 'Edwin the Fair: an Historical Drama,' 347—characteristics of the present age, *ib.*—their effects upon the drama, 348—story of 'Edwin the Fair,' 350—extracts, 351, 356, 360, 361, 364, 366, 369, 372, 374, 377—qualifications for a dramatic and lyrical poet, 352—contrast between tragedy and the historic drama, 353—analysis of the characters in 'Edwin the Fair,' 355—its merits as a drama, 359—Dunstan, 361—the synod scene, 365—Dunstan in the character of Tempter, 369—his downfall, 372—illustration of the author's pathetic powers, 374—faults of the work, 377—characteristics of Mr. Taylor's poetry, 378.

Todd, James Henthorn, B.D., 'Discourses on the Prophecies relating to Antichrist in the Writings of Daniel and St. Paul,' 197—character of the work and of the writer, 198.

Treaty of Washington, the, 560—state of the question in 1831, 561—cause of the King of Holland's award not being accepted by America, 562—General Jackson's proposal in 1835, 563—Lord Palmerston's answer, 566—terms proposed by his Lordship, 567—consequences of this step, 568—state of feeling in the United States, 569—the case of the Creole, 570—other causes of excitement against England, 571—measures taken by the government of Sir Robert Peel; appointment of Lord Ashburton on a special mission to America, *ib.*—Difficulties of his Lordship's position, 573—refusal of France and America to sign the right of search treaty, *ib.*—character of the treaty of Washington of the 9th of August, 1842, 574—advantages gained to England by it, 575—Mr. Benton's view of the treaty, 576—objections made to it by Lord Palmerston's organs, 577—discovery of Dr. Franklin's map of the boundary-line intended by the treaty of 1783, 579—improbability of America yielding to the claims of Great Britain, notwithstanding the discovery of this map, 580—Mr. Webster's conduct investigated, 581—concessions which Lord Ashburton found it necessary to make, 583—suppression of the slave trade on

the coast of Africa—distinction between the right of inquiry and the right of search, 585—actual agreements entered into by the treaty of Washington for the suppression of the slave trade, 586—American and French ignorance as to the right of search question, 587—recognition of the principle by America in 1824, 588—the 9th clause of the treaty, suppression of slave-markets throughout the world, 590—the extradition clause, *ib.*—the remaining articles of the treaty, 593—its character as a treaty, 594—excellence of Lord Ashburton's diplomatic correspondence, 594.

V.

Vallance, J., brandy and salt: a remedy for external and internal complaints, 83—cures alleged to have been made by its use, 92—Mr. Vallance's fee for advice, 93.

W.

Water, price of, when provided by water companies and brought into houses by hand, 433.

Webster, Mr., 581. *See* Treaty.

Wilson, James, M.D., the water-cure, 84—Mr. Priessnitz, the inventor of the cold-water system as described by Dr. Wilson, 98—qualifications of the latter for writing upon this subject, 99.

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